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ON THE CANADIAN PRAIRIE.

CANADA AS IT IS

BY

JOHN FOSTER FRASER

Author of "America at Work,"
"The Real Siberia,"
"Round the World on a Wheel," etc.

WITH FORTY-SEVEN FULL PAGE PLATES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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First Edition *April* 1905.
Reprinted June and July 1905.

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CANADA AS IT IS.

FOREWORD.

I HAVE chosen the title, "Canada As It Is," for three reasons. Firstly, because the popular idea about the great Dominion is that it is a region clasped most of the year in ice and frost, which it is not; secondly, because the Canadians themselves, by means of Government pamphlets and subsidised lecturers, would like the world to believe it the most delightful land to live in, which it isn't; and thirdly, because Canada has just emerged from its adolescence as a nation, has reached lusty manhood, and has become conscious of the great *rôle* it may play in the history of commerce.

For some years I have made a careful study of Canada, its growth, its possibilities, and also its sentiments in regard to the parent country of Great Britain, and its neighbouring cousin, the United States. On the top of that study I made an extensive trip through Canada, east and west, north and south, in the autumn of 1904. Members of the Government, from the Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, downwards, put themselves to much trouble that I might obtain accurate information. The Immigration Department, under Mr. Clifford Sifton,

the Minister of the Interior, readily supplied me with the data I sought. Presidents of Boards of Trade—equivalent to English Chambers of Commerce—gave me opportunities for inquiring into particular industries. I had interviews with leading manufacturers, talks with great ranchers and poor "homesteaders." To all I made it clear I was not in the Dominion to "write up" Canada, but, as far as my powers permitted, to hear all sides, and then, impartially, to publish my conclusions.

I feel it necessary to record this because the impression is abroad that Canada is "booming" itself a little too ardently, and there is an unjustified suspicion that all books dealing with Canada, especially those that are adulatory, are financed by the Government. Those, however, who do me the honour to read this volume will, I trust, conclude that whatever my faults may be, I have endeavoured to be fair.

I do not expect all my opinions will be acceptable to Canadians. They have been told so often what a fine country they have, they tell themselves so often what a fine people they are, that any touch of criticism, even amid general admiration, is resented as though it were a studied slight. For instance, no visitor, however kindly intentioned, can be in the Dominion a week without realising that if he wants to talk about the weather he must only talk about summer, the gilding of the prairies with corn, or the dyeing of the trees with glorious reds in crisp September. If, with an attempt at poetical facetiousness, he speaks of Canada as "Our Lady of the

Snows," he is made aware he has said something which is not appreciated. Should he unfortunately allude to "the long winter," the difficulty of keeping warm, and seek information about fur overcoats, he will be more or less politely told he is one of those ignorant Englishmen who help in libelling Canada by suggesting it is a region swathed most of the year in snow.

Winter is a touchy topic with the Canadian. He never talks about it himself. He will tell you about the peaches grown in Ontario; he will become rather pink with enthusiasm describing the wheat region of the West; he will provide you with a bag of pamphlets on where to get the best fishing and best shooting, and he will remark, with a twinkle in his eye, that it must be rather uncomfortable living in the English rains. Like his neighbour in the States, he thinks it good sport to bait the visiting Englishman on the awfulness of the climate at home, where it is foggy when it isn't drizzling. You smile; but that is only proof he is correct. I am no apologist for the English climate. But in my life I have never known such rain, such clamminess, such a cold, shivering summer as prevailed when I visited the eastern provinces of the Dominion.

Canada has a long and severe winter. In places the snow lies for five months, and in the west, in Alberta Territory and Vancouver Province, where there is little snow, there are nasty, chill and continuous rains.

You can buy photographs by the hundred of summer scenes; but if you ask for a picture of a

homestead in winter you receive a scowl. The Dominion Government sends out millions of publications each year about the suitability of Canada for settlers; but the winter season—certainly the hardship of winter—is practically ignored.

An excellent proposal was made some time back to have an Ice Carnival in Montreal. A howl went up. Why, that would be an advertisement to the world that there was actually ice in Canada! So it was dropped.

Canada, generally speaking, has a fine climate, healthy and invigorating. The middle months have a fragrant lush in them, and the Indian summer, which comes with the fall of the leaf, is delicious. Instead of denying winter, the Canadians ought to be proud of it. The cold is not the marrow-searching asthmatic cold English people are used to, but it is crisp, the skies are vivid blue, and outdoor life provides much happy stimulation.

It is well Canadians should put right those ignorant Europeans who think the chief product of the Dominion is snow; but the way they are overdoing it is mirthful to the European who is not ignorant.

Perhaps it is because he lives next door to the United States, where national megalomania is rampant, that the Canadian has such a "guid conceit o' his'sel." This is rather ministered to by the fulsome adulation he gets from statesmen in England. His crude interpretation of the flattering talk about the Colonies is this: "That John Bull is played out, and he know's he's going under unless we in our strength help him." That John Bull is

EMIGRANTS ON THE TUNISIAN"

YOUNG ENGLISH EMIGRANTS
CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

slow—too slow to die, and too short-sighted to see across the street—is a delusion nursed with fondness by Jake Canuke. Britons are slow enough in many respects; they are stodgily self-satisfied, rather resentful about new ideas, certainly laggard in adaptability compared with our friends in the States. But in many respects they are "hustlers" compared with their relatives in the Dominion.

Much is being done to make Canada a great wheat-growing country. But the fact that men with scant agricultural knowledge can raise good crops and make a satisfactory living, is not so much proof of ability as of the munificence of the Almighty in giving Canada a soil which has only to be scratched to bring forth dollars. In manufactures Canada is "away behind" both Britain and the United States. I am not asserting the Canadian manufacturer has not grit and push; but the results have not yet been sufficient to justify him in thinking he is anywhere near a level of competence with Britain. With the exception of a particular branch of agricultural implement manufacture there is not a single industry in Canada at the present time which could hold its own against fair-price-and-quality competition with the United States and Great Britain.

The chief asset in the Canadian's character is glorious enthusiasm and belief in himself and his country. Britons are pre-disposed to take a pessimistic view of things. The Canadian revels in optimism. He lives in a whirl of it. He is always comparing himself to John Bull to his own satis-

faction and the detriment of John. He welcomes with open arms—and his hospitality is warm and unstinted—anybody from the "old country." Yet he is unable to conceive how anyone can pass through the Dominion without being in constant ecstasy.

Curiously enough, the newspaper articles about England which he prefers to read are those revealing some social sore. The explanation is interesting. The population of Canada is small, not more than that of London, and not a twelfth that of the United States. With scattered people, the newspapers can only appeal to a limited circle of readers. They are excellent papers; they desire to keep pace with the times, and have a liking for information from Europe, and especially England. But as they are rarely rich enough to buy such special articles direct they purchase them through American sources; and these articles are written for the United States market. Now, whatever may be the sentiments in the better educated circles of the Republic, there is no questioning the fact that the great mass of American newspaper readers prefer something nasty and "spicy" in the special articles sent from London. These are the articles which too often appear in Canada, producing the effect that society at home consists mainly of *roués*, and that the rest of us are fools.

Another reason the average Canadian thinks he is superior to the Briton is that, after all, he has only himself as a measure. Probably he is an immigrant from England. In the old land making a living was very hard; his surroundings were

unappetising. In disgust at the social conditions he crossed to Canada. In England he had possibly grumbled a great deal; in Canada, the time he formerly spent in grumbling is devoted to hustling. Certainly every man gets his chance in Canada. So he prospers, builds himself a comfortable house, and has a thousand dollars in the bank. That man has got beyond argument that England is a better country than Canada. He knows differently, and that settles it.

Now, whilst, of course, there is not the degradation and hunger and slouching armies of unemployed such as we are used to, there is in Canada—except in Quebec, and, to a lesser degree, in Montreal, Toronto, and Victoria—an absence of literary, cultured refinement, and too often a bragging ignorance that irritates.

Heaven forefend I should bring this as a serious charge against the Canadian. The marvel would be if it were not so. It is not the rich and the cultured of Europe who settle in Canada. It is the pushful and the determined. They have the faults of their virtues. I mention the point by way of a set-off to the cock-sureness of the Canadian. Culture will come in time, just as it has come in the more settled parts of the United States.

A glib phrase on British platforms is that of "Colonial loyalty." Behind his scoffing the Canadian has a genuine affection for what he fondly calls "the old country," although maybe neither he nor his sires were British born. He is proud of the British Empire, he loves the Union Jack—though

he usually mistakes the sheet of the mercantile marine for it—and when the man of the States "blows" about America, and suggests it could annex Canada any morning before breakfast, the Canadian points to a red-splashed map of the world, and asks him what the American has to show alongside the British Empire?

But Canadian loyalty to Great Britain—that is a very different thing! Politically, Canada doesn't care the often hazarded brass farthing for Britain as Great Britain. Viceroys and state ceremonial functions are regarded as amiable tomfoolery. The sneer that often comes from the States that Canada owes tutelage to England cuts deep. Formerly—and in some quarters the feeling still exists—the ambition of Canada was to be a great Republic like that of the United States. Failing that there was a sub-current of thought that the destiny of Canada was to join the United States. All this, however, has passed away. Canada realises she has come too late into the arena of nations to be able to stand alone for a single generation. She knows that if she broke loose from Britain she could not resist the fate of being swallowed by the States.

The sneers of the United States, the dash and valour of the Canadian troops in South Africa, the warm-hearted thanks which came from the Mother-country to the Dominion for that timely service, together with the agricultural development of the North-West, have all been yeast in stirring up the sentiment of Empire which is most marked to-day from one side of Canada to the other.

Canada has a glimmer of her destiny. It is not to be a mere Colony of Britain; it is not to be swallowed by the United States; it is not to be a small Republic unto herself. It is to be a real integral part of the British Empire, with a proportionate voice in the control of that Empire, and with the ambition that one day she will be the predominant partner in the nations of the Empire. That is a vision which touches the Canadian imagination.

CHAPTER I.

THE COMING OF THE STRONG: CANADA'S GREETING.

THE great Allan liner *Tunisian* churned through fog and spume.

There had been a day of drizzle, and decks were greasy. We made for the mouth of the River St. Lawrence, highway to the Canadian land of promise, and the syren shrieked like a shrill vixen getting hoarse—"for the icebergs to get off the path," said the funny man.

Eight hundred steerage passengers were on board, nicknamed "three pounders" from the price they paid. They were all emigrants. Many sat peering into the misty veil as though expecting it suddenly to lift and reveal the new land.

A group of men were beneath the shelter of a life-boat—men of thirty years most of them, muscled mechanics and brawny farm hands. They were strong, and had the good nature of ripe health.

"No," said one to me, "I've no plans except I'm going to make for Toronto. All the money I've got in the world is a pound—that's five dollars, ain't it? But I've got five children, and the missus. That's her, with the shawl over her head. She's a plucky 'un. She laughs and makes light of it all, to keep my pecker up, as it was. She's a fine woman is my missus. And I try to keep her cheer-

ful-like by telling her as how the next time we cross the 'Tlantic it'll be like them swells in the saloon; but—when I look at her and the kids, something comes into my throat that I can't swallow, blamed if I can. Oh, but it'll be all right. The missus is healthy, the kids is healthy, an' I'm healthy. Look at them hands, sir; there's nowt soft or genteel about them. I got a bit sick of the struggle at home. Not as I wasn't in constant work; but there was no chance for a man. A mate of mine went to Toronto two years sin, and he's lent me the money to bring us all out. It's the stout heart that does it in Canada, he tells me, and my missus has the heart for both on us."

"Yes," said a tubby, twinkle-eyed Yorkshireman; "if it wasn't for the missus I guess I'd not have come. It's her sister as used to live in Doncaster as has sent us the money. She's in service, an' getting thirty bob a week and her keep. Them's my two girls, an' I've five youngsters—he, he—yes, I think all the families aboard 'ere have got five youngsters. I worked in some Rotherham ironworks, and I've got two characters. I've only got two quid, and would have had more only the missus wanted to bring her own bed, and that's costing fifteen shillin's."

A sprightly fellow, holding a winsome lass by the shoulders, came slithering along the deck, both happy, laughing with the brightness of manhood and womanhood in their eyes.

"Them's one of the couples," someone remarked, and everybody laughed.

We were five days out from Liverpool, and already there were seven engagements between young folks in the steerage, and two of the couples were only waiting till the vessel bumped against the dock in Montreal to "hurry to a parson and get spliced." Luck to them all was the wish of the steerage.

"I'm off west," said a raw but cheery youth with northern burr, "going to join a brother of mine who's farming outside Winnipeg. I don't mind telling you that I'm taking out £100, and if I don't make a fortune it ain't my fault. I've read up Canada. Why, it grows over a million bushels of wheat a year, and there's a quarter of a million square miles waiting for the plough. You see, I'll get a hundred and sixty acres free from the Government, and I'll buy more, and in two years I'll send for my girl. Maybe I'll go in for ranching later on; but that wants money. What I like about it is that it is not like going to a foreign country. It'll be like home. There'll be the old flag, and I'm told I get all the rights of citizenship as soon as I land. The life will be a bit rough at the start, I suppose; but I've got a stout heart."

Stout heart!

I got to know that phrase as I sat in the steerage quarter, and talked and smoked my pipe with the emigrants. Eight hundred of them, and all with stout hearts! They were not the wasters of England going to Canada because they could not make a living at home. I saw some of that type in the second cabin—men with tender fingers and

FROM CENTRAL EUROPE.

NEWCOMERS TO CANADA.

dirty cuffs—city men, who had done badly at home, and would do badly anywhere. They, of course, would resent being called emigrants. But the eight hundred steerage folk were of a class that filled me with much hope and a little sorrow. There were young men and maidens, workmen and servant girls, going out blithe in spirit, and ready to take the rough with the smooth. Chiefly there were mothers and fathers with their broods—four, five, and six children—in arms, toddlers, boys and girls of from twelve to fifteen. I heard of one family with a thousand pounds. But besides steamboat and railway tickets, most families had between five and ten pounds. Nearly all were going to friends. The mothers and fathers were between the ages of twenty-five and forty. There were no old people.

Large hopes for the future smothered the regrets at breaking with the old country. These emigrants were of the better class of artisan—simple, sober, kindly. Most days I forsook the polite chatter of the saloon deck and went among them. They weren't like the pictures of emigrants in the illustrated papers. They were dressed in the manner of people you meet in third-class railway carriages in manufacturing districts. They made one big family. With no mock pride they talked about their prospects, and wondered how far three pounds would go in a new land. The interchange of kindness was a heart trait and not a courtesy. I met one stout matron, whose great joy was a scorn of sea-sickness, looking after her own four children, and also the six children of two other women who were not comfort-

able while "rocked in the cradle of the deep." They were thrifty, industrious wives, most of them. There was no obligation, but many borrowed buckets and brushes and scrubbed out their cabins. Some of them regarded it as a distinction after meals to go into the ship's galley and help in washing and wiping the dishes. They found pleasure in work.

An honest, worthy crowd in all truth were those eight hundred. They were of the stuff of which the old country should be proud. The fact that they had broken with old ties, pulled up stakes, sold their furniture to pay steerage passage and have a pound or two on the other side to give father, mother, children, a new start in a new country, was proof of pluck.

As we talked, I felt a sorrow that these, and other hundreds of such on other ships, swelling into big thousands each year, should for ever be leaving home, old England. They are the men and women to whom Canada opens her arms and gives greeting. They are the strong.

And my thoughts skipped to other seekers for new homes, passengers from Antwerp, and Hamburg, and Libau—folk of dirty and loathsome habits, wasters in their own countries, who land in England, not with stout hearts to make big battles in life's conflict, but to huddle in crowded East-End sweat-shops, and gain scant food by working for wages below the living line.

We are giving America of our best, and from the Continent of Europe we are taking of its worst. Good wine is running from the cask; a muddy mixture is being poured in.

At the lift of an August day the *Tunisian*, after breasting the Atlantic, cleaving the waters of the mighty St. Lawrence for the better part of a thousand miles, gave a wiggle-waggle of her twin-screws, and rested almost within shadow of the fortress of Quebec. The emigrants—immigrants now—breakfasted at four in the morning, and were ready to set foot in Canada at five. Their interest was not in the picturesque Mother City of the Dominion. They had no thoughts of the old French rule; they had forgotten what they had learnt at school about its capture by the English nigh a hundred and fifty years ago. "Empire" and "Colonial Preference" were but jingling phrases in their ears.

The men were silent as they stood waiting permission to land. When they did speak, the muffled "Yes" and "No" showed their thoughts were in Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg maybe, Vancouver.

Here was the new land to which they had come to work—a little strange, the houses a little foreign. Some of the dockside men were calling to one another in an un-English tongue. But there was the good old flag flying from mastheads. There was a British warship, grey-black and sinister, lying in mid-stream. The women were laughing, and a little—just a little—hysterical, for reasons they couldn't quite tell. They had put on their best hats, with bits of colour in them. They sat on their cheap portmanteaus, and told Willie not to get too near the hold, or he would fall down; they threatened to spank Florrie if she rubbed her pinafore any more against the tar, and subdued Bobbie into

silence with a threat that the Red Indians would soon be coming for all bad children. Somebody produced a flat-sided bottle with a dirty cork, and friends took a gulp, and wished each other luck.

The derricks were up, and the cranes singing, and "Settlers' Luggage," with the names of owners painted largely but unevenly on several sides, so there could be no mistake, was being hoisted on railroad trucks—a medley of old wooden boxes, heavily corded, garish, tin-clamped and embossed trunks with little strength in them, old tin boxes with bashed lids, bundles of clothing in cheap horse-cloths.

"Do you think they'll be all right, Alf?" asked the careful wife.

"Thee hud thy jaw!" was the equivocal response of the husband.

Then they landed. The men carried the shoddy portmanteaus bought for the voyage. The women had care of the children, infants in arms, and nippers gripping tight to the skirt.

During the voyage we saw there were plenty of children; but now every cranny yielded a youngster. It seemed that if Canada was eager for young settlers the steerage was determined to give them plenty young enough. Into a shed they all went—a dreary place, and there they ranged themselves in untidy rows. The Government doctor inspected them. Canada wants settlers. But she doesn't want the sickly and the diseased. She simply won't have them. The breed has to be healthy, or it is rejected.

All was well with the new arrivals. The shipping companies do their best in seeing to that. If they land an "undesirable" in Canada they have to take the "undesirable" back to the place from whence he or she came. There is no squeamish talk in Canada about the virtue of keeping the doors of the Dominion open for the world's refuse. Canada welcomes a man who is poor; but she declines the decrepit.

"This is a good class of immigrant," I said, with a sweep of the hand, while talking to a Government official.

"Yes," was the quick reply. "We're getting the kind we want. There has been a mighty improvement in the type of immigrant. The change has been marked these last three or four years. The grown-ups are of the right ages, between twenty and thirty years. Up to the end of June last 130,000 settlers landed in the year. England gives us most; then comes Scotland, then Ireland. Of course, we have Germans, Galicians—good farmers, and we have a good many Italians, who work on the railways. Quite 75 per cent. of the immigrants are of the farming class. That's all right; why, in the North-West Territory we have room for five million people. We give 160 acres free to any man; and if a man has one, two, or three sons over eighteen years of age, they get 160 acres each also. If a man has growing lads not yet eighteen, he can have neighbouring tracts reserved till they are eighteen. They get their land allotted at Winnipeg. No, we don't carry any immigrants free; but we have

special rates for them, and they can get from here to Winnipeg, 1,200 miles, for about £2 10s.

"What if a farm hand has little money? Well, we don't ask a man to start farming right away. He can always get work on neighbouring farms, but he must put in a certain amount of work on his own farm within the first three years or the grant lapses. How much to start farming right away? Well, if a man and his wife with, say, three or four children, land in the North-West with £200, that's a thousand dollars, it is the best investment in the world—if they don't mind roughing it the first couple of years.

"What! Oh, you're a writing man, are you? Well, you write home to the old country and tell them that though we want farm hands in the West, the towns want mechanics—not men who are little good at home, and think Canada will put up with the second-rate article, but real good workmen, who will get real good dollars in return, and plenty of them. And tell young women to come out. We want women. We want them as wives for our farmers. Tell lots of them to come out right away. Domestic servants will get work the first day they land, and more than twice as much money as they are earning at home. What? Oh, Lord, yes! They're always getting married. That's all right. But let lots of others come. We don't want your anæmic wench, who's frightened of dirtying her fingers, and wants to play the lady. We want girls who know how to cook and to wash. If you've got any of them to spare tell them to come right along, and come quick."

The immigrants' train was ready. The huge engine of the Canadian Pacific Railway was belching smoke, and the newcomers were clambering into the great coaches twice the size of English coaches, and roomy and comfortable. There was crowding at the windows, waving of hands, much laughter, and some tears. The bell on the hump of the engine swung and began to clang. Slowly, gruntingly, the train crawled away with its load of hope.

Good luck to them all!

But there were others who had no friends in the West, who knew nothing about farming, who had large families and little money after they got as far as Montreal. Were they strong, and willing to work? Well, don't worry! The railroad cars carried them to the commercial capital. Montreal was ready for them.

Englishmen, this way! The St. George's Society will look after you, give you lodging and food at the St. George's Home while you look for work, and if you're a decent fellow and show well, it is not unlikely a couple of rooms will be found, and even furnished, for you and the missus and the kids; and when you're a rich man you'll remember when you weren't, and make a big contribution to the St. George's Society, so that others with slim purses may be helped. Scotsmen, this way! The St. Andrew's Society has a hand-grip, a bed, and a dinner-table ready for you, and you'll be told where to seek work, and where six shillings a day is to be earned. Irishmen come this way! Sure, the St. Patrick's Society, if it has no home to send you to, has a

warm heart and a free purse to help those from the "dear little, sweet little isle."

Canada, I say, gives warm greeting to the strong and to the willing. But if you've driven a cart at home, you mustn't object to carry cheese on the wharfs. You may be an excellent painter, but you mustn't mind if your first job is to lift boxes in one of the hotels. Likely enough you are a good shoemaker, but that is no reason why you shouldn't earn your first dollar cleaning somebody else's shoes. If you refuse the work offered you on landing, or laze, you'll notice a chilliness on the part of the St. George's, St. Andrew's, and St. Patrick's Societies. If you are a "waster," and show you are a "waster" within the first year, you will be taken on board a steamer some morning, and sent back to England.

Canada has no use for you.

Photo: A. L. Hardy, Kentville, N.S.

A FARM RESIDENCE IN THE EASTERN PROVINCES.

CHAPTER II.

MONTREAL, THE COMMERCIAL GATE OF CANADA.

WHEN you have crossed the Atlantic and dodged the icebergs which drift towards the Straits of Belle Isle, and the low streak of Labrador is on your right, and the dun heaves of Newfoundland on your left, you enter the waters of the St. Lawrence. The ocean-buffeted vessel will then tread a way for over nine hundred miles before Montreal, the commercial gate of Canada, is reached.

This river highway is thirty odd miles wide in places, but shrinks to two miles. It is salt in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; it is brackish just below the fortress, fierce and frowning, of Quebec; it is fresh beyond—a body of deep water, chill and limpid, draining the eastern continent, bringing down the overflow of Lake Ontario, fed in turn by Lake Erie, falling in great leap over Niagara.

Where the shores of the St. Lawrence close in, wooded heights nodding to fruitful land, and steamers, churning a way up and gliding down easily, flutter the Union Jack at their mastheads—you travel hundreds of miles between farm lands, decked with neat, white-sided houses. Villages cluster in sheltered nooks and bask in the sunshine, or they did when I went that way, un-English, French rather, with drowsy quay-sides, and the

fronts of the houses green-shuttered, and with Breton names over the balconied restaurants, where, round little tables, sit men sipping bock and talking the tongue of the France they have never seen. French-like churches rear slim spires, and at many a curve in the river massive crosses are a reminder to the Catholic devout.

The land is fragrant with cultivation—a herald of the industry—quiet, frugal, contented—of the French-Canadian. And it is not only the fields and the orchards that are fruitful. Fourteen children is not an unusual progeny to bless a French-Canadian couple.

Then in the distance you see a grimy cloud resting on the clear horizon.

Montreal! There is the city, swathed in smoke like Sheffield itself. Through the dust-pall pierce factory chimneys and church spires and mammoth grain-elevators. The docks are full of shipping, the winches are busy, and the cranes swing. Bales and machinery are being hauled from that ship. Grain is rushing in a yellow stream into that. Cattle are hoisted into another. Lumber rafts surround a fourth. There is the uproar of a busy town. Before you land you hear the shrill buzz of the racing electric cars, and on the great bridge spanning the river, nearly two miles wide, rumbles an express of the Grand Trunk Railroad.

The British flag flies everywhere. One notices it very much more than in an English town. But Montreal isn't an English town. You cannot say what sort of town it is. In a business street you

might be in Leeds or Birmingham. It is so homelike you have to tell yourself it isn't, lest you forget. On the street cars, and in the corridors of your hotel, you notice shaven, round faces, and hear nasal twangs, and see men, in slouch hats and ill-fitting clothes, chewing the ends of green cigars. Some of the women carry themselves like one sees in some of the New York society caricatures, as though they were endeavouring to model their figures on the letter S, and were not succeeding. Then you ask yourself whether Montreal is different from Chicago, or New York, or St. Louis, or Omaha? You go for a walk. The streets are boulevards, tree-trimmed; the houses have touches about them of a Parisian suburb. You see slim and graceful women, dark and dainty, and they talk French.

Looking along the leafy streets of Montreal, and admiring the charming residences, you conclude that Montreal is French, and feminine French at that, in its prettiness. But your eye wanders up a side street. Ugh! The shaky, decrepit, wooden sidewalks, the lakes of mire, the ramshackleness of the backs of the houses that looked so attractive from the front! Ah, the simile comes: Montreal is as captivating as a well-gowned Frenchwoman, but her shoes are down at the heel, and you can't help seeing the holes in her stockings.

But here is an arithmetical phenomenon, grateful to the Briton. Roughly, the population is 350,000. Three-quarters of the population is French, and one-quarter British. But in trade, business, money-making, three-quarters of it is in the hands

of the British, and one-quarter in the hands of the French. That fact proves more than a treatise that the Briton is the business man.

And when you have exhausted the sights—done Montreal by megaphone on a car, with a man bawling at you through a trumpet with a mouth like a yawn, and have noted the innumerable churches jostling one another, setting up the wonder in your mind whether they are because Montreal is so very good or so very wicked—the thing you come back to is that Montreal is the business hub of the Dominion. The offices of the railroads, the banks, the insurance companies, are palaces of commerce, humming with industry. The men you talk to are alive. They have the pushfulness of Chicago, yet behind is the stolid shrewdness of London. They believe in themselves; they believe in Canada and its future. They have an enthusiasm about Canada's ultimate place in the world which makes you smile. Still you envy men with so magnificent an enthusiasm. They pride themselves on being British.

The troubles of Quebec have been the opportunities of Montreal. Quebec is the natural port for Canada, and is open to the sea all the year round. But labour disputes on the dockside, holding up of ships and their cargoes for several weeks, have disgusted merchants with the citadel city, and sent trade to Montreal, which has the advantage of being further inland, but the decided disadvantage of being shut off from the sea by the freezing of the St. Lawrence for at least four months of the year. A way could be kept open with icebreakers, but the

rates of marine insurance—being sometimes three times as much for vessels between November and April as in the summer and fall months — make winter river trade between Montreal and the outer world practically non-existent. Ten years ago the dangers of the St. Lawrence were undoubted. But the spending of a million dollars has provided electric buoys, better shore lights, and an excellent system of fog syrens; so there has not been a serious accident for years. Still, an all-the-year water route with the world is not workable. While in the winter months some Canadian produce is shipped from Halifax in Nova Scotia, the bulk of it goes by the States route from Portland or Boston.

Now and then a written wail crosses the Atlantic, warning British workmen against starting for Canada, because the market is overstocked, and only disappointment and heartache wait the newcomer. This was a matter I inquired into. There is one occupation overstocked, that of clerk. The Montreal clerk earns a trifle more than his English friend, but as clothes and house rent are higher than at home, he is no better off, even if he is as well off, as the clerk, say, in Liverpool. Montreal is sufficiently big, sufficiently smeared with the affectations of culture and refinement, that even here are crowds who prefer the white cuffs and the poor wages of the clerk to the greasy overalls and good wages of the artisan. Montreal can provide all the clerks it needs, and more. An English clerk had better stay at home.

This is not a time of "boom" in Canada. In

the woollen industry, for instance, the quick competition, and the superior goods from England have so hit the Canadian manufacturer that he is crying out with the hurt. There is short time, even the partial shutting-down of mills. At present, therefore, no mill-hand in the woollen or worsted trade would be well advised to leave home hoping to better himself in Canada.

Having, however, given these instances, I have exhausted the cases of where there is not a shortage in Montreal. There is a very real shortage in all other branches. There is a good demand for carpenters and bricklayers, and as for engineering, a first-class mechanic can almost name his own terms.

The Canadian manufacturers have an association, and at irregular intervals, when the shortage of labour is marked, they make returns of the hands they need. I picked up a return (July, 1904), and I found the number of hands required in Montreal alone was 6,717. Owning an admiration for many of our trade unions in England, I have certainly no disposition to go out of my way to say anything derogatory to trade unions in Canada. But my investigations convinced me that the statements they make, and sedulously circulate among the workers of Great Britain, that there is no shortage of artisans, and that the Englishmen who come out will reap disappointment, may be justifiable in the politics of money-making, but does not accord strictly with facts.

Their reasoning is, no doubt, logical enough:

(1) Wages in Canada are high, and ought, by all means, to be maintained. (2) If there is a greater demand than supply, then not only will wages be maintained, but they will be increased. (3) If there is more labour on the market than demand, the natural and inevitable consequence will be a reduction in wages. (4) By keeping other artisans away, and holding the market to ourselves that cannot take place. (5) We would be doing Englishmen a bad turn by advising them to come out, and we would be doing ourselves a bad turn, because the more who came, instead of receiving the wages now received, would glut the labour market, lower wages as a consequence, and in the end the Englishmen would be no better off than they are now in the old country.

That is the logic of the Canadian trade unionist. The sequence is accurate enough in economics. As far, however, as I can discern, there need be no real sequence for at least two or three generations. Canada is a great country, just beginning to realise its resources and possibilities. It has ambitions to be a manufacturing as well as an agricultural country. With the wave of immigration constantly beating on its shores, and the land being trailed with new railroad lines, there is a demand for artisans so great that the possibility of the supply exceeding the demand is beyond contemplation. The shortage of good artisans in Canada is rather hindering its development. The Grand Trunk Railroad is embarking upon building a new line across the Continent, running more or less parallel with

the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The Grand Trunk is turning to the United States to be supplied with a great number of the engineers necessary in the construction of that new highway.

In considering wages in Montreal it is not to be forgotten that, owing to the stringency of the winter, there are at least four months of the year when ordinary out-of-door trades cannot be followed. The most common work is on the wharf sides, loading and unloading vessels. A year ago the pay was 10d. an hour. To-day it is 1s. 0½d. an hour, and that is the minimum wage paid for British unskilled labour in Montreal. It may be reckoned constant for at least seven months of the year. I was told that a good many young English labourers come out steerage to Montreal in the spring, make their three or four pounds a week, return to England when the ice is closing the river, and live comfortably at home for a few months on their savings. Labourers, however, who care to stay in Montreal can, as a rule, pick up about £2 a week in snow-shovelling. The building and other out-of-door trades may be reckoned to be at a standstill for four or five months of the year. This has to be reckoned with in calculating the year's earnings. The cost of food is about the same as in England, with an inclination towards being cheaper; clothing costs half as much again, and house rent may be put down as double the amount it is at home. Balancing increased pay with shortened months, and extra cost of living, I doubt if there is any striking advantage to be gained by the out-of-door artisan in fair em-

Photo: Notman & Son, Montreal.

THE RIVER FRONT AT MONTREAL.

ployment at home forsaking England with the hope of benefiting himself in Canada. For those, however, who work indoors—engineers, boot and shoe artisans, and kindred occupations—the workman in Canada has the best of it.

All the time, it must be remembered, the great majority of the workmen in Montreal to-day are French-Canadian. The French workman does not get along well with either the Canadian or the Englishman, and as for the French Catholics and the Irish Catholics, dislike for each other is a mild phrase.

Yet the Frenchman would rather have a British employer than one of his own race. He finds him straighter.

There is no blinking the fact that racial prejudices are strong. You could draw a line through the city dividing the British from the French quarter. Though in money the French occupy a minor place, numerically they are the stronger. Accordingly, the municipality is French in complexion. The British return only six of the thirty aldermen who rule the town. The Council proceedings are conducted in both languages, and there is an unwritten law that the mayors shall be British and French alternately.

Yet though the divisions are strict and not always kindly, so far as race is concerned, there is no questioning that each is proud of the common name, Canadian. You can almost see the breast swell of native-born Briton or Frenchman as he proudly informs you he is a Canadian. If you call him an

American you get a black look. America means the United States in his ears. You may tell him that the people of the United States have no more exclusive right to the title of American than a German has an exclusive right to be called a European. He won't agree with you. He point-blank repudiates the name American. He is a Canadian; he is fond of being a Canadian; he believes in Canada. And that is the end of it.

CHAPTER III.

THE GARDEN OF CANADA: PEARS, PEACHES, AND APPLES.

A CLEAN and widespread town is Hamilton, Ontario. It has a population of some sixty thousand. But there are no mean and dingy streets. Its thoroughfares are broad and leafy, and every house has its plot of grass in front. In the cool of the evening after a sweltering August day, the good folks sit on the doorsteps or find rest in wagging themselves on rocking chairs.

I found myself in Hamilton on a Saturday morning, market day. The first crop of the Niagara peninsula was beginning to come in, and hundreds of carts—broad and scraggy vehicles with big springs, drawn by gaunt and scraggy teams—had been jolted over the rough country roads, and rattled over the smooth cemented streets of Hamilton to the market-place. It was too early for grapes; but here were piled up baskets of sallow-skinned but luscious pears, peaches with the blush of summer on their soft skins, plums almost on the burst with ripeness, apples as rosy as the cheeks of an English lass in crisp winter time, and tomatoes big and bulbously yellowish-red.

The farmers, spare men, long of figure, though untidy of clothes, hitched the horses and hauled off

the fruit. Their wives, kindly women, middle-aged and elderly, with the wrinkles of hard work and long winters on their countenances, and with demureness shown in their garb — reminiscent rather of New England—proceeded to sell to the bright-bloused, businesslike, confident-mannered women of Hamilton who had come to make their weekly purchase of fruit. It was a pretty picture: the market-place ribbed with long rows of fruit baskets, breathing fragrant odour. Behind stood the drab country-women selling, and in front the eager and chattering town women buying.

The little peninsula which begins at Hamilton and runs to within sound of the tumbling waters of Niagara—a mere strip of a great continent, and not more than forty miles long and some seven miles wide—is the garden of Canada. The apple belt of Canada is along the north shore of Lake Ontario. But this jut of land is as rich for fruit growing as Kent itself. The strip is guarded on one side by the long ridge of the Helderleigh Hills, which yield innumerable springs, and on the other by Lake Ontario. When winter crawls down from the north the temperature of the lake takes the sting out of the frost, so that, even in the bleak months, nature deals tenderly with the land. Only when Lake Ontario freezes, which is not often, and the chill gusts have a clear plain of ice to sweep across, do the fruit growers suffer.

I had a week-end in the district, spending a good many pleasant hours at such places as Winona, Vinelands, and Grimsby, taking long walks through

THE GARDEN OF CANADA.

the orchards, seeking a juicy pear here, finding a luscious peach there, and feeling how the bunches of grapes were progressing on the slopes of the hills. An electric trolley-line runs from Hamilton to Vinelands, and the huge freight cars of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railroads are run along to the depôts of the big exporters. I was the guest of Mr. E. D. Smith, the member for the district in the Dominion Parliament, and I happened to be with him when he was despatching his consignments of pears for the year—one carload to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, and the other westwards to Manitoba.

Little of the fruit in the Niagara region can bear exportation to Europe except in cold storage. It is delicious fruit, but too juicy for long journeys. Because it is so luscious, it won't last longer than three or four days between plucking and consumption. So the picking of the pears, for instance, is not until the day, often the hour, of despatch.

Crowds, mounted on ladders, were in the orchards pulling the fruit rapidly, and putting it into baskets. The baskets were emptied into long and shallow carts. As soon as a load was made, off, at a race, it was taken to the sheds. There, on long, sloping tables, the fruit was spread, and men were picking out "No. 1's" and "No. 2's," according to quality, and putting them in respective boxes. When these were filled, slim lids were nailed, labels were plastered on one side, the boxes were checked, and then piled into the car standing half a dozen

paces away by the edge of the platform where the men were working.

Mr. Smith's right-hand man was a young Englishman from Kent. He had spent a couple of years in the Mincing Lane tea business, but as his health failed he went to Canada for a couple of years. On returning home he soon concluded that London and the English climate didn't suit him. So he returned to Canada, and went into the fruit business. To look at this big, broad, tan-faced man, hustling round in shirt-sleeves, directing the packing of pears, you could hardly conceive that a few years ago he was a weak-chested, anæmic-faced youth, who came up from Sevenoaks to Cannon Street every morning.

"You like the change?" I asked.

"Like it?" he repeated, with an interrogative raise of an eyebrow. "I wouldn't live out of Canada for a mint of money—no, siree!"

The good folk of the Dominion are strenuously living down the reputation that they inhabit a "great lone land," and that Canada is a region of almost perpetual frost. Jake Canuke prefers not to talk about the snow, but is enthusiastic about the richness of his prairies, the beauty of his island-dotted lakes and rivers, the paradise the Dominion is for the sportsman. When you get him to admit, though reluctantly, that there are several months of winter, he can demonstrate to you with a beautiful volubility that, if you come to think of it, a Canadian winter is preferable to a summer anywhere else, that the cold is a cold you don't feel,

that then is the time for sleighing and curling and tobogganning—and away he glides into rhapsody. If he discerns a smile flickering on your stolid British face he pulls himself up with a jerk and says, "Guess if it were so darned cold we wouldn't be able to grow grapes and peaches and apples?"

He is proud of the fruit-growing capability of his land. Within the last few years there has been a boom in fruit culture. It took the Canadians nearly a century to discover they had the most profitable apple-rearing region in the world. It has been found by experience that the north produces a firmer, sweeter, better-travelling apple than the south. Experimental farms have crossed the ordinary apple with the Siberian crab-apple, so that in the rigorous climate of the North-West Territory a fruit good for jams is being grown. A few years back, Ontario farmers were destroying their orchards as an unprofitable cumbering of the ground. Now thousands of acres are being converted into orchards, worked on scientific principles, and paying well. Canada has a future in apples.

Nova Scotia boasts over two million apple trees; Quebec has over three million apple trees; whilst Ontario, "the banner fruit province," is rapidly turning vast stretches of itself, especially in the south, into orchards. The number of apple trees in Ontario Province are at present 7,095,554—the Canadians, like the people of the United States, revel in precise statistics—and the yield of apples is 14,500,000 bushels. In 1904 1,000,000 young trees were planted. The vineyard area is 15,269

acres, with over 3,000,000 vines, yielding 25,000,000 pounds of grapes. There are 500,000 pear trees, yielding 600,000 bushels of pears. There are nearly 1,000,000 plum-bearing trees, and 250,000 freshly planted. There are 800,000 peach trees, yielding over 600,000 bushels. Small fruits—strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, currants, gooseberries—are produced to the extent of 25,000,000 pounds' weight.

These are the official statistics the Canadian fires into you, and if he makes you gasp he feels he has done good work.

There is something transatlantically energetic in the way Canada has thrown itself into fruit culture. Ontario, with its excellent climate, holds, and will maintain a foremost place. Only a tithe of the possible fruit-rearing land in the province is occupied. There is plenty of room for newcomers. The Agricultural College at Guelph has a horticultural department, and students are taught as much as is known about fruits, and how to deal with the pests and diseases with which they are sometimes afflicted Perhaps, however, the most valuable immediate work is done at the five experimental farms in the province, established by the Ontario Provincial Government. The authorities find out what tracts of country are suitable for particular kinds of fruit, and report. Each experimental farm is controlled by a committee of practical fruit growers, who decide what varieties of fruit shall be subjected to test. Other provinces, from Quebec to British Columbia, are doing the same work. Canada is determined to become a great fruit land.

Photo: A. L. Hardy, Kentville, N.S.

A CANADIAN APPLE-ORCHARD.

I visited the best fruit-growing stretches in the best of fruit-growing provinces. Beginning with the valley of the St. Lawrence, there is a broad belt of excellent apple country extending right away to Niagara, at the western end of Lake Ontario, a length of 288 miles. In the forty-mile strip I inspected, fruit farm succeeds fruit farm in constant array. The whole of South Ontario is realising that its future is in fruit rather than in wheat. The quantities of wheat from the North-West are driving the wheat grower out of Ontario. Besides, many of the farmers' sons, mesmerised by the glamour of the west, are breaking loose from the old ties in Ontario, and making for Manitoba, Alberta, and Saskatchewan to grow wheat. Consequently, great as has been the increase of apple-growing in the province, it has not been so great as the people want.

Apples spell money in Ontario. I heard of one Englishman who started in the smallest way five years ago. He knew about apple-growing, and he bought orchards from those who didn't know. Last year he made £1,000 profit, and this year he expects to make £2,000 profit. A man with about £400 can buy a good fruit farm of a hundred acres, and make a nice livelihood.

Great Britain is a big market for Ontario apples. The trade has blossomed chiefly within the last ten years. The railway and steamship companies have provided systems of cold storage, and so from the time that pears, peaches, grapes, and early apples are carefully packed, till they reach Liverpool, the fruit is kept in a healthy condition.

But all the fruit yield of Ontario is rarely gathered. Shortage of labour is the reason. In the picking season sufficient labour cannot be got for money. So thousands of trees, bent with their burdens, stand till winter comes, and the fruit drops with the nip of the frost. Or, if the fruit can be gathered, there is the difficulty of shortage of labour in providing barrels. Tons upon tons of good fruit are wasted simply because there are not barrels enough to send it to the markets. Again, there is occasionally such a glut in the market that some growers leave the fruit to rot rather than go to the expense of gathering it.

All this is giving an incentive to an industry that is just beginning to awaken—that of jam-making. The Canadians have got away from the habit, if they ever had it, of eating jam. There are probably two reasons: firstly, that until recently they did not appreciate the possibilities of Canada in fruit, and, secondly, many of the jams offered them were imitations manufactured from vegetable marrow, turnip, sugar, and artificial colouring. The Canadian, however, has a sweet tooth, and as soon as he knows he is getting the real article he will probably take to jam eating. I found that one or two of the big growers have their eye on jam manufacture to use up their surplus stock of fruit. Mr. E. D. Smith has erected a jam factory for this very purpose.

The retail prices of Ontario fruits as sold in Toronto and Hamilton are low compared with the price in the English market. Apples can be bought at 8s. a barrel. Pears can be got at 1s. 8d. per

peck basket. A twenty-pound basket of grapes for the table can be bought for 1s. Raspberries, strawberries, currants, and blackberries are about 4s. for a dozen quart boxes. The cheaper grapes go to the making of Canadian wine. I've tasted it, and I am not enthusiastic.

Here, however, is a magnificent chunk of the Dominion beginning to belie the popular idea that Canada is chiefly a land of snow. That any part of Canada could be converted into an orchard was something to laugh at in former times. But the area in Canada where can be grown grapes, peaches, pears, and apples is as large as the whole of England. This is a comparison worth thinking about.

CHAPTER IV.

TORONTO, THE MOST ENGLISH CITY IN CANADA.

TORONTO is the most ultra-British city on earth. It is in a constant simmer of Maffekingism. Its patriotism is ever on the bubble.

As Englishmen suffering from stomachic complaints betake themselves to Homburg and Aix, and dose their interiors with evil-odoured yet efficacious waters till they be healthy, so Englishmen suffering from laxity in loyalty should hasten to Toronto, where they can be so impregnated with patriotism that they will want to wear shirt fronts made of the Union Jack.

There are two reasons why Toronto is so excessively British. First, most of its residents claim descent from the Loyalists who were driven from the banks of the Hudson in the uprising which Englishmen call the American Rebellion, and citizens of the United States call the American Revolution, and who, in turn, fought and bravely resisted the Americans when they attempted to seize Canada in 1812. The second, and more cogent reason is that Toronto is sufficiently near the United States for the folks on either side the boundary cordially to dislike each other.

Englishmen have a fondness for Americans, though the affection is only officially reciprocated.

Americans, however, have an amused contempt for the Canadians, telling them that when the mood comes they will annex the Dominion. Canadians regard Americans as a bragging, corrupt, boodle-hunting, nigger-lynching crowd of barbarians. They call one another "Canukes" and "Yanks." The number of Union Jacks that flutter over Toronto any ordinary day suggest to the travelling Briton a Royal birthday.

The man of Toronto, like every man in Ontario, will inform you he is the backbone of Canada—in truth, he is the backbone of the British Empire! When confidential he tells you that if it hadn't been for him there never would have been any British Canada, and he asks you to draw a sharp distinction between his loyalty and the loyalty of the French-Canadian in Quebec Province.

The man of Ontario is loyal, not to England, but to the British Empire. The French-Canadian is loyal, not to the British Empire, but to Canada. He insists you must understand the difference.

The lusty, full-blooded patriotism of Ontario is a growth of the last dozen years. Twelve years back there was no sterling hope in Canada's future. The wheat-growing possibilities of the west were fanciful dreams. Manufacturers struggled laboriously toward prosperity, and had an envious eye on the United States, where the forcing, hot-house air of commercialism reared millionaires. An undercurrent of feeling prevailed that perhaps, after all, to cut the painter that tied Canada to Britain, and hitch on to the States would be best. Reciprocity

with the States was part of the creed of the Canadian manufacturer. As Sir Wilfrid Laurier once said: The American quarter of a dollar was as good as the English shilling, and it was much nearer. Ottawa approached Washington with a suggestion of reciprocity. Washington snubbed Ottawa. The snubbing rankled. Canada went on and prospered.

Then one fine morning Canada had the grim satisfaction of seeing the birth of an agitation in the States for reciprocity with Canada. But all that was British in the composition of Jake Canuke bristled.

"Not on your life, siree," was his retort to the polite palaver of Uncle Sam. Uncle Sam continued the most amiable of suitors. "Isn't it very foolish we should fight one another with tariffs? Wouldn't it be much nicer if we reciprocated?" "Not on your life," replied Jake again. Jake knew. Reciprocity to him now meant that the big manufacturers of the States would "snow under" the Canadian manufacturers, and the Dominion would become little other than an annexe of America. "Not on your life!"

This commercial enmity stirred latent British patriotism. A band of Ontario loyalists took the children in hand. The Union Jack fluttered from the top of the schoolhouses. The youngsters were taught patriotism as they were taught to spell. On days famous in the history of the Empire there were special addresses. There were prizes for essays on patriotism. Six years ago the outbreak of the South African War synchronised with many of the boys reaching manhood. The instruction in patriotism

bore fruit. The young men of Ontario had war in their nostrils. They wanted to fight for the Empire. The Laurier Government and the French in the province of Quebec held back. What had Canada to do with England's quarrel in South Africa?

"Do you think you'll keep us back," shouted young Ontario; "not on your life!"

And there was such a blaze of British patriotism throughout Ontario — spreading like a prairie fire into the North-West Territories—that the Laurier Government made a virtue of necessity, and the Canadian contingents crossed the seas, and did their work as soldiers on the veldt.

These mingled causes make the capital of Ontario the most demonstratively patriotic city in the Empire.

Toronto is one of the trimmest, cleanest cities on the continent. It is a city of distances. The streets are long, broad, and tree-edged—when once you get beyond the business centre. The population is less than a quarter of a million. But we have no provincial town in England with such an impressive array of public buildings. The residential districts are pretty. Nearly all the houses, including those of the working classes—there are no poor, as we use the word—have freshly-green and well-watered plats in front. There is an air of solid prosperity about Toronto.

Here is a town in the fourth row, if you reckon importance by the number of people. You admire the public buildings—huge, decorative, imposing. Then your admiration leads to a question. What

is so fourth-rate a place as Toronto doing with these magnificent edifices? Is it provincial, municipal conceit? Partly. She takes her bigger sister, Montreal, as guide, and presses to do one better. But the main reason is that Toronto believes in herself. In England public buildings are erected grudgingly to meet the needs of a growing population. Toronto has a growing population, and her public buildings are planned and built to be suitable when Toronto has a population of a million. Here, then, in town life, as in the general life of the country, the Canadian has his eyes on the future.

A purist in architecture would be driven crazy at the medley of design in these buildings. You see Saxon arches over Corinthian pillars. You see the florid bunched on the austere. There is a touch of the Italian, and a sweep of Brixtonian Gothic. It is architectural bewilderment. But it is all solid, serviceable masonry, striking despite its vagaries, and it shows—which, after all, is the chief thing in this connection—that the people of the capital of Ontario are intent on their city being a beautiful city.

Look up and across the main streets, where trolley cars are shuttling, and you see a City Hall which is nearly as fine as Manchester Town Hall. Visit Queen's Park, flower-decked and with statues of Queen Victoria, Sir John A. Macdonald—held in affectionate remembrance as "John A."—and of Governor Simcoe; see the monuments raised to volunteers who lost their lives in the Fenian Invasion and the North-West Rebellion, and behind

A BUSY CORNER IN TORONTO.

see the Ontario Parliament Buildings. The Parliament of Ontario has functions scarcely more important than those of an English County Council. But how differently housed. There are oil paintings of political leaders in the halls. The House is modelled after the House of Commons—Speaker's chair, Government to the right, Opposition to the left, and at the lower end the seat of the Serjeant-at-Arms. The Independent Order of Foresters have erected a Temple Building, which might stand beside and not suffer much in comparison with Hyde Park Mansions. The yacht clubs on Toronto Bay are as pretty as any of the club-houses at Cowes. Knox College, ivy-clad, might be a bit of Cambridge. All the churches are fine, and inclined to the ornate. But whether it be the Law Courts, the Board of Trade Buildings, the Sick Children's Hospital, the Customs House, the Post Office, Toronto University, the denominational colleges, the General Hospital, or the Militia Armouries, the aim is to beautify the town. The people of Toronto are as keen for the beautifying of their city as the well-to-do Englishman is for the beautifying of his own house.

Get into talk with the average man in an English town, and see how much he can tell you off-hand about his city. He will have one or two phrases intending to show that his particular city is the best in the country. The Toronto man, however, bristles with facts. There are 206 churches in Toronto, he tells you, with the glowing satisfaction of a cattle breeder who had taken 206 "firsts." He possibly doesn't go to any of the churches himself, but the

fact there are so many he counts as proof that Toronto is a great city. He flings at you the information that the citizens of Toronto use over 11,000 telephones, asks how many telephones are used in Sheffield, and is openly astonished at your ignorance. He puts his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, tilts back his chair, and tells you there are exactly twenty-seven law courts in his city. He informs you there are 116 miles of railway line within the municipal limit, and that 100 passenger trains come and go each day. Knowing that you write for the newspapers, he asks how many have you seen of the six daily papers, forty-nine weekly, twenty fortnightly, seventy-six monthly, and eight quarterlies in Toronto. He booms at you that the assessment value of buildings in Toronto is over £12,000,000, and that new buildings to the value of £750,000 went up last year! He asks you what you think of it all?

I was in Toronto for four days. I zig-zagged on trolley cars from point to point sight-seeing for one day. It was an excellent and a cheap method of transit. But Toronto friends came along, determined to give me a good time. Had I seen the city? Well, hardly seen it, just pottered about. Then I must be driven round. And I was driven round. Had I seen their great department store? No! "We'll have the carriage out after lunch, and drive round." Seen our residential quarter? A bit of it. "Guess we'll have a drive after tea." Not been to High Park, nor on the lake front at Simcoe? "See here, we'll go driving all Sunday." So I had five

drives in three days. I was from the "old country," and that was a passport in itself.

And what did I think of Toronto? Wasn't Toronto a finer city than Montreal? Wasn't Toronto just the finest city I had struck anywhere?

I marked the difference between the Briton at home and the Briton in Toronto. The home man, if he takes you a drive, misses the manufacturing region of his town, or half apologises for driving that way, but explains there is beautiful country beyond. The Toronto man drives you straight into the whirl of business, and if he gets toward trees it is only to introduce you to prosperous manufacturers who have residences as big as hotels. If you go further he will turn back on the plea there is "only country" out that way.

You see the progress of a town like Toronto in comparisons. Twelve years ago there were 26,000 artisans employed in the local factories. To-day there are over 50,000. Indeed, in about the last dozen years everything has doubled. There are 600 industries followed in Toronto, from the manufacture of agricultural implements to the making of yeast. Toronto distributes. Two hundred freight trains enter and leave daily. In nine years, 1893-02, the number of cattle which passed through the Toronto yards jumped from 200,000 head to well over 500,000 head. You find gorgeous banks with a combined capital of thirteen millions sterling. You see the palatial offices of thirty odd investment and trust companies. You are told of 160 insurance companies doing business in Toronto, and discover

in the official returns that £16,000,000 of fire insurance is in force. You visit the area of the raging fire of a few months back, and find the *débris* is being cleared away, and handsome new structures beginning to rear on the ruins. The clearing-house returns of the banks doing business on Toronto increased from $513,000,000 in 1900, to $809,000,000 in 1902. And all this in a fourth-rate city by the counting of noses!

Put yourself in a group of municipal enthusiasts, and figures buzz round your ears like bees. You think of some town in England with a quarter of a million inhabitants, while you are told that Toronto has a land area of 17 square miles and 260 miles of streets. There are 16 fire stations, and a brigade of 194 men. There are 21 public parks with a total area of 1,152 acres. The public schools have a staff of over 800 teachers. There are 89 miles of tramway lines, 300 cars, and 50,000,000 passengers are carried a year. There are 200 hotels—one, at least, as gorgeous as the much-advertised Midland Hotel at Manchester—four theatres, 22 music and concert halls, and 250 public buildings for public meetings. There are three universities—Toronto, Trinity, and McMaster. Affiliated with Toronto are several theological colleges. There are 54 public schools, 19 Separate schools (Roman Catholic), and one technical school, where instruction is absolutely free. There is a public library with five branches. There are four large general hospitals, an insane asylum, 27 homes for the friendless, and 14 orphanages for the young. There are five hospitals devoted

Photo: Galbray Photo Co., Toronto.

RESIDENTIAL QUARTER, TORONTO.

to special diseases, and seven dispensaries. All these are maintained out of the public purse. Yet Toronto is a fourth-rate city, not equal in size to Leeds!

Toronto is not a cheap place to live in. House rent is twice what it is in a large provincial English town. But business is good; there is plenty of work for those who can work; lots of money is in circulation.

Yet everything does not run as smoothly as appears on the surface. Trade unions are strong. There is constant strain between the men and the employers. Wages are on the increase; they have gone up about 30 per cent. in three years. The good artisan gets from £3 to £5 a week.

Trade unionists fiercely resist men from the United States being brought in, and, just as at Montreal, I found a disposition to resist British workers coming, on the plea they would lower wages.

"Canada for the Canadians" is not an unusual cry. You hear it as vigorously shouted by men who have been in the country six months and who retain their Cockney accent as by men born in Ontario itself. There is plenty of room for experienced mechanics; their coming will not lower wages—wages are on the increase, whilst the number of workers is also increasing—it will do much to stimulate industry. But the British "born tired" man, or the man who is not prepared to adapt himself to new circumstances, or the jack-of-all-trades needn't expect £5 a week.

When I was in Toronto the labourers were

getting 8s. 4d. a day (1s. 0½d. an hour), and they went on strike because it wasn't sufficient. Labourers were scarce. They were telling the builders that when 1s. 3d. an hour was offered they would think about doing some more work. They were the masters of the situation, and knew it. I have heard a builder—who had made a contract to do certain work at a certain price and by a certain time, never mind what wages he had to pay—use language about labourers which was picturesque but unprintable.

Now Toronto, though built on the T-square American plan, and though possessing an unmistakable American look, is lacking in one American characteristic—hustle. It does quite as much business as a United States town of the same size, but it does it without the United States volubility and fuss. In the language of the hotel vestibule, it "gets right there, every time, and on both feet." Indeed, as far as "getting a move on," Toronto as a business centre is slower than an English town. It is a matter of method rather than result. You won't get the Toronto man to admit it. He probably doesn't know it. He thinks himself a fine and a sharp fellow. So he is, and as good a sample of the Colonial Briton as you will find anywhere. But he is not a hustler.

The only place I saw a hustle was in a police court. I had a seat on the bench one morning alongside Colonel Denison, the magistrate. He is a good type of the breezy, unconventional Canadian soldier. He called out the names of the prisoners himself, and administered the oath himself to save time.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

With some acquaintance of the slow formality of an English court, I was a little breathless at the slap-dash manner in which he disposed of forty cases in exactly forty minutes. There was no red tape. The Colonel asked a question here and a question there, and "You'll go to prison for sixty days; send William Flannigan," he wound up. This was an assault case. A lawyer asked for a remand. "Do you say the prisoner didn't commit the assault?" "No, your honour; I don't say that, but——" "Well, he can go to jail for fourteen days. Send up James Sanford."

At the end of the forty minutes I presumed to congratulate the Colonel on his expedition. "But," I asked, "you don't go as fast when you have a point of law raised?"

"I never allow a point of law to be raised. This is a court of justice, not a court of law. Not so long ago a young attorney wanted to quote law against my sending his man down for six weeks. He wanted to quote Mathews, I think. 'Well,' said I, 'Mathews may be a great authority on law, but I guess he hasn't got as much authority as I have in this court. Your man goes down for six weeks!'"

CHAPTER V.

THE STRENGTH OF A YOUNG NATION: CANADA AND ITS TRADE.

JAKE CANUKE is the grown-up son in the firm of John Bull and Sons. He has a great respect for the "old man," but thinks him slow and behind the times. He wants to shake the "old man" up a bit, and show him how to run the Empire properly. He is vigorous, self-confident, and doesn't like to be instructed. He imagines—as young nations, like young men, are prone to imagine—he has nothing to learn. Occasionally, when he believes the "old man" has been playing the fool in business—as in the Alaskan Boundary decision, letting the United States have just as much as she wanted of Canada's seaboard on the Pacific, and generally kow-towing to the Americans, feasting them and cheering them, and making the Yankees think John Bull wants their help, whereas Cousin Jonathan would, in his heart, be delighted to see the Empire firm smash up—he swears, and tells the "boss" what he thinks about it.

Jake is proud of belonging to the firm of John Bull. But he wants John Bull to stop his social, dinner-party gallivanting with his rival Jonathan. When a distinguished American visits London, he is invited to lunch at Buckingham Palace. When a

distinguished Colonist visits London, he has to pay for his own lunch at an hotel. This is a topic not noised publicly, but Jake tells you about it when you are quietly having a cigar with him. Not, of course, that he wants to lunch at Buckingham Palace—daresay it would be terribly formal and dull! —prefers to pay for his own lunch, and be comfortable!—but—but—well, he doesn't like to feel Canada is left on the doorstep, while America is invited inside.

Indeed, Jake is touchy, though, like all touchy people, he insists that he "really doesn't mind in the least."

But behind the touchiness of the Canadian—who, when he asks your opinion of the Dominion, means he wants praise, and snorts that you ought to have stayed at home if you criticise; who, being ignorant of other countries, and especially of England, is cock-sure that the old country is out-of-date —there is a tremendous virility. He works.

At present Jake Canuke is the young man in his shirt sleeves, who has done well, intends to do better, is impatient of restraint, has ideas beyond the running of his own Canadian store, and thinks the old man, John Bull, would be benefited by having more of his help in managing the business.

All through Canada is this feeling, pulsing like an under-current. The visiting Englishman, only watching the surface, only hearing the playful jibes at the "old country," may conclude that Canada is not loyal, and would, on slightest provocation, snap the little tie that holds it to Britain. So it would.

Except in a traditional, sentimental sense, Canada doesn't care for England. But Canada does care a great deal for the British Empire—with the vague, ill-defined, unconsidered, but unmistakable love of a son for his father—because Canada is part of the British Empire. Isn't a Canadian as much a Briton as an Englishman is?

Canada is moving much quicker towards Imperial Federation than Canada herself realises.

Certainly, the growth of the Dominion from a little and swaddled colony into a brawny and ambitious nation is worth thought by my countrymen at home. In the United Kingdom are 344 persons to the square mile; in Canada the average is one and a half to the square mile. Yet this mighty, apparently unwieldy, slice of a continent with an area of nearly 4,000,000, and a population of nearly 6,000,000, is putting forth all its strength, and showing itself a worthy child of old England. Canada opens its arms to the world for settlers; but the warm hand is always toward the old country. She has land to give away, and land to sell. There are millions of acres of Dominion lands. Ten years ago (1894) there were given away in homesteads 513,440 acres, and eight years ago (1896) there were given away 297,760 acres. In 1903 there were given away 5,229,120 acres.

And the people who are filling up this western land, drawn from all quarters of the earth, forgetting their old nationalities, throwing off the cloak of their old customs, what of them? Crowds, of

course, are Canadians from the eastern provinces who have moved west. I turn up the list of the people who last year asked for free homesteads. There are Americans, 10,000 of them; Britons, 4,000 of them; nearly 3,000 Russians; nearly 3,000 Austro-Hungarians; 1,000 Germans; over 200 Icelanders; almost 600 Swedo-Norwegians; over 200 French; lesser numbers from elsewhere, Belgians, Swiss, Italians, Roumanians, Syrians, Hollanders, Danes, Chinese, Turks, Bulgarians, Persians, Australians, down to one representative each from Spain, Brazil, and New Zealand—all men settling to farm under the British flag!

No; Canada is neither English nor Scotch. A million Canadians with British names never saw Britain; 1,500,000 of the population are of French descent. But the British spirit permeates the continent.

The Britons who have gone out to Canada are the best we have, men ill spared from the old land. It is under their influence and staunch personality that Canada has been lifted into the position it holds to-day. Take the men who have really made Canada; nine out of ten have British blood in them. It is the triumph of race, the dominance of the Saxon.

Last year the United Kingdom produced 48,000,000 bushels of wheat. Canada, with a sixth of the population, produced 78,500,000 bushels. But while Britain grew her wheat crop on 1,500,000 acres, Canada needed 4,250,000 acres to grow hers—which shows that the old land grows a larger crop

per acre than the new land, though it must be remembered that manuring, such as followed at home, is unknown in Canada, and that in the British Isles wheat cannot be grown profitably on any but the best lands.

Canada likes to weigh herself with dollars in the other scale. Take agriculture, and reduce everything to dollars. I take the facts from the Census Returns for 1901: The value of the land was put down at $1,007,454,358; buildings, $395,815,143; implements and machinery, $108,665,502; horses, $118,279,419; milch cows, $69,237,970; other horned cattle, $54,197,341; sheep, $10,490,594; swine, $16,445,702; poultry, $5,723,890; bees, $792,711; field crops, $194,935,420; fruits and vegetables, $12,994,900; nursery stock sold, $469,501; live stock sold, $52,755,375; meats and products of all animals killed on the farm, $22,951,527; dairy products, $66,470,953; wool, $1,887,064; eggs, $10,286,828; honey and wax, $356,816; maple sugar and syrup, $1,780,482.

Consider the Canadian export of agricultural products to its two best customers, Great Britain and the United States. I go back to the year I was born. In 1868 Great Britain bought Canadian produce to the value of $6,414,695; while the United States bought to the value of $11,875,313, which is nearly twice as much. Times have changed. In 1903 (the last official figures yet published) we at home bought agricultural produce from Canada to the value of $95,761,001, while the United States only purchased to the value of $8,360,700. Great

Britain is assuredly Canada's best purchaser. We bought 85·47 per cent. of the Dominion's agricultural products, whilst the States bought only 7·46 per cent.

Yet when Canada measures itself with little Britain—and it is like a growing youth, in constant anxiety to see how much bigger he is this month than last month—in regard to farm stock, the Dominion falls behind. I hunt out the last comparisons to be had. Where Canada has 1,577,493 horses, Great Britain has 2,022,961; Canada's 5,576,411 cattle are doubled by the 11,376,986 at home; the Dominion can only produce 2,511,239 sheep, against 30,056,756; the 2,358,838 Canadian swine are easily beaten by the 3,639,782 at home.

When, with a smile, you point out to your friend Jake Canuke that he isn't quite such a big fellow alongside Britain as he thinks he is, he answers: "Well, what do you expect from a new country? Give us time!"

But, again, look how the condition of things has changed in Canadian exports of live cattle and sheep. In 1875 Great Britain received from the Dominion 455 cattle and no sheep, whilst in the same year the United States received from its neighbour 34,651 cattle, and 236,808 sheep. In 1903 Great Britain received 161,170 cattle, against 10,432 that went to the States, whilst we received 114,392 sheep, against 278,506 that went across the frontier. Indeed, the whole tendency is for Canadian exports to the Old Country to increase, while exports to the United States decrease. Canada sent us (during 1903) in

bacon, hams, pork, lard, beef, mutton, and canned and other meats 152,483,156 lb., valued at $16,910,895; whilst to the States she sent 434,289 lb., valued at $40,400. It is the same all along the line. We paid Canada $132,009 for poultry. Indeed, for meats (not poultry), butter, cheese, and eggs, Great Britain paid Canada the sum of $49,505,673.

Whether it is cattle, or wheat, or meat, Canada dumps most of her surplus produce into the markets of Great Britain. The extent of this is marvellous. The produce of Canada which came to us in 1899 was worth $58,000,000; in 1900 it was $70,000,000; in 1901 it slipped down to $65,000,000; in 1902, however, it had risen to $79,000,000. In 1903 the agricultural produce sent from Canada to Great Britain was worth $95,761,001.

And in return?

Canada did not buy from Great Britain a single horse; it bought one cow, value $49; no sheep, no swine; but "other animals"—what they were I know not—value $258. I exclude animals imported for improvement of stock. The principal agricultural imports from home were hides, value $1,301,762; wool, value $568,070; and hemp, $547,789. The total agricultural imports into Canada from Great Britain were of a value of $2,761,591. Thus the British agriculturist realises that one of his keenest competitors in his own market is his Canadian cousin.

The Canadian acknowledges the disproportion. He offers the obvious explanation that the Dominion is an agricultural country, whereas Great Britain is

a manufacturing country. He realises that under a scheme of Colonial preference still more Canadian produce would be sent to England, but he fails to see, as a good many people at home fail to see, how preference will benefit the British farmer. For the Canadian does not believe that preference will raise the price of food in England. It will stimulate production, increase will keep down the price—possibly lower it—and the British agriculturist must meet that price. The home farmer won't gain anything, the home consumer won't lose anything, but the colonial producer will gain by a better market, due to handicapping the foreigner.

It is the British manufacturer and workman who will benefit under preference, urges the Canadian, not because Canadian manufacturers intend their British friends to meet them in the Dominion market on level terms, but because Canada, as she cannot supply herself with manufactured goods, must buy from somewhere, and would like to put an additional spoke in the wheel of United States imports into Canada, and give Britain the advantage.

As an example, I take manufactured articles in iron and steel. In 1903 Canada imported from Great Britain interchangeable mechanism of the value of $262,193, whilst the same thing from the United States came to $5,241,643. Britain had 4·69 per cent. of the trade, and the States had 93·70 of it.

In hardware, cutlery, and edged tools, Britain sent the value of $871,829, against the States $3,748,917, or a proportion of 17·07 per cent. to 73·41 per cent.

In machinery it was $321,269, against $7,417,626. Britain got 4·12 per cent. of the business, while the States got 95·08 per cent.

In castings and forgings it was $67,661, against $1,126,131, or 5·65 per cent., against 93·97 per cent.

In other forms of iron and steel a nearer proportion was reached, with $7,441,340 value from Britain, against $8,914,972 from the States, 40·71 per cent. compared with 48·77 per cent.

In railway supplies and rails, Great Britain was ahead with $2,045,184, against $1,675,310 from the States, 42·20 per cent. against 34·57 per cent.

It was the same in pig iron, Great Britain leading with $859,979, and the States following with $583,906, or 59·33 per cent. of the trade to 40·29 per cent.

But strike averages. Canada imported iron and steel to the value of $44,275,124. Of that $28,708,496 came from the United States, $11,869,455 from Great Britain, and $3,697,173 from other countries. Strike averages again. The United States has 64·84 per cent. of the trade; Great Britain's proportion is 26·81 per cent., and that of other countries is 8·35.

Now it may be readily conceded that if Canada could make those iron and steel manufactures she would do so, even to the exclusion of British manufactures. But she can't. Jake Canuke, in his heart, hates to send his millions into the States, which buys comparatively little from him. Great Britain is his best customer, and he gets British gold for Canadian wheat. He wants—for he must

buy machinery just as the Englishman must buy wheat—to exchange Canadian produce for British goods. Anyway, he thinks the Englishman and the Canadian and the other colonists might have a talk about it.

See how Great Britain benefited under the preference of 25 per cent., at first, and then 33⅓ per cent., which Canada began to extend to us in 1898. I leave out of consideration whether the preference was granted by the Laurier Government because of love for Britain, or was a clever political move in the direction of low tariffs after the Dominion had been snubbed by the States when urging reciprocity. The fact remains, there was a preference to those parts of the British Empire where the tariff was favourable to Canadian goods. Compare the quantity of goods entering the Dominion under the general tariff and under the preferential tariff.

In 1899, the British Empire sent goods to Canada, under the general tariff, to the value of $4,937,775, whilst foreign countries sent goods to the Dominion under the same tariff to the value of $57,897,955. In the same year, however, under the preferential tariff, Canada took from the Empire goods valued at $23,834,425, whilst, under the same tariff (extended in particular instances to foreign countries), foreign countries could only get in goods valued at $2,763,017. The next year, 1900, the Empire sent to Canada, under the general tariff, goods valued at $5,754,338, whilst foreigners got in goods valued at $71,496,666. The same year under the preference, the Empire sent goods to Canada

valued at $27,095,791, and the foreigner sent nothing at all.

It was much the same in the year 1901. Under the general tariff the manufacturers of the Empire had not much chance, and sent to Canada the value of $5,944,119, whilst the foreigner sent $72,522,700. The same year, however, under preference, the Empire scooped $27,502,937 worth of business, and the foreigner not a cent. Let me be more precise with 1902. Under the general tariff Great Britain sent goods valued at $6,332,175, but the United States simply clouded us with goods valued at $60,181,808; Germany was ahead of us with $9,078,402, and France not much behind us with $5,546,876. Under the preference, however, that year Great Britain sent to Canada goods valued at $28,730,389 (from the whole Empire, $30,635,889), but the United States not a dollar's worth, Germany not a mark's worth, and France not a franc's worth. And in 1903, while under the general tariff Britain sent to Canada goods valued at $7,046,411, the United States was far ahead with $68,538,323. Under preference British goods into Canada rose to $35,163,754 (from the whole Empire, $37,614,505), and the United States and all the other foreign countries *nil*.

Under the preference British woollen goods entered Canada in 1903 to the amount of $11,105,987, while the United States manufacturer, handicapped by the general tariff, could only squeeze in woollen goods valued at $394,579. In 1904 the amount we sent had gone up over $1,500,000, whilst the increase

from the United States didn't go up $100,000, and the supply of woollens from other countries fell off.

So now it is the woollen manufacturer down in Massachusetts who is crying out to his Government, "Why don't you make a reciprocity treaty with Canada, and then I can get my woollen goods into the Dominion?"

Jake Canuke smiles when he hears this, and remembers how the boot used to be on the other leg. He is in no humour for reciprocity with the Yankee. Formerly his big neighbour spurned him. Now he enjoys his big neighbour tapping at the door, and whispering that perhaps they might come to some arrangement. Jake doesn't want to come to any arrangement with Uncle Sam. If there is to be any arrangement, it is to be with old John Bull.

"But look here, John," says Jake, "you've got to make the things we want, and not just what you think we want, if you fancy our trade. And you've got to get the gum out of your eyes, and hustle a bit. You're so darned nervous about the farthings you may lose by a change in the methods of business, that you don't think of the dollars you'll make in another way. Shake yourself a bit!"

CHAPTER VI.

MANUFACTURERS AND PREFERENCE: "CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS."

LET no one accuse the Canadians of *lèse-majesté*. But if Mr. Chamberlain visited the Dominion he would receive a wilder, more tumultuously enthusiastic reception than would ever be given to Royalty.

There is only one great man on earth, and his name is Chamberlain — according to our friends. Everything in Canada is dubbed "Chamberlain." I have eaten Chamberlain pudding, which was good, and I have smoked a Chamberlain "ten-cent preference cigar," which was vile.

Canada is with Chamberlain. There is no doubt about that. "Bravo for Chamberlain!" shouts Mr. Canadian, "he proposes to tax foreign wheat, and so give a preference to Canadian wheat. We'll scoop the market, and make millions of dollars. That's real patriotism for you. So, hurrah for Chamberlain!"

The "slow Britisher" agrees that that would be a fine thing for Canada, but asks: "And in return, will Canada allow our manufactured goods free competition with Canadian goods—all in brotherly love, eh?"

"Not on your life!" is the prompt answer; "we are not going to have our struggling manufacturers crushed by competition from goods made with cheap labour in the old country."

That is a fair summary of how the average Canadian, the "man in the street," regards the fiscal commercial relationship between Great Britain and the Dominion.

But before I deal with the Canadian manufacturer and his views on Imperial preference, let me clear away one or two misconceptions prevalent at home.

It is asserted that if we don't hurry up and grant Colonial preference, Canada will make a trade treaty with the United States to our disadvantage. Occasionally an after-dinner Canadian orator will suggest such a thing, but it is a nudge to the British ribs to hurry up with preferential treatment, and not—at present, at any rate—a threat of genuine intention. Yet the possibility must not be lost sight of.

True, not so many years ago, many Canadian eyes were cast across the border. The United States was a neighbour, conditions of life were similar, England was a long way off. Why shouldn't Canada and the States have community of interest and free trade within the continent? Canada made moves in that direction; but every advance was met with a snub.

It was then that Canada turned her glance to the Mother Country.

Canada has boomed, it has become the finest

wheatfield in the world, manufactures are beginning to hold up their heads. Imperceptibly but certainly —with the sneering treatment of the United States as an incentive—there was awakened the latent love for the "old land," an appreciation of her institutions, an admiration for her uprightness. Then came the South African War, when Canadians shouted: "And we are Britons also." Public opinion—sweeping along Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who, on the "no precedent" theory, was disposed to hold back—insisted on Canadians being sent to fight for Empire.

Empire! That is the word you often hear in Canada to-day. Many a Canadian who uses it is not sure what he means. It certainly is not suzerainty to England; but it is a vague groping after a British confederation, how to be brought about he doesn't know and hasn't thought; but something which will help Canada to hold a bigger place in the world.

I travelled all over Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and talked with all classes, from the Prime Minister to the nigger who made my bed on the railway cars. That Canada, if she doesn't get preferential treatment with England, will throw herself, by annexation, into the arms of the United States—for now Miss Canada has her fortune it is Uncle Sam who is beginning to woo—is a bogey laughed at by everybody.

I do not, however, ignore the fact that there is a sub-conscious but perfectly natural thought in the minds of many Canadians—who never saw England, or who come of a stock that is not British

—toward a Canadian republic, great and strong as that of the neighbouring republic of the United States. But that is no more than an academic dream. Canada could not stand alone. She knows that if she broke loose from Great Britain she would be swallowed up by the States within a generation. And Canadian dislike of the States almost equals Canadian loyalty to the Empire.

Another misconception at home is that Canada has made no offer to the Mother Country, with whom she wants to enter into a preferential trade agreement. I happened to be with Sir Wilfrid Laurier the morning after Mr. Balfour had advocated at Edinburgh an Imperial conference to discuss preference. Sir Wilfrid had not seen the telegraphed summaries in the Canadian newspapers, and I told him of Balfour's proposal. Sir Wilfrid dismissed it as unnecessary from the Canadian point of view. I asked him why. "Because," he answered, "at the Colonial conference held in London in 1902, I definitely stated on behalf of Canada that we are ready to discuss with Britain what articles we can give you a preference on, and what articles you can give us a preference on. Canada is in favour of preference. Is Great Britain? Till we know that, what is the good of having another conference?"

Mr. George E. Drummond, then president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, said to me in Montreal: "I speak for the manufacturers of Canada. We believe in an Imperial trade preference. We favour the appointment of an Imperial commission representing all British dominions to

consider the whole question, and submit a plan for the consolidation and permanency of the Empire and its trade. We are not going to sacrifice any of our manufacturing industries to benefit England; we don't ask you to make any sacrifices for our benefit. We say that if we can talk together we can arrive at an arrangement for the benefit of both and of the Empire as a whole."

That brings me to how the Canadian manufacturer stands in regard to preference. Let this be clearly understood: he will make no trade preference which in his opinion would injure him commercially. He smiles at any suggestion that Britain should be the manufacturing country and Canada remain an agricultural country, buying our manufactures. It is not a proposal which commends itself to the Canadian manufacturer. He, though he won't say it publicly, is not particularly enthusiastic over the preference already given to Britain, if it is sufficient to let British goods enter into too active competition with Canadian goods. The fact has to be recognised that there are practically no Canadian manufactures of importance which could meet British manufactures in open competition. The Canadian manufacturer is no fool, and he understands the situation as well as anybody.

Canada is still young as a manufacturing country, and feels that if she pulled down her tariff barriers Great Britain and the United States would, with their bigger markets, cheaper production, and longer training, swamp Canadian manufactures, and never give them a chance to rise again. Therefore, the

Canadian, quite wisely from his point of view, because he comes late into the contest as a manufacturer, guards himself with heavy tariffs. If he makes a preference to England it is not out of patriotic affection to allow the Englishman to come in with a better article and undersell him. He will put a duty of 30 per cent. against the United States, and allow British goods to come in at 20 per cent. That is a preference in favour of the Old Country. But the Canadian, while willing enough to give it, likes to know that the 20 per cent. duty is still high enough to save the manufacturer in the Dominion from active competition at the hands of the British manufacturer.

No better evidence of this can be found than in the attitude of the Canadian woollen manufacturers. British woollen goods are so excellent that they can ride over tariffs that are not prohibitive. Under the Canadian preference of 33 per cent. the British woollen trade with Canada bounded ahead. Everybody was pleased except the Canadian woollen manufacturers and the operatives in their mills. With them first it was short time, and then it was the closing of mills. It was more than could be expected from human nature that the Canadian manufacturer would submit to drift into poverty while the British manufacturer benefited. He was hurt, and he cried out.

The British people should therefore clearly understand that, though the Canadian loves the Empire, though he is willing to make sacrifices for the defence of the Empire, he does not intend to penalise

himself to the extent of a single dollar for the benefit of the British manufacturer. He doesn't want an influx of British goods to hamper, by under-selling, the development of Canadian industries. Whatever be the preference in trade he will give to articles of British make, he does not intend that preference to be sufficiently large to let in British goods to the detriment of Canadian. His watchword is "Canada for the Canadians!"

The Canadian Manufacterers' Association prints that sentiment on the top of its note-paper. The members have a special placard to hang alongside their goods, bearing the legend, "Made in Canada." In a word, whatever the Canadian manufacturer is able to make to supply the needs of Canada, he wants to make himself, and he wants to shut out all other competitors, British included.

"And where will the preference to British goods come in?" is a question now legitimately to be asked.

The answer is: On the surplus of articles needed in Canada, which Canada cannot supply.

Canada spends millions of pounds in imported articles from foreign countries, chiefly the United States. She wants to raise her present high tariff against the States still farther, and so, as far as possible, make Canada, when she must buy from outside the Dominion, buy from Great Britain.

Industrial Canada says to industrial Britain: "Put 10 per cent. duty on all manufactured articles you import from foreign countries, and we will put an additional 10 per cent. on the existing duties we

have against foreign countries. That will be a good thing for you, because your industries will be protected against the dumping of cheap foreign goods in your market, whilst you are fenced by tariffs from meeting your commercial opponents in their markets. Further, you will have the tremendous surplus Canadian market. We send millions of money into the States every year, buying articles we are not sufficiently advanced to make ourselves. We want you to have those millions."

Before me lies a memorandum in regard to importations into Canada from the United Kingdom and from foreign countries. It shows that in almost all lines of manufactured goods the Canadian buys much more from the foreigner than from his brother Briton. Woollens and cottons are notable exceptions. But respecting these, it is not many years since Britain was as supreme in iron and steel manufactures as she now is in cottons and woollens.

In 1903 Canada imported from the United Kingdom dutiable manufactured articles of the value of $52,493,305, while she imported from foreign countries dutiable articles of the value of $107,673,110. The Canadian wants to discuss with the Englishman means whereby a considerable chunk of that $107,000,000 shall not go to the foreigner, but to brother Britons in the old land.

In the assumed conference, which we are all talking about, shall Britain be asked to show a preference to any Canadian product?

Certainly! But as Canada exports no manufactured articles to England, and if she did we

couldn't lower the tariff, because we have no preferential tariff, the only preference we could give her in return for letting in our manufactured goods on a favourable basis compared with foreign goods would be, while still allowing Canadian wheat free into Britain, to tax foreign wheat, and give Canada the advantage.

Would that make the bread of the British people dearer?

The Canadian says it would not. A further stimulus would be given to wheat growing in Canada. The flood of United States farmers into the Dominion would become a torrent, and the Canadian wheat crop, instead of being near 100,000,000 bushels, would soon jump to 200,000,000. All the wheat above that necessary for Canadian consumption would naturally go to England, where it would have an advantage. But other wheat-growing countries, the Argentine for instance, would not allow themselves to be shut out, and would lower the price of their wheat to get into competition with the Canadian. Thus bread would be no dearer in England to the consumer, and the Canadian would still have the preference.

But, argues the Canadian, if bread were dearer the increase would be so trifling as to be beneath serious consideration, and would be amply compensated for by the increased demand for British-made goods in the Canadian market to the exclusion of foreign-made goods. The fact of Canada having a preference would lead to a gigantic increase in her population all purchasing manufactured articles, and

Britain in the return preference could have as much of supplying the surplus, beyond what Canadian manufacturers can supply, as she wanted.

I had many talks with leading Canadian manufacturers on this subject. While determined to make no preference which they think would injure themselves, they are entirely open minded. In some branches they would like the tariff against Britain a little higher than it is, but they readily admitted there are many other branches where possibly it could be lowered with mutual benefit to the British maker and the Canadian consumer. They are willing, at any rate, to put up the fence against the foreigner, and so handicap him in the Canadian market when he has to meet the British trader.

"We have interests in common," says the Canadian to the Briton, "commercial interests, with all sentiment left out if you like. What is needed is for you Britishers to give your Government authority, as we have given our Government authority, for representatives of the old land and the Colonies to meet, to discuss, to see if we cannot come to some agreement. If we cannot, we will be where we are now, and if we can the Empire will be the better off."

A catch phrase on some British platforms at home is to quote the Sugar Convention as "a working model of protection." Canada can supply "a working model of preference." Canada gives a preference to West Indian sugar, which has been so beneficial that, I am informed, the Trinidad authorities have asked permission from the Imperial

Government to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with Canada. In the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1904, the importation to Canada of sugar from the West Indies and British Guiana reached a value of $5,236,451, and represented about 140,000 tons, out of a total consumption of 180,000 tons. In 1902, before the German surtax was imposed, Canada only imported, from the West Indies and British Guiana combined, to the value of $907,523. Under the preference West Indian sugar has increased in the Canadian market by 377 per cent. Why, asks the Canadian, should not that "working model" be enlarged into a giant Empire machine?

The Canadian points to what he imports from the United States, not because he wants to, but because he has to. For the year ending June, 1903, the importations from the States amounted in value to about $129,000,000. For the year ending June, 1904, they had increased to $143,010,578, an increase of more than $14,000,000, or about 10 per cent. Of this increase over $8,850,000 were dutiable goods. Indeed, the amount of dutiable goods imported from the United States in the year ending June, 1904, was $77,390,807.

The Canadian pulls a wry face at this. He sees that in the fiscal year 1903 he bought in merchandise from the United States thirty-four times as much per head of population as his American friend bought from him. Again the Canadian pulls a wry face. What concerns him is that the foreigner is getting hold of his hard-earned wealth, instead of its being kept in the Empire. He wants as much of

the money himself as he can get, and what he cannot get he wants to go to his brother Briton.

The Canadian gets "right down to the dollars." He will sing "God Save the King," "Rule Britannia," and "The Maple Leaf for Ever" with lungs that are lusty, and he will pass the shout, "Keep both hands on the Union Jack." But when he comes to talk business, patriotism and loyalty take second and third places. He doesn't ask you to believe he advocates a mutual trade preference between Britain and the Britons beyond the seas simply because he loves the old country, or the other colonies. Sentiment can be left out. He sees dollars in the proposal not only for himself, but for Britain, which is his principal customer. And he doesn't like his own dollars going to foreign nations who are doing their best to legislate the British manufacturer out of business.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN.

WERE you unconsciously dropped into Quebec Province you might, for days, hold the belief that you were in France. The people are the same, the language the same, the churches the same, the customs the same. Two hundred years of settlement has not deprived the French settlers in Canada of the characteristics of their ancestors. They farm in the same old-fashioned style; they divide and subdivide their land into peasant proprietorships; they are not rich, but they are with their kin, and "out-west" the prairies of Manitoba have no attractions for them.

When a Frenchman leaves France he seems to take a bit of his country with him. Go to Algiers, and you see a toy Paris; go to Tunis, and you saunter along the boulevards and sit beneath the trees outside the cafés; go to the pin-point of French soil at Chandernagore, near Calcutta, and it is easy to imagine you are on the banks of the Seine, and not on the Hugli; push east to Tonquin, and you wonder what magic there is with the people to make their settlements so French.

Go to Toronto, the most English city in all Canada. You would never mistake Toronto as being in England. It is American; it has all the char-

acteristics of a hustling, go-ahead, wide-awake people. The man of Toronto is proud of being English. But there are striking differences between him and his brother in Leeds or Birmingham, in physique, in manner of speech, in methods of business. The transplanted Briton, breathing a new atmosphere, changes in a year; he adapts himself to new surroundings.

Go to Quebec, only a few hundred miles from Toronto, and you see a racial characteristic. Quebec City is French—as French as Dieppe. The streets are French, the houses are French, the shops are French. The men of Quebec dress like the men of Paris rather than like the men of Toronto. They trim their beards in the Parisian style, rather than shave clean like the American. There is the same courteous sluggishness in their business as in France. When you have walked the streets of a little French town, have you not noticed a curious mild aroma which touches the nostrils, and which you never notice in England? You notice that aroma in Quebec.

But what a charming city! Indeed, Quebec is the most charming city on the North American continent. It has individuality, and individuality is not a characteristic of American cities, which seem to have been devised on the same plan, and all their buildings designed by the same architects. And by individuality I mean, not that it is different from a French town in France, but that it is so strikingly different from every other town in Canada. It is magnificently situated on the banks of the St.

Lawrence, rising high on a knuckle of rock, guarded by a solemn-jawed fortress, showing majestic buildings, tapering spires and noble statues, and backed by heaving hills as wistful in the varying light as the hills in Scotland; while near at hand are avenues and woods, radiant in late autumn with the wine-red maple leaves. The glory of the maple, when stung to crimson by winter frosts, makes the forest roads avenues of gorgeousness. My last afternoon in Canada was spent in wandering in the woods at the back of Quebec, collecting the leaves of the maple, with two ladies of Quebec as my guides and assistants, so that I might take back to the old country beautiful specimens of the leaf which Canada has adopted as her emblem.

Yet the wonderful thing about Quebec is that you have a bit of France, not so much of to-day as the France of the Bourbons. The tinsel of that *régime* has faded and disappeared. But all else is much the same. The Dominion prides itself on its independence, on having broken away from tradition. Quebec clings to tradition. In modern France the influence of the Church of Rome was never so low as now. In Quebec it was never so high. The priest is always behind the politician. To-day you find the peasant maintaining a mediæval belief in miracles. The deep faith of the people, the resistance to all that may be considered newfangled in religion or in politics, explain why when you are in Quebec you feel you have slipped back several centuries.

The French-Canadian, therefore, is a man apart.

Other Canadians, made up of many nationalities, English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, Danes, and the rest, mix, intermarry, lose the characteristics of their mother-land, and become almost a race distinct, called Canadians, and more akin to the polyglot race in the United States, and called Americans, than to any other race. The people of Quebec are old French, and show no signs of ceasing to be old French. But while population in France is practically at a standstill, the increase of the French population in Quebec Province is astounding. Families of eleven and fourteen are common.

The simple life of the Quebec *habitant* is a mixture of content, ignorance, plodding, and unprogressiveness. He grows the food he eats; his wife spins the cloth of the garment he wears. The homes are humble, but clean; family affection is strong, and the dislike to break loose, for the young men to go west to battle among strangers, leads to the dividing and slicing of the family property until often there is hardly enough for the subsistence of them all. Many districts are crowded; and the congestion is forcing, though reluctantly, the French-Canadian to spread. He is edging into Ontario, and down into the manufacturing districts of the New England States.

While there is no ill-feeling among French-Canadians against Great Britain, there is no doubt the people of Quebec regard England as a foreign country. Though no leading French-Canadian openly urges that Quebec should be separated from the Dominion, there is a deep undercurrent of feeling

among the French masses that if such a thing were possible it would be an advantage. In its heart Quebec feels out of sympathy with the hurry of the New World. On its sleeve it wears its antipathy to Imperialism. The people of Quebec are French in temperament. British Imperialism, a mighty empire throughout the world, the Union Jack flapping over the snows of Labrador, from the towers of Indian citadels, beneath the Southern Cross, does not thrill the soul of the French-Canadian.

A few years ago the French flag was hoisted above the British flag on the Parliament Houses in Quebec in honour of the French frigate *La Minerva*. The official explanation, when a stir was made, was that there had been an accident. But it was an accident with which nine out of every ten French-Canadians agreed. Imperialism as a lofty ideal worthy to be striven after and fought for is beyond the range of Quebec contemplation. Imperialism, in the mind of the French-Canadian, is synonymous with war, bloodshed, and the spending of French-Canadian money toward the conquest of a region which he hardly knows by name, and in which he has not the slightest interest. With his slow ways money comes slowly to the *habitant*. So what is always at the back of his thoughts when Imperialism is put before him, is that he will have to yield some of his hard-earned money. He doesn't want a big empire; he doesn't want military prowess; he doesn't want the foreign Englishman as his ruler. He wants to be left alone.

The United States absorbs all peoples that land

on its shores, and in a generation welds them into that cosmopolitanism of race called American. The Dominion has done nothing to absorb the French. Indeed, the tendency has been for the British to be absorbed by the French. It is not uncommon to go into a French village where the people are Macgregors and Macintoshes, and find they know no language but French. That is a relic of the settlements of a century ago.

To-day there is marked aloofness between British and French. Intermarriage has become rare. In French-Canadian politics the appeal to a distinct nationality—French-Canadian as distinct from British—is usual. Although at Ottawa representatives of the two races sit side by side, there is no open friendliness, and very little communication except between leaders. I had no personal opportunity of testing the truth of the statement, but I was told again and again that a Briton has absolutely no chance of securing any sort of employment in the rural parts of the province. A gradual but still a marked squeezing out of the Briton is going on in Quebec. There are towns which formerly were British and under British law which have now a French population and are under French law. The proportionate growth of the French population is far ahead of the British. Had Canada remained the Cinderella among countries suitable for immigration, and there had not been the rush to the western wheat fields, another half century would have seen the French the dominant race in the Dominion.

The educated French-Canadian realises that the

material condition of his people could not possibly be better than it is under the British crown—a fact, however, which the Quebec politicians keep well in the background. It is understood that were Quebec to join the United States—and there is a considerable French-Canadian leaning toward the States and away from Britain—the change would be a disadvantage. Then the *habitant* could not escape paying his share toward American "militarism." All the special advantages Quebec has would be crushed beneath the tyranny of majorities, whilst under the British flag the rights of minorities are preciously guarded. Quebec Province has its own French civil law, and only the Legislature at Quebec, overwhelmingly French, can change it. The Roman Catholic Church is recognised by law, and its privileges kept intact. The education is in the hands of the French, though rightly enough there is provision for the Protestant minority. The Governor of the province is always a Frenchman. In the Dominion Parliament every speech may be, and every document is, of necessity, in French as well as English.

The French-Canadian is not loyal to Britain as the word loyalty is usually understood. He is grateful for peculiar privileges in a land where he is in a minority. But gratitude is not loyalty. I am sure the French-Canadian would not make any sacrifices for England. He doesn't like war, and he has a horror of "armaments." That was a word which constantly dropped from the lips of Sir Wilfrid Laurier when I had the pleasure of a long talk with him at the Château Frontenac in Quebec. I am

afraid the Quebec politician under Sir Wilfrid cultivates this horror of "armaments." It is pushed into the brains of the French-Canadian populace that Great Britain is anxious to get the Quebec farmers, mostly thrifty but poor, to contribute of their hard-earned money, so that England may go filibustering all over the world.

This was the idea held by nearly every French-Canadian I spoke to, whenever I broached the subject of the Colonies contributing to Imperial defence. It is only the aggressive, defiant side of "armaments" that the Frenchman thinks about; the defensive side is carefully kept in the background by the hack politicians.

"Oh," said a very distinguished politician to me, "we don't need armaments in Canada. The only times we have been in danger of war have been because of our alliance with England. We could never have any trouble apart from England." I politely suggested he was talking nonsense. Suppose Canada were free, and one of the Canadian Pacific Railway steamships which ply between Vancouver and Yokohama were held up by Russia on the ground that she was carrying contraband, what could Canada do to secure redress if she had not the powerful fleet of some nation to back her up? He shrugged his shoulders.

Though for party political purposes it is a splendid cry to keep clear of war expenditure—we know how the cry is used in England—and though there is undoubtedly a strong feeling on the point among the less educated French-Canadians, I did not fail

to recognise among the better educated classes a tardy acknowledgment that even the French-Canadian, if he is getting the benefit, the moral support, of the British defensive forces, ought at least to bear some of the up-keep cost of those forces. If the question—remote, I admit—could be put to the French-Canadians and the Canadians generally: "Will you pay your share toward Imperial defence, or will you leave the Empire and shift for yourselves?" the answer which would promptly come from the whole of the Dominion would be: "Contribute our share."

Let me be clearly understood. The French-Canadian in his heart would like to be free from Great Britain. That is a sentiment shared by some Canadians who are not Frenchmen. The idea of suzerainty to another nation, to England, occasionally grates on national susceptibility. But the question has to be viewed from a common-sense point. If Canada were to break loose from Great Britain—and the Canadians know that Great Britain would not fire a single shot to prevent her—Canada would have to provide for her own defence. The force of circumstances would compel her to raise an army and to build a navy. That would be much more expensive than any contribution. But if she lived up to the ideal of no army, no navy, but peace, she knows that within a generation the whole Dominion would be swallowed by the United States. And then? Why, the French-Canadian would, under the tyranny of majorities, lose his special privileges in language, law, and religious instruction, and

THE CHÂTEAU FRONTENAC AT QUEBEC.

every Canadian, Frenchmen included, would be compelled to help in maintaining the American army and navy. The Canadian shrinks from the thought that his land should ever be annexed by the United States, and he quite understands that if he attempted to run a Republic, whether he had an independent army and navy or not, annexation inevitably would be his fate.

I trust it is beyond possibility that there ever will be war between Great Britain and the United States. Still, it is a possibility not to be ignored. The first clash would be on the eastern borders of the Canadian-American frontier. It is on this very frontier, Vermont, Massachusetts, even Michigan and Illinois, that the population, where not exclusively French, has a considerable French mixture. The French colony of over a century ago which gathered on the banks of the St. Lawrence River has multiplied into a population of 2,500,000, 1,000,000 of whom are now resident on United States soil. They care little for the Stars and Stripes or the Union Jack, but they care much for their race and their common religion. The first brush of conflict, therefore, would be in a country inhabited by people belonging to the opposing nations, but sympathetic to neither. The old New England is now largely farmed by French people, and in the industrial centres the masses of the "hands" are French-Canadian.

If Quebec Province provides a serious political and Imperial problem in British North America, the overflow of French-Canadians provides a

momentous industrial problem to the United States of America. Their coming is resented by the American working-man because they are cheap. For the same reason they are favoured by the employers. In the main, the French immigrants into the States from Canada are of the poorer, more illiterate class. Educated French-Canadians, ardently supported by the Roman Catholic Church, do their best to stem the flood over the border. They realise that in the States absorption, sooner or later, is inevitable, that the French language will be superseded, and that the authority of the Church will wane. Accordingly, continuous efforts are being made to check the emigration from Canada. A vast and increasing French population in Canada would naturally be a still greater power in Dominion politics than it is to-day, whilst to lose 1,000,000 means not only a weakening of the French-Canadian cause, but its power in the States—part of a population of 75,000,000—is hardly appreciable, except in one corner of the Union. French-Canadian bishops issue appeals to their people to resist the blandishments of American gold. Repatriation societies, created to resist the tide across the frontier, are subsidised by the Quebec Parliament.

The whole tendency is neither to make the French-Canadians loyal Britons nor enthusiastic Canadians, but a distinct people with distinct interests. Though knowing well enough they can never be a distinct nation, and that under the British flag they have more genuine freedom than possible under any other flag, it is with the tricolour they

decorate their villages at times of festivity; it is France that is called Mother, and England that is called Mother-in-law. "My sympathy and my admiration go to Paris, not to London," said a Mayor of Montreal a few years ago.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WHEAT FUNNEL: STORING AND DISTRIBUTING CORN.

FOR two nights and one long intervening day you travel west from Montreal. The apple orchards and the well-trimmed farms of settled Ontario are far behind. You enter a wilderness of heaved and knuckled rocks, of tangled wood, of forests hundreds of miles deep, of lakes, small as an ornamental pond, or large, with a limit dropping beyond the horizon. The waters are black, eerie, smooth as steel. Somewhere a startled fowl rips the surface as, with screech, it scurries away.

You feel you have climbed to the top of the world. The red-streaked rocks are rounded and worn with time. From soil-filled cracks gaunt pines rear themselves, sentinels of death, for not a leaf is on them. In the dips of the land, where boulders quarrel with muddy torrents, vegetation is rife and rank and matted, and on many a slope sprawl trees, victims of dire storms, lying ungainly, rent and racked, like battalions of soldiers stricken with musketry fire.

The nights are chill, and the mornings come with mist and eastern sky streaked with smoky reds and dull saffrons.

The big black engine of the Canadian Pacific Railway, thundering and plunging down the gradi-

ents, gives tongue in the mist like a steamer ploughing her way at sea — a long, moansome shout, softened by the clamminess and the bunched forest, but reverberating and echoing as though some monster in the unknown Beyond were mocking.

There is cruel beauty about the scene. It grows on you, and grips you as the ever-changing and yet ever the same panorama sweeps past.

This isn't much of a settler's country. The wayside stations are rude shanties. At intervals, on sidings where freight trains shunt to let the gorgeously-equipped Imperial Limited, bound for Vancouver, race by, are the travelling homes of the Italian gangs, improving and mending the permanent way. They are rough trucks with rough accommodation, and one truck is kitchen and dining hall complete. The men, swarthy and sweaty, stand aside and rest on their picks and shovels, whilst the express, in a whirl of dust, bounds past. Maybe you will see an unkempt log cabin, from which a slatternly woman and barefooted children gaze sheepishly at the train. But practically, except for the roadworkers, you journey hundreds of miles through a desolate land.

Early on the second morning, while the day is yet grey and cold, you skirt the northern shore of Lake Superior. In the distance are steamers, speck-sized, with motionless trails of smoke in their wake. Through the haze you see an island that looks like an Indian chief lying on his back. It is the Sleeping Giant, and the dying-away Algonquin Indians regard him with awe.

This is Thunder Bay. Steamers are many. Here is Port Arthur, a shanty-town, lying on a hillside. Between the railroad and the water rises a mammoth row of grain elevators, one the biggest in the world, and capable of storing 7,000,000 bushels of wheat. Three miles on is the scraggy town of Fort William. Again there is a row of the ugly structures—more grain elevators. You tumble out upon the platform.

You have reached the funnel through which all the wheat yielded to the world by the farmed prairies of Manitoba and Alberta and the between-lands must pass.

There is nothing picturesque in these twin towns of Fort William and Port Arthur. There are no made-roads. The weather decides whether you travel over dry earth or through slush. The houses are of wood, some with an endeavour after pretension, but mostly of rough-hewn logs. There is plenty of land round each; but there are no grass plats or flower beds. There are decrepit fences and wild vegetation, and refuse pitched anywhere. Neither Port Arthur nor Fort William has had time to beautify itself.

But mark the contrast between the men and the women. The women are gentle-featured, and as well dressed as their sisters of the settled east. You wonder a little that it should be so. The men are of a different stamp. They are slim and loose-limbed, and have the stride of men well pleased with themselves. They are broad-shouldered. They have strong, clean-cut, clean-shaven countenances; steely eyes, straight lips. They wear broad-brimmed

slouch hats with impudent dents in the side. Their language is blunt, decisive, full of character.

Don't talk the talk of the cities to them. Talk about the handling of wheat, the yield of the North-West Territories, the loading and the unloading of the freight cars, the storage of the world's food in bins that hold 500,000 bushels, the distribution of the wheat by steamer in summer, and rail in winter; talk about the price of wheat, gamblings in wheat, roguery in wheat, fortunes made and fortunes lost in wheat, and you are talking to men who may not be cultured after the manner of Kensington, but they are the real metal with no tinsel.

There is the whoop of an engine. The eye turns westward to where the long ribbons of side tracks converge into one line, which trails off lonely into the haze of distance. Along that pair of rails comes much of the food of the world. Block the funnel, check the gift of the West to the East, and the price of bread in England would go up to famine pitch.

The polished steel rails glisten like silver in the glare of the sun. They are worn bright with the carrying of wheat. From here to Winnipeg stretches of wheat-yielding prairie alternate with humped rock and dense forest. But beyond Winnipeg, westward, till the foothills of the Rocky Mountains are reached, is a plain—immense, boundless, with thousands of square miles waving with wheat, showing a scrubby, stubble face after the wheat has been reaped and garnered, or else virgin soil waiting for the tongue of the plough to turn it, and convert it also into wheat-growing land.

This is the season of the wheat "rush." Harvesting continues from sunrise to sundip. The whirl of the threshers is like the hoarse song of innumerable crickets. From the farms near the railroad, and along the roads that are nothing but cart-ruts across the prairies, winding unevenly for maybe twenty or thirty miles, come the waggons creaking with their loads of wheat. All the available railroad cars, three times the size of English trucks, seven thousand of them, are pressed into the service of wheat gathering. Empty cars are left at the wayside stations, and the farmer fills his one, two, three, or half-dozen cars.

There were rumours in 1904 of rust, and of a yield not so great as in 1903. Prices rose to beyond a dollar a bushel before even an ear was reaped.

Usually the farmer sells his calculated crop to a wheat speculator or a middleman at so much a bushel if the wheat is up to sample. But sample doesn't mean a little bag of wheat such as on market day in an English country town you see the farmer produce from his coat tail pocket, and let the merchant run through his fingers, and maybe throw a few grains into his mouth to munch meditatively, and then declare that while fairly good it is not so good as he expected. The samples of wheat in Canada are certain grades fixed by the Government. There is first of all No. 1 Hard, then No. 1 Northern, then No. 2 Northern, No. 3 Northern, No. 4 Northern, Feed, and No. 2 Feed. The farmer sells to a buyer at a definite price for any of these grades, whatever be the category his wheat is declared to be.

Photo: J. F. Cooke, Port Arthur, Ontario.

LARGEST GRAIN ELEVATOR IN THE WORLD AT PORT ARTHUR. CAPACITY, 7,000,000 BUSHELS.

Thus the speculator in Chicago, or Minneapolis, or Toronto, or Montreal, or Liverpool—the man who likely enough doesn't know good wheat from bad, except by official report it is No. 1 Hard or No. 4 Northern, who has never seen the farmer, and is rather dim as to where the wheat is garnered—buys his hundred thousand or half million bushels before the ear has ripened. If there is prospect of a bumper crop he is able to buy cheap; if there are rumours of shortage, competition compels him to pay more.

Then the great gamble begins—a gamble in the fruit of the earth given by God—fierce, bitter, awful. There come stories of storms, rust, frost, ruined crops, shortage. The prices bounce two cents a bushel, one cent, half a cent, an eighth, a sixteenth. Prices are forced up. The speculator holds as long as he dares. He sells a hundred thousand bushels here, a quarter of a million bushels there, to men who are more daring, and who think they can squeeze another sixteenth—the thirty-second part of a penny—on the sale of each bushel. The braves, the men of no heart, but with a courage as cold and as stern as steel, buy, and buy, and buy the little bits of paper, hoping to get the wheat yield of a continent in their grasp, to "corner" it, to have the feeding of the people at their mercy, and then to get what price they like. But the bubble bursts, for there spreads the news of a big yield and no shortage. Maybe it is true—maybe it is a lie, urged by those who want to stampede the market—but it sends prices down with a rush, makes the braves sell out to their ruin, only for the new braves to get a

grip, knowing that when the terror passes prices will be steady, and then rise again, and fortunes be made. The sales are registered, the ownership of crops maybe passes through sixty hands. It is the last man who holds the scrip who claims the wheat at the original price the farmer agreed to sell.

I have seen a gamble in food in the "Pit" of the Board of Trade at Chicago. A hundred telegraph instruments were singing the news, how the wheat crops in Canada, Argentina, Russia, were progressing, what was the expected yield of the world, bringing intelligence of drought and the threat of shortage. Gamblers—hatless, coatless, collarless, frenzied—shrieked to buy while the price of the market was rising, and the holders parted slowly, cautiously, at the last sixteenth of a cent they might squeeze with safety. Then came a purely local shower—a patter on the windows of the Board of Trade. But there had been no rain for six weeks! It was an omen. The drought had broken. There was a yell —raucous, devilish! Down came the prices, and the men who an hour ago had the flush of victory on their cheeks, were now pallid, with bloodless lips and bloodshot eyes, eager to let go bushels of ripening wheat in far-off Minnesota, or Wyoming, while buyers were holding back, waiting for bottom price to be reached, until once more a turn was given by the more daresome scooping furiously, in the gambler's belief there must be a shortage after all, and fortunes, earned in twenty minutes, be theirs.

The farmer in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta is beyond the pale of all this. He knows he

will receive from somebody a certain price for a certain number of bushels he has undertaken to supply. The thing he is not sure of is how his wheat will be graded. That is done at Winnipeg. A Government inspector, who doesn't know from where the wheat has come or where it is going, mounts a car. He has a long tube, and he draws samples from fifteen places in the car-load, mixes them, examines them, declares their grade, and issues a report. That is sent to the farmer. If he had reckoned he was sending out No. 1 Northern whereas his wheat is officially graded as No. 4 Northern, he can demand a survey. This is a further examination and test by officials of the Winnipeg Board of Trade, who know neither the names of the seller nor the buyer. Their decision is final.

A long procession of laden cars, tailed to a monstrous engine that coughed when climbing the gradients, rolls out of Manitoba into Ontario, making for Fort William, and a long procession of empty cars roll noisily westwards to bring more wheat. The journeys are laborious and long. The track is single, though a second line is being made, and there are many shuntings into the sidings to give way to one another.

But from leaving Winnipeg the identity of the wheat is lost. The farmer Brandon way, or from up the rail arm that reaches north towards Prince Albert, or from round Moose Jaw or Medicine Hat, is to be paid for No. 1 Northern, and it doesn't matter if it is his No. 1 Northern or not. The wheat gambler in the east holds contracts to be supplied

with half a million bushels from Alberta. But it is nothing to him if his No. 1 comes from the lower territory of Assiniboia so long as it is No. 1 Northern. When the elevators at Fort William or Port Arthur are reached, all the wheat of the west of the same grade is shot into the same bins—and a bin holds between seventy-five and eighty thousand bushels. Here it will be stored two, three, six, possibly nine months, and is withdrawn just as the world hungers for bread.

A switch is locked, and the heavy train with sixty-five pantechnicon-sized cars runs beneath the eaves of an elevator. The wheat is dirty and dusty, and has much chaff, just as it came from the prairie. It has to be cleaned and weighed and stored. The train standing in the shadow of the giant elevator shrinks by comparison to toy-size. Nine cars can be dealt with at once. The nine, each with about a thousand bushels, are unloaded in well under twenty minutes, or at the rate of thirty cars an hour. In the "rush" season the Canadian Pacific Railway's four elevators—there are also elevators belonging to private companies, and at Port Arthur is the elevator belonging to the Northern Railway Company, and holding seven million bushels — are kept working night and day, unloading about six hundred cars in the twenty-four hours, and storing some six hundred thousand bushels of wheat.

The wheat is run into titanic sluices. It is scooped by electrically-worked machinery, and passed through a gale made by whirling fans. The dirt is sucked along one tube, and ultimately will

be thrown into Thunder Bay. The chaff and the broken wheat are sucked along another tube, and ultimately will be utilised in cakes for cattle food. The wheat is automatically weighed. A belt of steel pockets, after the manner of a dredger, scoops the wheat, and carries it at railway speed to the topmost story of the elevator, where, on the bend of the belt, it tipples the wheat upon a continuously moving rubber platform, about five feet wide, and this carries the wheat to the mouth of whatever bin is being filled. These bins, like great pits, are round, so that they empty the easier; but no space is lost, for the hooped triangular interstices between the crowded bins are loaded with wheat also. There the wheat stays till the owner claims it. The cost of elevator storage—including unloading the cars and reloading—is half a cent per bushel for the first fifteen days, then half a cent per bushel for each succeeding thirty days or part of thirty days.

But why not carry the wheat intended for Europe straight through to Montreal or Quebec, where it can be stored in elevators close to the St. Lawrence side ready to be shipped upon ocean-going steamers, instead of the necessary delay by unloading and reloading on the shores of Lake Superior? For several reasons. When the "rush" season is on it is not known to what part of the world the wheat will be consigned. Some of it will be wanted in the United States, and there are the great lakes—Superior, Michigan, and Huron—by which it can be taken to Duluth or Chicago or Detroit. Again, autumn is a busy passenger season on the Canadian

Pacific Railway, and a throng of freight trains moving over the single track would lead to disorganisation. The railroad company finds it cheaper, so long as the lakes are not ice-bound, to utilise some of the forty steamers engaged in the wheat business to carry the foodstuff to a branch line they have from Owen's Sound, in Lower Ontario. In winter, when the lakes are frozen, and the passenger traffic falls off, then the track is used to take the wheat intended for Europe down to Montreal or Quebec, where there are other, but smaller, elevators.

Round the sweep of the bay at Port Arthur is King's elevator—a sort of hospital elevator to deal with wheat that is sick. Sometimes wheat is damp with heavy rains at the cutting, and if so stored would soon get hot and take fire. Not infrequently a storm beats the ears to the very ground, so that dirt gets among the corn. Very often, when wheat has been grown on a stretch given to oats in a former year, there springs up a volunteer crop of oats. These have to be separated.

King's elevator is a testimony to the ingenuity of man. Here is sent most of the damaged wheat from the West. It is run through elaborate machinery. First, all the dirt is secured and brushed off and extracted by suction, and then by suction also the oats are withdrawn from the wheat. Sometimes the wheat is put through two or three times to make sure there is no mixture of oats. In extracting the dirt much broken oats and wheat goes with it. This is subjected to another process,

and the screenings, as they are called, are ground up for cattle food. There is no charge for all this cleaning and sifting. All the screenings and oats drawn from the wheat are the property of Mr. King, and from the sale of these he gets his recompense.

That plan does not apply to the saving of wheat moistened with the rains. The price varies according to the three degrees of damage. For drying what is called "tough" wheat the charge is one and a half cents a bushel, for damp wheat two and a half cents, and for wet wheat three and a half cents. The wheat is run into perpendicular, wire-sided chambers, and blasts of hot air are driven through and around. It takes from two to three hours to dry, according to the dampness, but if the wheat be salvage, sodden, it will take as long as six hours. At this elevator 50,000 bushels of tough wheat can be dried in the twenty-four hours. But none of this wheat is allowed to be mixed with standard wheat. It must be sold on its merits.

Go, then, neither to Fort William nor Port Arthur if you seek for pretty towns. But go, if your soul's eye can see beyond the shanties, the miry roads, the railway tracks in chaos, the humped elevators, the snorting and evil odoured engines, all, indeed, that is revolting to æsthetic taste, to what these really mean—the mastery of the West, where the giant plains, slumbering through the ages, are being roused to give bread to man. You won't find simpering drawing-room poetry, but you will find the epic of the strenuous life.

CHAPTER IX.

WINNIPEG: THE CITY OF THE PLAINS.

"YOU bet your life," said the Winnipeg man, flicking a fly from the neck of the big-boned horse, "this is the wonder city of the world."

The rig—a box of a conveyance, mounted on wide slim wheels—gave a lurch in a foot-deep hole. "That's all right," he added, noting a look in my eye, "mighty good for your liver!"

We were driving in the suburbs of Winnipeg. The road was rough. By the side of it crawled a great snake of a wooden side-walk. Through the trees were peeps of houses, built of wood, but commodious, with large verandahs and windows shaded with bright sun blinds. There were gardens, women-folk in gauzy costumes swinging in hammocks beneath the foliage, wide sweeps of lawn, and tennis being played.

"Four years ago," said the Winnipeg man, turning his "chaw" of tobacco from one cheek to the other, "this was a wilderness, not a house, and now—rather nice, ain't it? Get-up there! I want to drive you along this boulevard."

We were now on a sweep of road, broad, absolutely straight, asphalted as smooth as a winter tennis court. The road edge was trimmed with

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stone. There was a long ribbon of well-rolled, close-cropped grass with spreading branched maple trees at regular intervals; then the inevitable wooden side-walk; then more grass, and, standing back, were villas of wood, cosy, trim, with a look of comfortable prosperity about them. Plenty of trees were everywhere. It was a thoroughfare of sylvan quietude, basking in the glow of September sunshine.

"This will give you an idea of how the city grows," said the Winnipeg man. "Sixteen months ago there wasn't a house, and the road wasn't even marked. It was nothing but prairie—nothing but darned prairie, and now—rather nice, ain't it? Get-up! Lawks, you just shut your eyes and open them again and you see Winnipeg has got bigger, darned bigger! There isn't a town in Canada that is growing like Winnipeg. We're ahead of Toronto, and Toronto has four times our population—just at present; guess it won't have for long! Get-up, will you? Already this year sanction has been given for seven million dollars' worth of new buildings to go up, and we'll touch the ten millions before winter comes, you bet. About twenty million dollars is the value of buildings now going up. And Winnipeg is only twenty-six years old—only twenty-six years! When I came here there was no Winnipeg, only Fort Garry, a little camp with a wall round it, to keep the Indians back. All the rest was prairie—nothing but darned prairie, and now—now, well, there ain't nothing like it! We've got twelve miles of asphalt road, thirty miles of macadam road, seven-

teen miles of block concrete road, forty-four miles of boulevards, sixteen miles of stone side-walks, 179 miles of plank side-walks, whilst the number of miles of our sewers——"

"Yes, yes," I exclaimed hurriedly; "Winnipeg is a wonderful place."

"You bet your life it is. Get-up, will ye!"

The old-timer in Winnipeg—a twenty years' residence constitutes an old-timer, and each morning the principal paper publishes a few paragraphs under the heading "Twenty Years Ago," after the manner of the *Times* recalling incidents of a century back—is never so happy as when talking about the growth of Winnipeg. He gazes upon it with the pride of a farmer growing a colossal pumpkin. He has the robust, transatlantic love for bigness. At a minimum there is a column a day in each of the three Winnipeg papers on the marvellous growth of the city. Now and then the papers go a "buster," and publish supplements with smudgy photographs on the growth of the city. If a citizen goes east for a month's holiday, he is interviewed when he comes back on the wonderful changes that have taken place in his absence.

You get right to the inner heart of a Winnipeg man if you tell him you have travelled a lot, but that Winnipeg is the greatest of all the wonders you have seen!

Call it the Paris of the Prairie, and though he has his own ideas about Paris, never having seen it, he knows you mean a compliment and appreciates it. Call it the Chicago of Canada, and then you are

talking about something he understands—money-making! Tell him—if your conscience will allow you—that you are convinced that Winnipeg within the next fifty years will be the greatest city on the American continent, and you have no doubt that in time Winnipeg will possibly, indeed, very likely, be the greatest city the world has ever seen, and his eyes sparkle with delight. Though you're from England, he guesses you've got sense.

Every man in Winnipeg believes in Winnipeg. He is proud of Winnipeg. He believes the Almighty must have overlooked the neighbourhood or it would have been chosen as the Garden of Eden. He will quit business to sit down and talk to you by the hour about Winnipeg. You smile, but you love him for his municipal pride, you are proud of him that he comes of British stock. You see he is a man, all grit. Though there is a touch of grey in his hair, he has the buoyancy of youth. He is self-confident.

It is this confidence, backed by energy and ability, which has brought him from the Old Country or the eastern provinces, and, on the prairie of western Canada, made him rear a town which, even in these days of hustle, makes one marvel. Land which thirty years ago could be bought at a dollar an acre is to-day being sold at a thousand dollars a foot.

Conceive an illimitable plain, as flat as a billiard table, with a little walled fort by a muddy river. Suddenly the neighbourhood is stricken with a rash of building. Wheat has been "discovered" on the

prairies beyond. First there are a few log shanties. As the numbers increase those in the centre are pulled down and better structures reared. The roads are wide and masses of mud. The population is under a couple of thousand; but it grows steadily. Then comes the transcontinental line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the population nearly trebles in a year. In 1881 the population was 6,000, last year (1904) it was 75,000.

In the old days Winnipeg was regarded as a place on the edge of the Beyond, to be borne for a year or two for the money to be made, and then to be left. All that is changed. Winnipeg is now the settled home of thousands. Four times a day transcontinental trains halt at Winnipeg. Half a dozen branch lines stretch out their tentacles north and south, searching for wheat. The roads are well made—asphalt, concrete, or blocked with wood. Electric tramcars rush clangingly along the main streets. Great sky-scrapers are rearing their heads and rivalling those of New York—because land is so dear in the centre of the city. The banks are gorgeous. The shops on Main Street are huge hives of trade. There is a town hall with an ornamental garden in front. There are public parks, and imposing churches, colleges, theatres, and music-halls. At midday, when the offices give forth their employees to lunch, there is as much jostling as in Broadway. In the evening, especially Saturday evening, the main streets are as crowded as the Strand.

There is nothing wonderful in all this until

you think that within the easy memory of most of us Winnipeg was prairie, and the haunt of the buffalo!

There is no town in England, no town in the Old World, none, I think, in the New, which can come into exact comparison with Winnipeg. You understand its growth—rapid, exotic almost, reared in the hot desire of money-making! You hear the jangle of many tongues all with one tune—money-making! I listened as I walked the streets, rode in the cars, ate at my hotel, smoked in the vestibule. The talk was ever the same—money-making!

Winnipeg is the youngest of the world's commercial cities. The virus is in its veins. It is ardent, headstrong, palpitating with desire to make money.

But Winnipeg is not to be condemned for that. Think of the human stuff of which Winnipeg is made. No man ever came to Winnipeg because he was rich. The men who came were the poor, the driven, the restless under social conditions on the other side of the world, the men who were strong and willing to dare, who saw riches round them, but beyond them, and who went West to strive, to battle, to conquer, to gain riches for themselves.

That rich citizen made discarded food tins into water cans when he first reached Winnipeg. That man driving past slept in outhouses, for he had no money. That man sold nicknacks from a box, a wandering pedlar; thus he could buy a bit of land, sell at a profit, buy more, and is now one of the richest men. There are three times as many men

in Winnipeg as there are women. And the children are few. Out of the population of 75,000, only 9,500 are of an age to attend school.

Winnipeg is a town of men. For years it has been attracting the venturesome, the eager, the money-hungered. No day passes but hundreds of men—rude, crude, unshaven—drop from the cars. You hear the twang of the Cockney, the burr of the northerner, the babel of Germany, France, Hungary, Galicia, Judea, Iceland, Scandinavia, Russia, Italy. Many, most, just halt till they are sent into the farm lands of the further West. Others search Winnipeg for work. And of this class the population of Winnipeg is chiefly made.

Not yet—though now and then is a flicker of light—can Winnipeg boast of culture. It is raw, uncouth, hobbledehoy. The men are well set, alert, strenuous, the best material for settling a new country. The culture will come in time, as it has come in the United States. Winnipeg, in its own jargon, "is all right."

The leaven is at work. The people, like the buildings, are in transition state. Noble structures are alongside ricketty shanties. New Winnipeg is already building itself on the ruins of old Winnipeg —the Winnipeg of twenty years ago. One of the biggest, newest structures is a brewery. Alongside stands the first brewery in Winnipeg, of rough logs, and the size of an outhouse. Before long Winnipeg will have a decent hotel. The best restaurant is poorer than I have found in second-rate Siberian towns.

Go to the station and see the incoming of a train laden with colonists. They are of all nationalities—meek, cattle-eyed Galicians in sheepskin coats; tawny Italians, underclad; fair-featured and cumbrous Scandinavians. They are worn with weeks of travel, all a little frightened at being dumped in a strange country. They talk strange tongues. All have troubles of some kind. Some have lost their money, some their baggage, some have children who are sick. They have all to be cared for, all fed, all housed, till they can be spread over the Western lands, like the throwing of good seed into rich soil, to prosper. Some nights as many as 2,000 colonists sleep in the sheds of the Immigration Bureau.

Is there any more humanly interesting spot on earth than this Immigration Bureau? All the settlers for the far West pass through it. One hundred and six thousand passed through last year. They know that the Dominion will give 160 acres free to any man or any son over the age of eighteen. They are going to be landed proprietors; they are to enter on a new heritage. There is much hope, but it is mingled with comedy, and sometimes with tragedy.

Huge maps are spread out, showing the free lands available for settlers.

Here is a man who would like his 160 acres near the railway, not more than two miles from a station if possible. There is no such free land! It has all gone long ago! The railways are spreading their arms over the west, but not fast enough to keep pace

with the immigration. The nearest free land is twenty miles from a railway!

It is to such land the homesteaders go—a stretch where maybe the foot of man has never trod, with no bed but the ground, and no roof but the sky. Yet last year 32,000 homesteaders went out to do battle with Nature. They received a free gift of 8,000 square miles of territory. The demand can continue at the same rate for another twenty years before the supply of free land is exhausted.

Here is a bunch of fourteen Scotch lassies, strong and willing, but not a sovereign a piece among them. Well, homesteads are not for them. What can they do? Anything! Wash, cook, be general servants? Yes! That's all right. The Government agent smiles as he turns to his telephone and rings. There will be joy to-night in the hearts of fourteen mistresses in Winnipeg who have been praying for servants, and unable to get them. Each lass has a situation by evening at a wage of £1 a week and her food.

A gang of Italians. No, of course not; they don't want farms. They want pick or shovel work on the railway, or in the city. "All right, take this card to so and so; you'll get 7s. 3d. a day." Sober, hard-working fellows are these Italians. There will be no work for them in the winter; so they must save. They do save. They often live on a chunk of bread, an onion, and a drink of water. When they have money to spare it is sent to Italy to pay for the passage out of some relative.

Hello, an Aberdeen tongue! A brawny man has

NEW ARRIVALS IN
WINNIPEG.

LABOUR DAY PROCESSION
IN WINNIPEG.

brought his wife and three bairns to start life afresh in the West. Oh, aye, he's been a bit of a farmer all his life. He wants his 160 acres. But does he know what homesteading means?—very different from village life in the auld country! Does he know he won't earn a penny the first year, that he has his house to build, a team to buy, a well to sink, the land to till? What is he going to do with his wife and bairns till he gets the homestead ready? He hadn't thought of that. Got any money? Yes, but not much. How much? Maybe £400. Well, wouldn't it be better if he bought a little farm with house on it, land ready, and not far from the railway and a town? Maybe, but he wants his 160 acres. Oh, those would be all right. The agent will look out a little farm, given up by a man who has saved money, is claiming his 160 acres, and buying another 160 acres adjoining with the money from the sale, and having a good bit to spare to buy fresh implements and horses. When the Aberdonian is comfortably settled and got used to the country, he can claim his 160 acres, build his house, sell the first farm to a newcomer, buy cheaply an adjoining 160, and so make a real start with 320 acres, and have money in the bank. Yes, the idea is a good one.

What, another Scot! A farm labourer, eh! Not much money, but want your 160 acres? Don't mind how you rough it, don't you? Well, don't take up your 160 acres yet. Farming is a little different in Canada from Scotland. Best advice, you take a job with a farmer, learn the ways of the

country, save your money, and claim your 160 acres later on.

Two Englishmen. Bricklayers! Any work in Winnipeg? Certainly, but remember that we've a stern winter. However, you'll get plenty of work till the frost. Wages 55 cents (2s. 3½d.) an hour, over a £1 a day.

What, sir? Oh, from London. And your wife—how d'ye do?—and six children under seven years! Humph! In bad health, and think outdoor life suit you. Humph! Got any money? No? Humph! How did you think you would start farming? Didn't think there would be much difficulty. Humph! Any trade? Clerk!

"Oh, good heavens!" cries the agent. "Well, I'll see what I can do. Yes, yes, I'll do my best. Kindly wait in that room." Then to me: "Poor devil, what did he come out here for? What we want in the West is farm-hands—men who'll work a year or two, learn the country, and then take up their free grants. That clerk chap with the wife and six kids will have an awful time, and then write to the Old Country and say Canada is no good."

Are there any discontents in Winnipeg?

There are. I talked to a number of them. They were Englishmen, every one. Their grievances? Well, a chief complaint of one of the most voluble of grumblers was that he had to pay fivepence for a glass of beer.

"You expose that, sir, and let the working men at home know how they would be treated out here."

Accordingly I expose the injustice with pleasure.

The sum of my inquiries came to this :—Englishmen, as a rule, are not welcomed in Winnipeg either by employers or by other artisans. The reasons are various. Winnipeg has got sick of the "wasters" who have made for Winnipeg, the men who are failures at home, who turn up in the West expecting to receive £1 a day for incompetence, who are disappointed, who are astonished that the conditions of life are not the same as in England, who are continually making comparisons to Canada's detriment —a thing which ruffles the fur of every Canadian— who are amazed that house rent is three times as dear as at home, and take it as a personal injustice that they are charged fivepence for a glass of beer, whereas at home they can get much better beer for three-halfpence.

This kind of man appears in Winnipeg often in the late autumn, when work is slackening because of the approaching winter, when quite half the labour in Winnipeg is at a standstill. Any jobs going are naturally given to Winnipeggers. I heard many a sneer at the Englishman as no good. He is not adaptive. He wants bricklaying in dead winter, when the local bricklayers are not above shovelling snow. He sees a notice for hands, but there is the bitter line beneath : "No immigrants need apply." He is disgusted, and he writes to his friends at home to avoid Winnipeg as they would a plague. The Englishman is not welcomed by the employers, because he brings his trade unionism with him, and Englishmen are the leaders in all strikes. The

workmen themselves don't welcome him because their cry is: "Winnipeg for the Winnipeggers, Canada for the Canadians, and to Gehenna with the unspeakable Englishman."

Wages for artisans are good in Winnipeg—the best in the world, and the Winnipeg man doesn't want the market flooded, for down would go the price of labour. It is no good pointing out that if the rule had been applied to himself eighteen months ago he would have been kept out, and that instead of wages decreasing—which they ought to have done, as there has been a steady inflow of labour—they have gone up. His answer is that he is in, and he wants to keep others out.

The newly-arrived Englishman has a rough time at the start. But if he comes at the right time—in the spring—has grit in him, is a competent man, he will within a week overcome the resistance, get a good job, probably join his labour union, remember he is in Canada and not in England, fall into Canadian ways and not insist on English ways, will have the hand of warm citizenship extended to him, will make money, and be glad he broke with the old ties at home and came West.

I was in Winnipeg on Labour Day, September 5th, and saw the trade union procession. Two years before I was in Pittsburg on Labour Day, and saw the trade union demonstration there. Winnipeg compared favourably. Indeed the procession compared favourably with any of the many labour demonstrations I have seen in England. As with bands blaring and banners flaunting they marched in

ARRIVAL AT LOWER FORT GARRY, MANITOBA, OF THE LARGEST CONSIGNMENT OF FUR BROUGHT IN BY DOG

their thousands along Main Street, the trade unionists presented a fine show of sturdy manhood.

The note of it all, and which struck into my brain, was Youth. It was an army of young men, well-dressed, tan-cheeked, healthy, breezy, merry. Victory is to the young in Winnipeg.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEW LIFE: EXPERIENCES OF SETTLERS.

A TIDE of humanity is pouring into the North-West. Last year 106,000 persons passed through the Immigration Office at Winnipeg. Of these, some twenty odd thousand were English, 7,000 Scotch, 2,500 Irish—the Irishman makes for the United States rather than Canada—40,000 from the United States, 10,000 of whom were Canadian farmers who had settled below the border, but returned because the new Canada had more attractions; and the rest were from the continent of Europe. Four hundred and twenty-three English families were placed on free homesteads of 160 acres each.

This flow of immigration is making towns spring up along the railway lines. Spots that were prairie two or three years ago have blossomed with stores, hotels, churches, grain elevators, and populations of six and seven hundred. Land which could be bought to any extent at five dollars an acre is now sold at fifteen dollars.

And still the population is small. All the people of Canada don't number more than those of the county of Lancashire. The Dominion has a population only one-twelfth that of the United States, though it is 250,000 square miles bigger.

The United States is thinking how it shall stop the immigration. The Dominion is full of schemes to induce immigrants to settle.

The wheat yield of the States is on the decrease, for the American is beginning to prefer the town to the country. The wheat yield of the Dominion is still far behind the States, but it is jumping ahead, and will pass within a dozen years.

Three-quarters of the wheat lands of the North American Continent lie in Canada. Eighty million acres are under cultivation in the Dominion, but there are really 250,000,000 acres suitable for agriculture. The average yield of wheat in the States is fifteen bushels to the acre. The average yield in the Dominion is twenty-five bushels. There is no more free land in the States, and to buy a farm is expensive. There is plenty of free land in the Dominion, and farms are cheap to buy.

Here you have reasons for the great trek from the Dakotas, Minnesota, and Montana. The American sells his farm in the States; he treks into Canada; he buys a farm three or four times as large as he had, gets a free homestead thrown in, secures finer crops, and becomes rich.

On all hands I heard that the American is the best of all immigrants to Canada. He is used to farming on a huge and rough scale. The ways of both countries are much the same, and he has practically nothing to learn. He soon becomes a good and an enthusiastic Canadian. One of the first things he appreciates—I heard the observation frequently—is that the British law is honest, firm, and

relentless. He sees that the law is something to be respected, and this cannot be said of the law in some of the States, where it is as corrupt and as feeble as in the Balkans.

The coming of nearly 50,000 American families into Canada every year is having varied effect. The United States is uncomfortable at losing such batches of citizens each spring.

Also the American speculator is at work. He comes by the hundred, buying up sweeps of land. If he thinks he knows the route of a branch railway line he plunges into land purchase. A land speculative company will snap up a stretch of country on either side a line. A hotel and a shop will be blown together, and then an elevator to store the grain of the neighbouring farmers. A "boom" is worked. Pamphlets are scattered that Slocumville is in the centre of the finest bit of wheat country in the world, that land is, as yet, cheap, but will rapidly rise in value. Advertisements, under the guise of news, appear in the Press, describing how the prairie is converted into a rising little town—of some two or three buildings! People are attracted. More stores go up. The more land sold, the greater in value is the adjoining land. So the "boom" swells, and the land company scoops in hundreds of thousands of dollars. Maybe the town advances to prosperity. Possibly the slump comes; values are decreased; fortunes of minor speculators are lost; the air is filled with stories that Canada is the land to lose money in, not to make it. Meanwhile, the United States land company and the Chicago and New York

REAPING ON THE PLAINS.

speculators have taken much hard-earned cash out of the Dominion.

During a drive of 125 miles through sections of the wheat lands of Manitoba and Assiniboia, I had talks with many settlers, English, Scotch, and Finn. The farm lands of Manitoba—certainly in the region of Brandon, from where I started—are magnificent. There are about 40,000 farmers in the province, and last year they earned between them about £12,000,000. The average yield per acre of the different grains, etc., will be interesting to the English farmer. They are: Wheat, 25 bushels; oats, 40 bushels; barley, 34 bushels; flax, 12⅔ bushels; rye, 23 bushels; peas, 18½ bushels; potatoes, 196 bushels; roots, 286 bushels. Roughly, there are 3,000,000 acres under crop in Manitoba, and the total yield in bushels is about 100,000,000. The taxes are low—the taxpayer of Great Britain pays for Imperial defence. There are no taxes for improvements, and no personal tax except where the income is over £300 a year.

In Manitoba—the name is Indian, and means "God's country"—I saw the best of the wheat lands. This province alone produces 55,000,000 bushels of wheat. Much of it goes through the bustling little town of Brandon, with its wide streets, stores, and great warehouses for the sale of agricultural implements.

"Seen many changes here?" I casually asked a middle-aged man.

"Shucks! yes," he answered, "there has only been a town here since the coming of the railway,

twenty years ago. Why, I remember, in April, 1880, crossing right here in snow-shoes, and not a shed nor a man was in sight."

My first drive was in company of one of the "oldest inhabitants," an interesting gentleman who has lived in the town ever since it was a couple of shanties.

"It was curious how I came to Brandon," said he. "I was down at Winnipeg twenty years ago. I met a friend who was disgusted. He had bought a boat-load of timber to take to Brandon—which was only a spot located by the Canadian Pacific Railway as the end of a section of their line where engines and employees on the Trans-continental trains would be changed—but he didn't know how he was going to get it up the river, because he wanted to get married the next week, and his brother, whom he had relied on to take up the boat, had gone on the drunk. I had never heard of Brandon; but he showed me his invoices, and as a spec. I bought his load. Then I came up. There was no Brandon except a tent. I had bumped against something silly in buying that timber. I tell you, I was just mad. But the news had got out the Canadian Pacific Railway would make the place the end of a section. There must be some sort of a town to accommodate the railway men. Up came folks from Winnipeg to buy land and build stores and houses. Sell! I sold right out, and then for a time I was just as busy as any man on earth buying timber to build the town. You're right there, sir, I did very well out of it. Yes, I'm settled in Brandon, and I guess I'll be here as long as I last.

"Successful men! Yes, we've got plenty of successful men in Brandon, but I guess there aren't six men in the town who are successful who came with more than £40 in the world. I'll tell you the men who aren't successful—the young sparks you send out from England, who have £5,000 or £6,000, who have their trousers turned up, wear spats and gloves, and carry a cane and ride about dressed like young squires at home. Oh, I know; I was one of them myself. I played the fool and got through £6,000 trying to farm, which I could not. Then I quit. The men who get on best are those who come out without a dollar. If they can get over the first years—and they've got to get over them or starve—they go right ahead. Your dandy youngster is no good. He gets hanging round the saloon bar and the billiard room, and is the cause of the general belief that when a rich young Englishman comes here he is the scamp of the family, and is got rid of by being sent out to Canada."

Later on, in Assiniboia, I made the acquaintance of a delightful Government servant. He was a University man, and left England twenty-five years ago. A little colony of thirty University men started farming, with little money, roughing it, homesteading, driving their own teams, carting the wheat forty miles, going into the new life with all its harshness, full of hope and determination.

"We were a little colony," said he, "and goodness knows we worked hard enough! I don't know how to explain it, but I could easily count on the fingers of one hand the number of those men who

succeeded. I didn't, and my regret is that I didn't throw it up ten years earlier than I did. Oh, yes, thousands of men succeed, but they are generally poor men with little education."

In the course of the drive we caught a glimpse of a man perched on a self-binder, driving a couple of horses, and cutting his wheat. The rig was turned across the stubble, and I was introduced to him. He was a slim young fellow of twenty-six. He was roughly clad in old clothes and heavy, grimy boots; his jacket was greasy, a red scarf was tied around his neck, and he wore an old and battered slouch hat. He was tanned and unshaven, and his hands were those of a man who did hard work. He was the son of an East Anglian clergyman. Having failed to pass his medical examination he came out to Canada to see if he could make a living.

He laughed in reply to a question of mine. "I knew there were such things as farms, but that is all I knew about farming." He was what the Canadians call a "greener." The first year he worked as help to a small farmer, doing all the drudgery of farm life. His friends sent him money, and he managed to buy a quarter-section of 160 acres at a guinea an acre. He built himself a log-house, tilled his land, and spent the winter hauling wood. He lived absolutely alone, tilling, housekeeping, doing everything for himself.

"Oh, it was a dog's life!" he said with a shrug. He took up his free homestead of 160 acres, and got it close at hand. He is starting to work it this year. A few months ago he married the daughter of a

farmer, and the young couple live in the two-roomed log-cabin the husband built three years ago. They have no servant. Indeed, except in the harvesting season, when an extra hand is engaged, the young fellow does every bit of the work on the farm. As he was telling me this he pulled a few ears of wheat, rubbed them in the palm of his hand, blew away the chaff, and with pride said: "There's good wheat for you!"

He was quite happy. Though he had nothing in the world but his 320 acres, horses, and implements, he looked to the future with a bright eye. "Oh, but the loneliness of it all at the start!" he sighed. "Spending the long winter months in that shack I had built, with no companion but my thoughts, memories of the old home and the good times I had in London as a student—Lord! but it was awful!"

Miles on we came across another man harvesting. His wife followed the binder and stooped the sheaves. When she saw our rig she sidled away into some scrub, a little ashamed at being seen doing labourer's work for her husband, who was too poor to hire help. The man was a huge, raw-boned and ungainly labourer. He came out to Wapella three years ago, so needy that he had to borrow money to get his box from the railway company. He had no trouble in getting an advance to buy 160 acres from the Canadian Pacific Railway, making repayment of the first instalment by a promise of a third of the crop, and intending to pay the other instalments out of his profits. He took up his free

homestead of 160 acres, and borrowed horses and plough and reaper of another farmer, in return for a promise of a third of the crop of that land so long as he used the horses and implements. He was now negotiating to hire another 160 acres from a farmer, together with the loan of horse and implements, in return for a third of that crop. Here, then, was a man in possession of 480 acres, with the use of horses, ploughs, reapers, and thrashing machines, keeping out of debt by paying in kind with the result of 160 acres, taking to himself the proceeds of 320 acres, and out of the profits hoping soon to pay for the quarter-section purchased from the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was an uncouth, broad-shouldered, heavy-fisted labourer, but I had only to look into his face with the shelving brows, high cheek-bones, square chin, to know he had industry and determination, and, with his health sure, nothing on earth to keep him back from prosperity.

Every few miles in this wonderful land the song of the reaper was heard. Rarely, as we drove, did we meet anybody on the trail—not one man to thirty miles. Once we met a rig and a team. The driver was a cheery countryman, who flung my friend a greeting. When he had passed, my companion said: "There is a Canadian born, but a man with grit. Not so long back he wasn't worth much; now he's worth a great deal. Six years ago, or maybe seven, a big farmstead came into the market. The price was $12,000. That man wasn't worth 12,000 cents, but he had a policy worth $1,000. He sold

it for $900, and with that $900 as a first instalment, bought the farm. Of course, he might have gone smash, but he has paid more than the arranged instalments out of his profits, and in another couple of years that farm will be his own absolutely."

The farmhouses we visited were small, unpicturesque, with no flowers about, and the interiors serviceable, but hardly suggesting ease. You are surprised that the successful farmer and his wife don't surround themselves with more comfort.

"Well," is the explanation, "they never had comfort in the old days, and they don't know what it is now. But if the house is small, and the folk wear old clothes, don't imagine they're badly off. When a man has four or five hundred acres, a dozen horses, and half a dozen cows, he's not badly off. There are few farmers who have been here ten years who haven't fifteen or twenty thousand dollars in the bank. See yon farm on the left? The old fellow there has made thirty thousand dollars in ten years. Why, I'll show you the place of a Jew farmer. He came without a dollar, has now fifty thousand in the bank, and is building himself a four-thousand-dollar house."

One day we struck north of Wapella to visit a Finn colony. We got beyond the swelling prairie, first to scrub-bush, and then to thick, low forest. I wanted to see what sort of land these Finn people had, for a growl heard frequently in Canada is that the Government give the foreigners the best of the homesteads. This is not so in regard to the Finns.

They have been given wooded land, which needs clearing before anything can be grown.

The Finns I saw were heavy and loutish, and hardly any could speak English. But their frugality and plodding were remarkable. Here they were dumped, in the forest of a strange country. They had practically no money. At first they lived in tents, while timber was cut and hauled into Wapella, and sold for winter fuel. With the money they bought potatoes. In the winter log huts were built. They were just on the verge of starvation. But they managed to get some ground clear, and to grow potatoes and a little wheat.

Literally, they had to battle with nature. It has lasted for five years, and success not yet won. But it is being won. I saw this in the clearings of the forests, the fields of wheat, the new houses taking the place of the tumbled huts, in the cows and pigs.

"You want to go back to Finland?" I asked one hulking fellow, still wearing the clothes of his forsaken land.

"No, sir," said he with a grin. "Like this better; much better if not for winter. Winter too long, too cold; oh, very much cold!"

Through the thicket I saw a hut. I pushed my way through the scrub in time to see two youngsters scamper affrightedly into the bush. I went after them. One had a dirty garment on, and the other was stark naked. Their hair was fair to whiteness. They crouched behind the stump of a tree, startled at the sight of a stranger. I went to the hut, where

THRESHING WHEAT IN MANITOBA

was a slatternly woman sitting on a mud floor. Rags in a corner served as bed. There was a wobbly table and a tin pan or two. Scraps of old food were lying about. The place was stinking and loathsome. The woman didn't understand English. She didn't understand Russian. All she could say was "Boy, boy!" pointing towards a clearing. She went away and hallooed her son, who was helping his father in harvesting. The lad spoke English fairly well. He was nervous as he stood fumbling with his cap. When I got his confidence he explained that often for two or three months at a time they never saw any outsider in that part of the world.

"Getting along all right now?" I asked, with a glance at the dirty mother, the unwashed children, and the danksome, evil-odoured shed which served as home.

"Yes, sir. We nearly starved the first winter, and it takes so much work to clear the land of timber before we can grow wheat, but—but it's better than Finland, sir!"

The third day was given to a drive to the far south of Wapella to visit a colony of crofters who came from Scotland in 1883-4. They were Uist folk, aided by Lady Gordon Cathcart, in conjunction with the North-West Land Company. They had no story to tell of unrestrained prosperity. They passed through bad times, due to getting an unsatisfactory start with a bad season, to the way their cattle was distrained year after year to pay debts they had incurred, so that they never had a chance

to get level, and due also, I am convinced, to the difficulty the elders had in adapting themselves to a new country. The first ten years were a conflict with adversity, a cruel fight, leaving soreness of heart behind. They suffered sadly at the hands of men who were supposed to be looking after them.

That was all put right in time. The tide turned. The old folks, however, have never done much, as "doing much" is understood in Canada. The younger generation, the lads and lasses who came with them, and are now grown and mostly married, are among the best farmers in the Dominion.

I spent the whole day driving forty miles, visiting farm after farm, talking to the rugged Scots, whiskered, high-cheeked, deep-eyed, with the broad Scotch still on their tongue, though twenty years or more have passed since they left their home in the Western Isles. What was strange, and yet characteristic, was the Gaelic spoken. Lots of the elders can speak no other tongue but Gaelic. Gaelic is the family tongue, and children, Canadian born, speak Gaelic in the home circle, though they learn English at school. There is a Presbyterian minister in the colony, and the Sabbath services are conducted in English and Gaelic alternately.

"We'll never let lose the Gaelic," said a fine old fellow to me, "for Gaelic is just the finest language on the good God's earth."

Though settlers to-day get a free homestead of 160 acres, settlers prior to 1899 can claim a second homestead. Further, each son of eighteen can claim a free homestead for himself. Thus, not a

few crofter families, a father and two sons, have a square mile of land between them, 640 acres, obtained free, to say nothing of quarter and half sections they may have bought.

I had a chat with a sturdy old Uist man, named Donald Macdonald. He had sixteen acres in Uist —a large farm there—but now he had 640 acres, fifty head of cattle, and sixteen horses.

"And I suppose you've written to your old friends, telling them to come out to Canada?"

"Oh, aye," was the reply, "but they'll jest no believe me. They believe all the worst they hear of Canada, and none o' the best. So I've given up writing."

I inquired whether, now he was a man of means, he wouldn't like to go back to Scotland.

"Aye, I'd like to see the old sod before I die, but I would'na like to live there."

Another canny old Scot was Peter Mackenzie. He came out with the crofters, though he was not of the assisted party. He worked in Glasgow, and when he saw so many of his Uist friends setting forth for the new land, he pulled what money he had out of the bank, and came along with them. He made up his mind in two days. He had never been back. He owns over 300 acres, and was buying another quarter section.

"Have you told your friends to come out?"

"Plenty of times, but they'll not get it out of their heads they will be frozen to death."

I went among the Macphersons and Macintoshes and Macgregors in this colony of Scotsmen

away on the prairies of Assiniboia. They were all dour men, slow of speech, but admitted they were doing well in their new land. Most of them had wisely taken to mixed farming, and were not dependent solely on the wheat crop. There were plenty of sheep, and on the banks of the beautiful Pipestone Valley were cattle and horses.

Above a clump of woodland rose the spire of a Catholic church, for many of the crofters belong to the Roman faith. Adjoining was a school-house, where the Catholic children were educated. There were thirty bright little Scotch-Canadians, and many of them had driven in four or five miles.

"And how many Macs have you got here?" I chaffingly said to the master.

"They're all Macs except one," was the laughing answer, "and she's a Campbell!"

CATTLE IN ASSINIBOIA.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WHEAT FIELDS: HOW THE PRAIRIE IS SETTLED.

FOR miles I rode across virgin prairie. It was clean grassland with gentle bosom-risings right to the horizon. Then I dipped into a region where man had come with his strength, and the prairie was a mother—fecund, proud, joyous, bringing forth nigh one hundred million bushels of wheat.

Still, it was only a dip into the ocean of harvest land. The first day I rode twenty-five miles; the second day sixty were covered; on the third day the distance was short of forty miles. The first day the expedition was from Brandon—the bull's-eye of the Manitoba wheat region—and the second and third were north and south of Wapella, in Assiniboia. Not a yard was over a road as Englishmen understand a road. The trail was followed—just wheel-ruts, stretching illimitably, ribbons of black earth through the grass, or winding between miles of wheat—not golden, but russet-eared with much sun, and, in the breath of the wind, singing a lullaby.

There were sweeps where the cut wheat stood in irregular stoops, and the earth raised a cropped and stubbled chin. In places were plateaus of turned grassland, broken, dark, and rude with the tooth of the plough—the first intimation to the earth that

next year it must bring forth food for man. There were patches where the prairie grass and the grey wolf willow grew.

The trail was left. The wide-wheeled rig bumped and swerved and creaked, and the horses, gaunt but muscular, up to their belly-bands in rank scrub, toiled snortingly over the mushy soil. There were hours of slow travel through the bush, low matted forest tangled with riotous undergrowth. Our faces were slapped with branches as though this invasion of the wilderness were resented. Into the open again, to rolling prairie. There were hundreds of prairie chickens—grouse, and the dogs were scolded for putting them up. There were little lakes —marshes, locally called sleughs. There were thousands of duck. We get near with the guns. Bang-bang, and bang-bang again, and in went the dogs and brought out four birds.

"Tame!" said my friend. "Guess they are tame; they've never been shot over."

On again. There was another sleugh rich in duck. Get the guns! Come on dogs! Up went the ducks and away before a shot could be got. "Somebody has been shooting round here, and they know." Still, we got about forty duck in a couple of hours.

Now to the wheat-fields that seem to have no end. On a knoll we pull up the horses. Like great ochre-dyed carpets the wheat spreads itself out. The day is warm with the fragrant warmth of ripe vegetation. Yet there is a ping, a tartness, a something in the air that spurs the blood and prevents any trace of drowsy sensuousness. The day is cloud-

less, the sky real blue, with no fleck of white in it. Distant objects, though reduced, are clear with crisp tangibility. Far off can be seen the log hut of a settler. The man is out with his self-binder and two horses. Down goes the wheat; it is cut; it is gulped by the machine, an armful is automatically bound, and when the steel arms hold half-a-dozen sheaves they are thrown out. A boy lifts and stoops them. The reaper is two miles away, but we hear its whirl; even the sharp complaint of the man to the horses can be heard.

We of England, with our farmsteads, our hedgerows, and eight- and ten-acre fields, cannot quickly realise the top of the world, as it looks, robed in wheat, where the wheat patches are fifty, a hundred, five hundred acres without a break; then merely the width of a cart track before there begins a sea of full oats rustling like tissue paper; then more wheat, and on like this, till the eye can follow no further—where there are no hedges, and the homesteads are rough stacks of log, and the stables of turf.

That is the scene through hundreds of miles of the wheat belt in Canada. The immensity of it impresses you. Then comes a weary feeling at the sameness of it all—the rough huts, the boundless, unvarying seas of wheat, on and on, and still on.

After that comes the wonder, and this is abiding. Ten years ago, six years, three years, maybe only two years ago, the land over which your eye sends a wide pupil was prairie, where no man had ever trodden. You think of that—of the long, bleached grass of autumn, of the patches of wolf willow, of

the eternal wilderness! You look on the new scene, an expanse of russet wheat, strong, full, the nourisher of man, and you talk to the men who have worked the transformation—men big of bones and swart of arms; men in tattered breeches, and shirts dirty and open at the throat, and boots old and foul and cracked; men with hands gnarled and awkward, hair uncombed and faces unshaven for a fortnight; men chewing tobacco and squirting juice; men of rough fibre and blunt speech; men from the leafy shires of England, from the bleak isles of Western Scotland; men lithe and determined from the United States; men large of frame, slow, plodding, from Germany, Sweden, Finland—and you know you are in the presence of the dauntless. There is no city prettiness about these men, no glamour of the battle-field about their deeds. But they are men of sterling stuff.

There is an epic in the settlement of Western Canada. Within the memory of those of us who are still young the West was the unknown, the uninhabitable, the "back of the beyond." Fort Garry —now Winnipeg city—was on the edge of the world. Twenty years ago there were two mails a year brought by dog-sleigh and canoe. Now there are six deliveries a day. You arrive in an exquisitely fitted Pullman car, and talk to men with none of the rime of age in their hair, who in "the old times" arrived in an ox waggon. Nobody in those days of the early 'eighties had hope in Canada. Emigration was to the United States. Thousands of young Canadians moved across the border, passing from under the

Union Jack to seek fortune beneath the Stars and Stripes. The young farmers of Ontario, cramped in agricultural enterprise, emigrated to the States, and farmed in Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Wyoming.

To-day thousands of them are re-emigrating and settling in the west of Canada.

That North-West Canada could grow wheat was beyond thought. It was, however, discovered that it could, and very good wheat. Canada began to lose its undeserved reputation of being a frost-bound territory. True, the winters were long—six or seven months—and the actual summer short—about four months. But the summer is blazing, and the days are long drawn. The wheat-growing part of the year is short in Canada. Yet when the grain can have seventeen hours of sunshine in the day it doesn't want a long summer. And a curious phenomenon has occurred. In the districts where much land has been broken up, the rigour of the winter has decreased. In places on the prairie which nipped you with 40 degrees below zero, you now find on the homesteads the drop is rarely below 25 degrees.

It was the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway that turned Canada to prosperity. The railway was a steel wand of good luck. The proposal, however, to throw rails from the Atlantic to the Pacific was, at first, received with derision. It became a matter of politics. The Conservative party urged the building, with public funds to stand at the back of the company; the Liberal party raised the cry of economy and protest against the waste of public money. But the railway was built. The company,

besides money assistance, received from the Government alternate sections of the land along the line route, and for great distances inland on either side. The way that the Conservatives and the railway company argued was this: "The line will bring prosperity. If a great stretch of the way is useless, then there is no loss to the public in giving the company tracts of territory. Owning land will be an incentive to the company to make it easy and cheap to carry immigrants to the Government lands, because the settlers will increase the value of the adjoining railway lands. Thus the Government will get the settlers it wants but can't get because emigrants go to the United States, and the railway company will benefit enormously because settlers and others will want to buy adjoining lands."

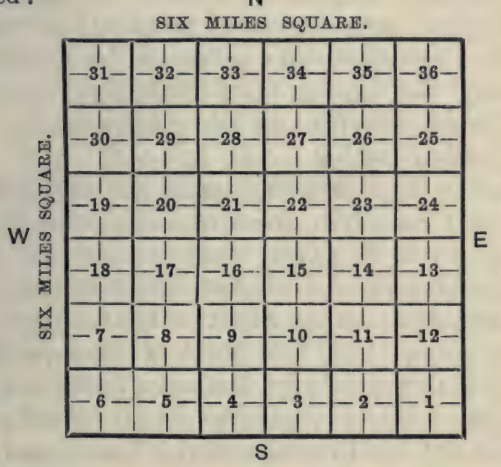
That was the hopeful dream—sneered at in those days. It has been more than realised. The Government still give hundreds of thousands of acres. In 1903, as I have mentioned, 32,000 free homesteads of 160 acres each were given away. This is 8,000 square miles. If these homesteads were placed together it would show there was a free grant of land 400 miles long, and twenty miles wide. Millions of acres are still waiting. The Government have been able to sell much of their land—reckoned, twenty years ago, at worth a dollar an acre—at anything from five to fifteen dollars. The Canadian Pacific Railway owns 25,000,000 acres, millions of them at present useless because they are beyond the reach of the railway. But by the coming of the line and the settling of vast areas much of the land, though

Photo: Mathers, Edmonton.

FIRST YEAR ON A WESTERN HOMESTEAD.

prairie, sells at a good price. It has been a windfall for the Canadian Pacific Railway. Those who are wise after the event protest it was outrageous that a political party should have handed 25,000,000 acres over to a railway company. The Liberal party in Canada, exceedingly virtuous, make capital against their enemies by pointing at them as the folk who gave away the people's heritage of the richest stretch of agricultural land in the world, though the Liberals were the party who resisted the building of the line on the ground that it would always be a burden to the Dominion.

The wheat-growing area of Western Canada is divided into townships, each six miles square. Here is a plan which will show how the land is arranged :—



Each of the squares contains 640 acres; each quarter section contains 160 acres. The Govern-

ment lands open for homesteads, that is, free settlement, are sections Nos. 2, 4, 6, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36. The lands the Canadian Pacific Railway has for sale are sections Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 31, 33, 35. It will be noticed that some figures are missing. Sections 11 and 29 are reserved by the Government for school purposes, to provide land on which to build a school, and the remainder to be sold or let for the benefit of the education of the districts.

It will be seen that in every settled township all over Canada there is a school at never more than five miles distance from the furthest house. Sections Nos. 8 and 26 belong to, and are for sale by the Hudson Bay Company—the great traders who, in the old days, had practically a monopoly in Western Canada. Practically the whole of the North-West —except the frozen North and the Rockies—is geometrically divided into townships, after the manner I have described.

Half a dozen railway companies are throwing lines over the land, great tentacles searching for wheat. From Winnipeg they stretch over Manitoba, pushing suckers into Saskatchewan and Assiniboia, picking up all the wheat within twenty or even thirty miles. But the flood of immigration is greater than the railways can serve in the matter of gathering corn. Accordingly—despite the florid intimations of the Dominion that 160 acres are to be had free for the asking, and raising the picture in the minds of many of a charming little farm close to

a railway—I think I can say that no free homesteads worth the having are at present to be had within twenty miles, or even forty miles of a railway.

The man who starts life in Canada as a homesteader is, without exception, poor. Nature is kind enough, but it isn't kind enough to provide him with a crop of wheat as soon as he arrives. See what he has to do when he gets his free grant of a quarter of a square mile. He arrives in the spring; twenty-five miles from a railway. He has to build himself a house; to sink a well; he must get a plough, and a team from somewhere to turn up the prairie. All winter he can do nothing but haul wood. In the spring he sows, and in the autumn he must get a reaper and a thrasher. Thus the newcomer, the unknown man, has to live a lonely and indeed terrible life before he earns a penny. No man in his senses, who has enough money to keep him for eighteen months, and to buy the necessary agricultural implements to give him a start, would begin homesteading right away. The man who sets out to do that is plunging into a period of hardship and forlornness that may land him in a lunatic asylum.

Let me assume that this chapter is being read by an English farm labourer who somehow has got £20 or £30 in the savings bank, is willing enough and strong enough to take his chances in the new land, but doesn't know how to set about it, and wants advice. The advice I give him is to do what thousands of men are doing. First of all, let him get into communication with one of the Dominion emigration agents at home. There are offices in

London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Dublin, Glasgow, Cardiff, and Belfast. Let him avoid the blandishments of the private emigration agent, for that gentleman often represents a company which has bought up more or less waste land for next to nothing, and makes a profit by dumping the guileless upon it for a round sum "without any trouble to you, sir." A ticket as far as Winnipeg is purchased. The emigrating labourer is put on the proper boat; he is met at Quebec or Montreal; he is put on the Trans-continental train; he is met at Winnipeg. Let him arrive there in the spring when there is a great demand for farm hands. He will have no difficulty at all, if he knows anything about farming, which I presume he does, in getting work with a farmer at $60 (£12) a year and his board. It isn't much of a wage, but it is something certain. I give a minimum because I have no desire to paint a rosy picture. If the labourer wants to take odd jobs he can soon earn that. Harvesters last year were paid ten shillings a day and their board. The plan of hired farm help, however, is best for various reasons. The labourer has a home and food, and he isn't thrown out of work, as much casual labour is in Canada, in winter time. Above all, he can, in a year, get a good grip of the methods of Canadian farming, which are different from those in the old country.

The newcomer will, if he is wise, engage himself to some farmer who is just getting over the struggling period, and who has, say, half a section, 320 acres. Meanwhile, the immigrant should have

Photo: Steele & Co., Winnipeg.

A WHEAT STRETCH NEAR REGINA.

made his application to the Commissioner of Immigration for his free homestead. Let him select his district, which should be close to the farm of his new employer. It is not difficult to arrange that it shall be adjacent. It costs £2 for the ordinary homestead entry. The immigrant will soon come to an arrangement with his new employer. For the loan of his plough, horses, and harvesting implements he can offer him a third of the proceeds of his first crop. Ninety-nine out of every hundred farmers will agree to this. It is the custom. So the labourer is able to plough and replough his land the first summer he is in Canada, and in the winter he can build himself a log house. The law requires an interval of three years before the title of ownership of the land is fixed, and during that time the emigrant is expected to reside six months of each year upon it. To meet the general case I am portraying, a permanent residence upon adjacent land is accepted as sufficient. At the end of the first year the labourer immigrant, after having parted with a third of the proceeds of his crop, will have no trouble in continuing the arrangement. Certainly, at the end of the three years he should be able to stand by himself, own his 160 acres, have a couple of horses, a cow, a few pigs, some fowls, and a nice sum in the bank.

Thus it depends solely on himself how he forges ahead. He will have become impregnated with the Canadian spirit of hustle and desire to be a big farmer. With the same horses and implements he can work half a section as well as a quarter-section.

He wants a farm of 320 acres. He must buy his second quarter-section either from the Government or from the Canadian Pacific Railway, or from somebody or some company that may have speculated in the land, to hold it and make him pay a higher price. He ought to buy another 160 acres at £1 or £1 4s. an acre. But he hasn't got the money. It is not expected from him at once. A seventh, however, must be paid down as a first instalment, and the rest be paid in ten annual instalments. By giving a third of the crop towards repayment money can be borrowed on easy terms to provide the seventh. The tenths of the following years can be paid out of profits. So in four years the English labourer is launched on the way to comparative riches on a farm of 320 acres. He is at liberty to sell as an improved farm the homestead he got for nothing, and, living on the second quarter-section, buy two prairie quarters with the proceeds of the first.

I met many such men. "Glad you left the old country?" I always asked.

"Yes, sir," they would answer, rubbing a hand across a sweaty brow. "It's a big struggle, but now"—and a smile would come—"I've been here seven years, and I own a square mile, and have six horses."

And, standing on a heave of land, and looking over a world waving with wheat, the prairie harnessed to feed man, I feel there is something majestic, even sublime, in the scene.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NORTH-WESTER: A "BRITISHER WITH ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS."

YOU get talking to him on the verandah of your hotel. In front of him is a "cuspidor," into which he frequently salivates. He is generally weedy, with rusty clothes, and a slouch hat, that is turned down over the eyes, and hasn't been brushed for a week. His chin hasn't seen a razor for two days, and his boots haven't experienced the swish of a brush for a fortnight.

He is healthy and bronzed, and has a big fist, used to holding things, and holding them tight. He tilts back the worn old chair, and hoists his feet against one of the verandah posts. He is glib, with a streak of fun in his eye, and when he swears it is in monosyllable. He says "Hell!"

"Nice ripening day, sir," he begins.

"A really charming and bracing day," you answer.

He looks at you quickly with a wide blue eye—the eye you find in the face of a man accustomed to look over long distances of prairie. There is a turn of your tongue, which tells him you belong to another part of the world. "From the old country, sir? London! What, London, Ontario? Oh, Lon—don! So! Mighty big place, Lon—don!"

You agree, and get him into proper focus by reminding him the population of all Canada isn't as much as that of London.

"Well, what do you think of this country, anyway?" he blurts, ignoring the comparison.

It is a question put to you six times a day in the Dominion. You know exactly what reply you are expected to make, and you make it.

"Sure!" he exclaims in friendly tone. Your appreciation proves you are a good judge. "Sure! It's a great country, is Canada. Guess there ain't no country like it. We grow the finest wheat, and raise the finest horses on the whole earth. I'm Canadian, born in Ontario, but my grandfather came from the old country. Pretty slow over there—too slow to die, eh?"

You deprecate his remark. And while lighting your pipe with a stinking sulphur match, Canadian made, observe that the Briton, though he doesn't talk so much, manages in the end to "get there"—gets right there, and on both feet.

"Nice growing city, this," he mutters, changing the subject.

One glance takes in the whole of the "city." There is a long street, miry where it isn't bumpy, and just mother earth where it isn't muck. The side-walks are of plank. The stores—the dry-goods; the drug-store at the corner, where you can buy cigars, "soft drinks" (which mean teetotal), and use the public telephone; the saloons showing pictures of overflowing tumblers, and advertisements of "the beer that made Milwaukee famous"; the

hardware stores with pots and pans and steam heaters bulging upon the side-walk; the agricultural implement shops, with ploughs and self-binders and threshers in the roadway—are of wood, some painted and pretentious, others just unpainted shacks. The hotels have verandahs on the street, where men in badly-fitting clothes sit and smoke and tell one another how to make dollars. The hotel, which hasn't a verandah, has two large plate-glass windows, and men sit behind these in a row as though they were on sale. A glimpse is caught of the railroad tracks, crowded with freight cars, which block the crossings, while a snorting engine comes along clanging a bell warning the world to skip or it will be run over. Hump-backed grain elevators, red-painted, stand by the rails, like full-backs on a football field, to see that no wheat shall pass without their having a say.

Beyond is the prairie turned to wheat land, a shimmer of russet where the wheat still stands, a dun-patterned carpet where the reaper has been and the wheat is in stoop, a long blackish mat where the ground is subject to "summer fallow"—the wheat being given green manure by a year's rest about every four years, the weeds growing rank, and then being ploughed in to rot—and beyond is the brown grass of the prairie sliced by the railway. Fifty yards on either side is a never-ending black ribbon of ploughed earth. You think it is a trail. It is a fire-guard, so that in the fall, when the grass is long and dry, and an engine spark starts a blaze, it is checked before the torrent of flame can gather strength to roar with hot breath and blazing tongue.

The picture is taken at a glance. It is a picture of practically every other town and city in Western Canada. The towns are alike, as though turned out to the same pattern in the same machine, as lacking in individuality as factory-made furniture, with no ambition to be pretty, but serviceable, workable, dollar-earning.

"It is wonderful how such towns seem to spring out of the earth, and in a year or two are worthy of broad, black lettering on the map!" So say you.

"Isn't it?" says the Canadian. "I'm telling you, sir, there never was a country like Canada. It's the poor man's land. We don't crawl like you in the old country, and we don't hustle like them American fellows. We live; we have a good time. There's only about four months of hard work in the year. We've to till in the spring; then we take a rest; we work darned hard in harvest, and then we rest again; in winter we haul our grain, and rest again—maybe take a trip to Winnipeg, or Toronto, or Montreal. Hard winter? Oh, shucks! Who's been telling you that? Well, it is cold—twenty-five below zero; but that clear, and that blue-skied, and that dry, you don't feel the cold. We hunt the wolf and shoot, and have trotting matches on the snow, and—well, winter in Canada is about the best time going. Guess it's always rainy or foggy in London, isn't it? Like to see London. Some day I'll take a trip. There's the old flag, you see."

He points to a store roof where flaps the flag of the British mercantile marine.

AN EAST-ANGLIAN
FARMING.

HUT OF POOR FINNS.

"But that isn't the Union Jack—that's a shipping flag," you tell him.

He opens his eyes wide.

You explain.

Then he squirts tobacco juice into his cuspidor.

"Hell! But I like that one better—there's more blood in it!"

In a little the conversation is turned to the relationship between Britain and the Colonies. You hear opinions that don't find expression in heavy reviews or solemn leading articles. You have talked with great Englishmen at home about the need of drawing Mother Country and Colonies into closer bonds; you have met Canadian politicians and sat up half the night debating; you have lunched and dined with prosperous Canadians in the eastern provinces, the men who visit England every two or three years. You have met the men who speak on platforms and write articles.

But here in Western Canada, in the prairie towns, at "two dollar a day" hotels, you are free from official life and official views, from the courteous opinions of the well read and travelled man, and you strike bed-rock. The Western Canadian may have cramped opinions, but they are his opinions, and the Canadian politician cannot ignore him.

Let my composite Canadian speak, and say the things I was told in stray conversations on the railroad cars, at the tables of the wayside taverns, and sitting on the verandahs of hotels in towns and cities of a few years' growth:—

"We in Canada think you of the old country

are played out, and you need our help to back you up. Wrong idea, eh? Want to federate the Empire and join up all countries under the British flag into one concern! Well, I'm with you. There ain't, and never was, an empire like the British Empire. That Chamberlain of yours is a great man. Why don't you send him over and let him speak? We'd give him the time of his life—bully, we would! That's a mighty fine scheme of his that England should give a preference to Canada. See what it would do for Canada—stimulate farming, and give our manufacturers a chance. What is Canada going to give in return? Will we let British manufactures into Canada as free as Canadian wheat shall be allowed into Britain? Shucks! We couldn't do that. Your British manufacturer would eat the Canadian manufacturer up in no time. Must protect Canadian industries!

"Don't see particularly how England benefits, eh? I'll tell you. Canada can't yet do all its own manufacturing. It must buy from somewhere. If you put a tax on all foreign goods we'll increase our tax the same amount on foreign goods. That'll be a preference in favour of England. What? You think that means Canada will only give a preference to English manufactured goods so long as Canada cannot manufacture herself, and that when she can she'll want to shut out English competition!

"Why not? You don't expect Canada's going to stand still as a manufacturing nation just to oblige the English manufacturers, do you? Oh, hell, no!

"Now, look here, sir, you needn't play devil's

advocate with me. You know blamed well that England's a manufacturing country, and Canada an agricultural country. It won't be in your lifetime nor your children's that Canada will be more of a manufacturing country than agricultural. There always will be—well, as long as you or I need think about, there will be a bigger agricultural population wanting manufactured articles than Canada herself can supply. We're importing a mighty deal, chiefly from those darned Yankees. We're not frightened of those Yankees and their tariffs. It ain't us wants reciprocity with Uncle Sam, but Uncle Sam who'd like to get a smile from Miss Canada. His wheat is a bit rusty this year, and he'll want some of ours. Well, we say that if England will clap 10 per cent. on the stuff she gets from the Yanks, we'll clap on fifteen. That means good business for the British Empire, and business is what we're after.

"Stronger political ties between the old country and the Colonies? Don't exactly have the hang of what you mean! What? If you mean Canada to send men to sit in your House of Commons, where they'll be swamped by the others, you're right off it! If you want us to send our dollars to keep up the English army to fight in Thibet and the Lord knows where, you're right off it again! If the Mother Country needs help, we'll help. We gave you a bit of a lift in the South African war, and we'll help again if we think it's right. Get it right out of your mind, if it's there, that we fellows are going to find money, and you fellows are going to have the spending of it. Not on your life!

"We get the benefit of Imperial defences, and you paying! Guess that's truth. I tell you right away it ain't right. There isn't a Canadian from Halifax to Vancouver who thinks it right. Guess we know that if it hadn't been for Britain there would have been no Canadian North-West Territory. Been gobbled up by Uncle Sam! Any coon that can see across the street can see that. We don't want to interfere in English affairs, or Australian affairs, or South African affairs, and we'll take darned good care that you don't interfere with ours.

"We don't want to send any members to your Parliament. But I'll tell you what your politicians should do. They should ask Canada to provide money to build two or three battleships for the defence of Canadian shores. She'd do it—you bet! Those ships should have Canadian names, and though under the British Admiralty, they should be manned and officered, as far as can be, by Canadians. We Canadians feel a bit mean we can't do something. We want to—only our politicians are so cussed scared to speak out, for fear it may be got up against them they want to spend the people's money for bloodshed. And we're a mighty peaceful people! We'll spend money, and plenty of it, for the defence of the Empire, so long as we have a voice in the panning out of the dollars.

"We ain't fools, and we're not going to give a dollar unless we get a hundred cents value. We're a business people, and we want to talk business with the English people. We both want the same thing, but we're not exactly on the same track for getting

SOD SHANTY, THE SETTLER'S FIRST HOME; AND
THE HOME OF A PROSPEROUS FARMER.

it. But look here, mister. We don't want lectures from England. We'll do the right thing, and do it right away if we are met in the proper way. We don't want England to lose anything. We want both to win. And there you have it. Will you give me one of your matches, for my smoke has gone out?"

There spoke the man of the prairie—the lanky-legged cousin of our man in the street.

He lives much in the open, does the Western Canadian. He has the virility of the healthy man. He says he is "a Britisher with all the latest improvements." Money comes to him easily, and he spends it easily. He is the last man on earth to be judged by his clothes. He doesn't pretend to have education, but he admires education, and he knows all about the local school-house. He is proud of the building, proud of the teachers, proud of the children.

He loves to build a big house. You never hear the phrase "Nicely designed house." But you do hear about $4,000 houses, and $10,000 and $50,000 houses. He doesn't understand comfort; he leaves that to his wife. The best, decided by its price, is good enough for him. His boys, he intends, shall rough it a bit, as he did. His girls, they go to Winnipeg and Toronto, and, if he can afford it, to Europe. If there is a town-hall to be built, he is ready with his money, for he is proud of his town. If there is a new church wanted, he would like it to be the biggest church in the Territory. He is enthusiastic. He talks about himself, his business,

his house, his family, his town, and he loves to talk about Canada and its future.

In many ways he is like his neighbour, the American. But he is more polite. The man of the Western States is often so eager that you shall make no mistake he is as good as you, that he becomes rude to prove it. You don't bump against rudeness in Canada. The Canadian is bland, courteous, has no shyness, knows he is as good as you, knows you are as good as he is, and talks frankly. There is no room for "side," and the green Englishman who attempts it soon gets uncomfortable.

Nearly everybody in a town has started from the lowest rung. Christian names are the greeting. I went a drive with the Mayor of a town. He stopped to speak to the solitary policeman, and was hailed with, "Hello, Billy!" Another day, whilst driving with an elderly gentleman, retired, I noticed everyone, even lads, gave him a nod and a bright "Hello, Charley!" It wasn't familiarity. It was the way of the country.

The Canadian has national but no individual prejudices. He dislikes America, but tells you that Americans who settle in the west are the best of farmers. He gives a shrug of the shoulders at foreigners, but admits they are the most plodding and worthy people on earth. Foreigners settle in particular stretches of country. This is a mistake, because the people keep their home speech and customs instead of becoming assimilated with the Canadians.

Marriage is a matter of fondness, and country

has got nothing to do with it. A Canadian marries a Galician, a Swede marries an American, an Englishman a German. The cry is for marriageable women.

"I live in a town of 400, and there is only one unmarried woman, and she's near forty years, and has just come out," said a young Englishman to me.

"When an Englishman comes here," observed a Canadian, "he should make sure of his girl first, and bring her out when he has a home ready. Of course, what is best is for the Englishman to marry the Canadian girl, but we haven't got enough to go round."

A few months does wonders. I visited a man. The waiting-maid was a smart, tidy girl. "Six months ago," said my host, "she arrived by an emigrant train. She's a Galician. She was wearing rough peasant clothing, top boots, and a red handkerchief over her head. My wife saw her standing at a street corner, and took a fancy to her. You'd hardly believe the transformation. Now she's dressed as well as my wife. Engaged? Oh, yes! You can't keep a girl in this country, because they all get married. Did you see yesterday's paper? Why, down at Winnipeg it is impossible to get carriages for funerals because they're all wanted for weddings!"

A jarring note is struck. A black smut comes on the fair picture of Canadian go-aheadness. I was talking to a farmer about railway rates and elevator charges. "We get on all right with the railways, but now and then there is a grip with the grain-

elevator companies." With a sigh, he told me this story.

An immigrant Scotch farmer prospered. He got into conflict with an elevator company. He fought it in the local courts, and lost. He spent much money fighting it in a higher court, and lost. He spent his all carrying the case to the Supreme Court, and there he lost. His spirit was broken; the elevator company had him in its grip as to charges; he was a ruined man. His mind gave way. He found the root of a tree; he cut and hacked it, stretched out its roots, got other roots and attached them. He had a big placard with the word "Octopus!" Long hours every day he sat looking at it and muttering: "That's the elevator company! that's the elevator company!"

There was a pause. "Ah, well, he's dead now," said my host.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TERRITORY OF SASKATCHEWAN: FAR FROM THE BEATEN TRACK.

IF you are racing across Canada in one of the comfortable trans-continental trains of the Canadian Pacific Railway you will stay some twenty minutes at Regina, in Assiniboia.

It is a splayed-out town that does not attract. It is uncouth and unfinished. The population, according to the census, is about two thousand, but there is not an inhabitant who won't insist it is really four thousand. It is the capital of the North-West Territories, and soon to be the capital of a new province. But if you want to pay your respects to the Lieutenant-Governor or visit the headquarters of the famous Mounted Police, or have a look at the Legislative Buildings of the North-West Government, you must drive a mile or two into the wilderness. You wonder why on earth these are not near the town. Thereby hangs a tale.

Regina in its youth, aglow with its importance as being the capital, was certain that in a few years it would have a population of a million. So it planned itself and mapped itself and staked out its boulevards for a city of a million inhabitants. The million, however, is laggard. Hence it is that the Legislative Buildings, instead of being in the centre of a busy town, are far on one side and upon the

plains. Regina does not quite understand. Yet its hopes, though dim, remain.

For several weeks each year the members of the Legislative Assembly, drawn from all corners of the Territories, meet in an unassuming chamber, not unlike a stable from the outside, and settle the laws for a roll of country in which England might be dropped and not easily found again. As I stayed a couple of nights in Regina I met many of the legislators. They were varied in type, from the cultured Englishman who had come west to ranch, to the bronze-cheeked, hardfisted farmer from the wilds, to whom the pay of £100 a year was worth consideration. We gathered in the dingy room of the grimy hotel—a place that was part smoking-room, part writing-room, part reading-room, part haunt of the "shoe-shiner"—and discussed when the Dominion Government would let the Territories become a province, and have the right to run into debt. Which it has since agreed to do.

From Regina a branch line curves northwards into Saskatchewan, past Saskatoon up to Prince Albert, on the bank of the Saskatchewan River. The distance is a little over two hundred miles. Yet the train, quarter passenger, three-quarters freight, takes fourteen hours to do the journey. The average speed is seventeen miles an hour.

We had long halts at wayside stations, where towns were struggling into life. There was one town called Chamberlain. It consisted of two rude cabins and a tent.

Every embryo town was a jumble of wooden huts.

There were no roads, but plenty of rutted mire. At one place we halted for twenty minutes to dine. In the darkness we halted at Saskatoon for half an hour to sup. Everything was primitive and homely. The men I sat next at table were rough but kindly mannered. It wasn't always the English language that was heard; there were plenty of men of un-English visage and un-English garb who spoke in strange tongues.

Nearly all this stretch of country was known as the desert till a land company from the States began to buy big chunks of it at a dollar or a dollar and a half an acre, boomed the region, and started to sell the land at five or six dollars an acre. Immigrants kept away from this part because immigrants had always kept away from it. As soon as it was boomed and the rush began, they tumbled over one another to get on the Prince Albert line.

The land is good—excellent. Indeed, the country, bordered on the south by the Canadian Pacific Railway line, flanked west and east by the Edmonton and Prince Albert lines, and crookedly guarded on the north by the Saskatchewan River, is among the best on the prairie. Soon the new trans-continental line, cutting right through it from Winnipeg, *viâ* Saskatoon, Battleford, and Edmonton, to the Pacific coast, will open up another vast wheat-growing area

Yet busy though the Dominion is in opening up new territory, the fretworking of the land with railways is not keeping pace with the immigration. The newcomers consequently suffer. Unless they are

blessed with some money—and most of those who have taken up the best positions within reach of the railway are—they must get into the back row, and that sometimes means thirty miles from a railway. Then there are the hardships, the fights with nature, the scarcity of food, the awful loneliness, men living the hermit life for months, becoming melancholy, introspective. Some die of hunger, others are to be found in the lunatic asylums. The cases are not many; they are never referred to by the paid "boomers"; but amid all the appreciation of Canada the sense of proportion should not be lost, and the sad and tragic side should not be ignored.

This was the tract to which came, three years ago, the "All-British Colony," under the guidance of the Rev. J. M. Barr. There were eighteen hundred persons with the glamour of prosperous farming in their eyes. I am not going to enter into the savage controversy which arose between the immigrants and Mr. Barr. Sufficient it is to say that they were brought out, according to them, under false pretences, that what little money they had was soon lost, and that lynching is now considered in the North-West a far too agreeable punishment for the Rev. Mr. Barr. I know nothing about Mr. Barr. But, to use mild language, it was unwise of him to launch into the wilderness a crowd of men and women who knew nothing about farming at home, and were, therefore, worse than useless in pioneer farming on the prairies. And the clerks, mechanics, and the rest, who at home didn't know a turnip field from a potato patch, for them to think that there

YOUNG DOUKHOBORS.

A DOUKHOBOR AFTER THREE
YEARS IN CANADA.

would be no hardships, but that somehow wheat would spring up alongside them as soon as they arrived, was to proclaim themselves fools.

Mr. Barr's colony was a failure. First the Immigration Bureau had to put three or four hundred people out as farm labourers so that they might learn something about farming. Then the immigration agents had to set about placing others on homesteads. I quote from the 1904 report of Mr. Obed Smith, the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg :—

"Disagreements arose between Mr. Barr and his settlers, which culminated in his leaving the colony, and the charge of the internal and personal affairs (such as stores and commercial enterprises) was taken over by the Rev. George E. Lloyd and a committee of twelve colonists, while the location of the people on their homesteads, and their subsequent assistance by way of instruction, etc., were undertaken by the Department. It was speedily discovered that a large number of people brought out by Mr. Barr were not agriculturists in any sense, and the presence of so many of these made the task of the Department's officers a most difficult one ; nor, indeed, can their duties be considered ended, as the inexperienced will require assistance in one way or another until a crop is reaped from the land."

The moral of the whole business is the folly of anybody not acquainted with farming or not willing to serve a hard apprenticeship as labourers for a year or two, rushing to Canada, or being persuaded by parsons or anyone else to form a colony. Disap-

pointment, heartache, privations are the inevitable result.

What I saw of the Doukhobors and heard from those who have intimate association with them belied the unfavourable stories which I was told in England, and which were given corroboration by what I heard in the Eastern provinces. They are of the poorest type of Russian peasantry. Their uncouth appearance, their shaggy skin coats, their lowering countenances, together with the idea that the men put the womenfolk to the plough and worked them like horses, produced a feeling of resentment among those of whiter skin who regarded themselves as more civilised.

The Doukhobors are deeply religious, but with a blind, mystic, superstitious religion which is impervious to reason. They live in daily expectation of the second advent of the Messiah. A frenzied faith that the advent is near will send them on a pilgrimage in the depth of winter seeking the Messiah. They cause much anxiety to the officials. Last year they set off on a pilgrimage, making practically no provision for feeding themselves, and turning their stock out upon the snow-swathed wilderness. Government officials, however, got the stock, sold the animals, and held the money in trust for the owners. In time the pilgrims were persuaded to return to their homes. At intervals they have renewed inclinations to search the world for the Messiah. I was at Saskatoon immediately following Lord Minto, the then Governor-General, who had arrived after a ten-days' horse ride from Edmonton by way

of Battleford. I was told how the poor Doukhobors, hearing of the coming of a great man, were with difficulty restrained from greeting Lord Minto as divine.

But though their fanaticism may bring a smile to the lips of those who are more worldly, their lives are full of self-sacrifice. Most of them left Russia some five years ago for the wilds of Canada. As a religious sect they had planned the exodus from their native country for a long time. They knew hardships would be awaiting them. They regarded it as criminal to take very small children with them. So, full were they of pious restraint, that no children were born into the community for several years. Indeed, when four or five thousand of them first reached Winnipeg, there was only one baby amongst them all.

Hundreds of homesteads have now been taken up. But the Doukhobors mostly live for their community. They share in common. They own their own steam threshing outfits, and have purchased saw mills to provide lumber for their own people. I do not think, however, that the "commune" will last. Already many of the Doukhobors are beginning to lose their Russian prejudices, and are adapting themselves to Canadian ways. They have the best agricultural machinery to be obtained, and I recall meeting a banker who told me it was amazing the amount of money they were saving. The more energetic and intelligent Doukhobors are giving some signs of wavering in loyalty to the "commune." They don't see why the best workers should share

and share alike with the worst. Still, the strong religious feeling which pervades the sect keeps up a sympathetic Socialism between all sections. The more adventurous borrow from the banks, and there have been no bad debts. I met a man who lent money to a Doukhobor. It was to be repaid by a certain date. At that time the weather was terrible. Yet the Doukhobor rode 150 miles to pay his debt. That is typical.

A few years back the coming of the Doukhobors to the Dominion was by no means welcomed. Now they have proved themselves good farmers, frugal, virtuous, honourable in all their dealings; and I never heard anything but praise about them from anyone entitled to express an opinion.

It is through this region the new trans-continental railway will run. Look at a map of Western Canada, find Port Simpson on the Pacific coast, which will probably be the starting point of the line, and draw a rough line to Winnipeg, being sure you pass through Edmonton, Battleford, and Saskatoon, and you will get an idea of the territory which, within a year or two, will be ripped by the plough, and help Canada tremendously to increase her yield of wheat. The very natural objection can be made that the track will be through a land where there are long and severe winters. That is true enough. But there is this—though the summer is short the summer days are long, and when wheat planted in virgin loam can be given seventeen hours of sunshine a day, with no cloudy, damp breaks, ninety days is the outside time required to raise a crop in the Territories.

THE FIRST TURNING OF THE PRAIRIE.

It is not the winter which I have any dread about, but the occasional summer frosts that touch the land. In August there sometimes comes a night frost. If the kernel of the wheat is hard, comparatively little injury is done; but if it is still milky, the wheat in an area as large as England may be ruined in a single night. It is an ungracious task to insist on seeing the dark side of the shield—a thing for which the Canadian, who is nothing if not optimistic, does not thank you. But to my mind the possibility of summer frosts must be a sort of nightmare in Canada's beautiful dream of being the greatest as well as the finest food-producing tract on the face of the earth.

The new line is an evidence that the resolve of the Canadian people not to allow any of the great railway systems in the United States to come into the Western Dominion, open up new areas, and trail the wheat south on its way to ice-free ports, is beginning to waver. There are plenty of great corporations in the States willing to pour money into Canada for railway development, just as millions of dollars are being invested in land booming. But as the land is there ready for anybody who cares to buy, and there can be no restriction on excessive booming except the burning of fingers, the Dominion Government cannot, even if it wanted to—and I have seen no desire—keep out American capital, though the result too often is that the value of a region is inflated, vast sums go to the American foreigner, and all that is left is a crowd of farmers who gave more for the land than it was worth.

Railways, however, cannot be constructed without the sanction of both the Dominion and the Provincial Governments. And Canada has for a long time stood in dread of what might happen if the ruthless, merciless finance of some of the American lines was allowed play in the Dominion wheat belts. It has given an emphatic "No!" to many wheedling invitations that come from over the borders that Canada should allow herself to become in ten years, with American money, what it will take her fifty years to become with her own. Canada knows well enough how the railways in the States work in combination with the wheat brokers, and how freight rates are often pushed up and up until the farmer, though he may have a good crop, is only just able to keep his head above ruin. Though the Canadian Pacific Railway has a tremendous monopoly in the Dominion, it is to be said to the credit of that company that there has been no disposition to squeeze the farmer. Indeed, freight rates fall rather than increase. This is a far-sighted policy, because the Canadian Pacific Railway has tremendous areas of wheat-yielding lands that it wants to sell, and the more settlers that take up homesteads in Government lands the more carrying business there will be for the Canadian Pacific Railway. So the company is in no mood even to frighten the bird that lays the golden eggs.

The new trans-continental line, to be constructed by the Grand Trunk Company—which is partly Canadian, partly United States, with much British money in it—through the Territories to Win-

nipeg, will be continued by Government construction through the northern stretch of Ontario, cut the hinterland of Quebec to Quebec City, and on to Moncton in New Brunswick, thus providing, as the Dominion stands surety, that the whole Dominion shall share in the benefit.

I think the Grand Trunk gets the best of the rather involved contract between the Government and the company. I am anything but sure of the commercial possibilities of Northern Ontario and the backlands of Quebec, where the line will be built by the Government. But there is no doubt that the line to be constructed by the Grand Trunk—with the Government guaranteeing three-fourths of the bond issue, and paying a cash subsidy of £2,000,000 towards the cost of the mountain section in the far west—taps a region with gigantic possibilities in cereal growing.

In a phrase, however, and apart from details open to criticism, the Grand Trunk Pacific will bring a chunk of a continent into service to produce food for mankind.

One of these days I hope to see constructed a line from Prince Albert in Saskatchewan up to Fort Churchill on the Hudson Bay. During my stay in Prince Albert I made careful inquiries into the advantages of such a line as an outlet for the wheat grown, and to be grown, in the Territories. At present all wheat goes through Winnipeg, and so great is the strain in the hauling season, getting the wheat down to Fort William and Port Arthur, where the aid of the ships on Lake Superior is obtained,

that the Canadian Pacific Railway is now busy constructing a double instead of a single track over the intervening 426 miles. The Grand Trunk Pacific will also run into Winnipeg, so that with the newly aroused land sending its additional millions of bushels to the east, there must be congestion. Besides, the cost of freight, rail first, then boat, then rail again to the coast, and then ocean-going steamers, materially adds to the cost in the old country. Now there is no reason why Fort Churchill and the Hudson Bay route should not be utilised by one or other of the big companies, the Canadian Pacific Railway or the Grand Trunk Pacific or the Canadian Northern, or some new company. The Hudson Bay is free from ice for full four months of the year, and it is navigable by ocean-going steamers. To send the mass of wheat to Fort Churchill would be a great saving in freight cost; the wheat could be stored in mammoth elevators, just as it now is at Fort William and Port Arthur, and in the open season cargo boats could ply direct between Fort Churchill and Liverpool.

Though railway magnates in Canada interested in existing lines naturally pooh-poohed the Churchill route when I put it before them, I am convinced that there is no difficulty in laying a line through Saskatchewan and Keewatin to the Hudson Bay. It is unsafe to prophesy. But of this I am confident, that with the further development of the North-West, and the continued building of branch lines to get at the wheat, and the indisposition of Canada to go to the great expense of building new

lines through Northern Ontario and Quebec, which are not wheat areas, it will be found, and before many years, that the cheapest and best way to export to Europe will be from some harbour in the Hudson Bay.

The train that takes you into Saskatchewan reaches Prince Albert at near midnight, and on the ill-lit platform people are dozing on their bundles of baggage ready to go south. The train begins the return journey at two in the morning. It is the only service this far-off town has; and in winter, when the snows pile, the train may be snowed up, and no communication obtained with the world for a week or ten days at a time.

The town is long and straggling, and you slither in the muddy darkness to a dirty hotel, and engage a dirty bedroom—though two new hotels are, I trust, now in existence—and then your friends take you to an eating-house where men have been invited to meet you, and you sit down at one in the morning to a complimentary supper of wild duck and a couple of hours' talk.

Not many visitors from home get as far north as Prince Albert. But when they do, Prince Albert blossoms into goodwill. I speak personally. I was a stranger except in name; but the mayor, the local judge, and other town officials gave me plenty of driving; offers of hospitality were many, and a fortnight's shooting expedition was offered. I just mention these things as evidence of the cordial, spontaneous welcome given to you in a place which, from a look at a map, you might think to be a

wilderness. Also I visited the mission for the Indians, where a kindly, but, I am afraid, not very satisfactory work is being carried on to bring the children of the prairie within the fold of civilisation.

The Saskatchewan River is broad and muddy and high banked, and at odd intervals a stern-wheeler comes slapping her way down from Battleford. All round is a wooded land, and many were the jolting miles we drove through the forest trails, and the forest a blaze of yellow from the first breathing of winter. The Hudson Bay Company have a big store; other big stores are on the river front; there is a very excellent little hospital on the hill; at one place on the river bank is a busy sawmill; there are several churches.

Though so far from what is called the centre of civilisation, Prince Albert—a little town of a couple of thousand inhabitants, away at the back of beyond—has none of the "wild and woolly West" about it. Everybody knows everybody else; there are no social distinctions; the home life is comfortable and pleasant as in England; there is an interest in the affairs of the outer world you would hardly expect. Prince Albert is another of a thousand instances in Canada showing how transplanted Britons, though adaptive to their new circumstances, hold tight to all that is best and happy in "the old country."

ROUND-UP ON ELBOW RIVER, CALGARY

CHAPTER XIV.

THE "BOOM" LANDS: IN THE TERRITORY OF ALBERTA.

THE old-world wanderer, dropping into the hustling stride of the new world, and moving with hop, skip, and jump from towns of yesterday to cities of last week, finds himself smiling. The towns of the Canadian plains have the rawness and the enthusiasm of youth. One of their delights is to measure themselves alongside other towns, and exclaim: "I'm bigger'n you!"

The visitor is allowed and invited to praise Canada all over Canada. But if he praises one town while in another he soon feels the chilliness that comes to a man who tells a woman that her rival is the most charming woman he has ever met.

Every Canadian is standing on the bedrock of his belief in conviction that Canada is, *sans question*, the finest country that adorns the earth; he knows, *sans question*, that the province or the territory in which he lives is the unmatched and most favoured stretch in the land; and, *sans question*, he is positive his own town, which he prefers to call a city, is just the finest, most enterprising, go-ahead place in the whole province.

If a neighbouring city has a thousand more population, that is accounted for by exaggeration, and not by the birth-rate. The lower population of the town

in which you are is all due to slipshod enumerators of the census, who didn't count half the people.

There are not half a dozen wooden shacks on the prairie, called a "town," where the inhabitants do not believe that in a very few years that town will be one of the most famous and prosperous cities in the entire Dominion.

This love of the spot in which the Canadian happens to be is magnificent. He is dead-sure of success. And that carries him half-way towards his goal.

The Canadian of the West loves comparisons and poetic definitions. Winnipeg is "the Chicago of Canada," Calgary is "the Kansas City of the Territories," British Columbia is "the Banner Province," Victoria is "an outpost of empire," and Vancouver is the "Sunset Doorway of the Dominion." And if the traveller may venture a comparison, it is that Canada and Siberia are sister lands. There are the same boundless prairie, the same agricultural possibilities, the same long winter, gasp of spring, ardent summer, and then autumn, with the crisp bracing air and the forest foliage fired with gorgeous tints. A vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who has journeyed on the Trans-Siberian line, said to me: "There are places in Canada where I could sit down and say, 'This is Siberia.'"

But the comparison fades when you come to actualities. Siberia is the sluggard, not taking advantage of its capabilities, whilst Canada is the young man, eager, determined, confident, putting forth strength.

And if you would see Canada in the crackle of the bud, showing its forces, thumping the drum, shouting Hi! Hi! to the world, puffing and blowing, go 800 miles west of Winnipeg. You will have traversed the great prairies, level as a lawn, and have done with them, and you will see the jagged spurs and snowy peaks of the Rockies, and will not have reached them.

You will be at Calgary, the chief town in Alberta —"fair Alberta," the "boom" region of Canada.

Canada generally, however, is not "on the boom." The rush of emigrants, the inflow of capital, the rip of the plough, the song of the reaper, the whirl of the thresher, are not the result of "boom," of boisterous and blatant advertising, but proof that, though late, Canada has come into her heritage, and is making the most of her time.

In Alberta, certainly Northern Alberta, the wanderer finds himself in the midst of a "boom." It roars in his ears like the race of machinery in a factory. Maps, pamphlets, diagrams, reports, books, photographs swish about him like a tornado. They are handed him on the railroad car; they are by his porridge bowl at breakfast in the morning. You go into a drug store to buy a cigar, and the eye is fascinated by a brochure on the advantages of Alberta. Being an ordinary humdrum individual with varied interests—having, previous to coming West, a knowledge there was such a place in Canada as Alberta, but little more—you read and learn, and are amazed at your own stupendous ignorance. You lift up a pamphlet humming with praise of Alberta. "No

stern, rugged, and awful mountains"—that's a hit at the Rockies!—and "no long, dead monotony of flat treeless prairie"—there's a slap at the boasted wheat belt! No! "Level and rolling prairie, hill and dell, clad in grass and flowers, dotted with groves, delight the eye. Lakes, lakelets, and ponds reflect the bright blue skies, and the deep and magnificent valleys lend boldness to a landscape of otherwise ideally pastoral prettiness." That is Alberta!

The railway line runs for 200 miles north of Calgary to Edmonton, which is your station for the North Pole. Every ten or twelve miles a town is springing up like a mushroom. Spots that were nosed by the moose a few years ago are now lively towns, and where, two years back, the red-deer skipped and the coyote slunk is now the noise of business.

The chief product of many of these places is the pamphlet about their own virtues. You read a pamphlet on Calgary, and conclude you will pull up stakes in the old country and start ranching. You read something else, and conclude that the place for real happiness is Red Deer. Ponoka, however, you conclude, after further reading, is the town where a man, with the ability and enterprise you know you possess, should strike camp. Here, however, is Wetaskiwin, which, in the tongue of the Cree Indians, means the "Hills of Peace"—just the place for the worried Londoner. Here is Strathcona. You will take to felling trees, floating lumber down the Saskatchewan, and become a millionaire. No, you won't; Edmonton is the place for you. You

CORRAL HORSES NEAR CALGARY.

will become a fur merchant, and have trappers working for you up to the Arctic circle.

Being an inquisitive fellow, you poke about, and your investigations reveal that behind the brilliantly written pamphlet is usually a United States land company that has bought land at a small price, and is willing to sell at a big price.

Alberta may, and does, possess many of the attributes claimed for it. It is one of the finest tracts of territory in Canada.

But yelling that every goose is a swan, in the rampant, American, high-falutin' patent-medicine-vendor style, and booming town lots into fancy figures, though an excellent thing for the land companies, is not quite so good for the solid welfare of Alberta. It is a worthy region, but a little prick will burst the inflations, the slump will be great, and Alberta will get a set-back. Alberta is "booming" too much.

"Great country, Alberta," said a twinkle-eyed, large-mouthed man from Minneapolis with whom I got talking at the hotel table at Calgary. "Have just been up to Edmonton, with stop-over at one or two places. Had a real good trip, and not cost me much either. Just drop off at a place, and let it be known at hotel I'm much interested in Alberta, and am looking round to see where I can invest $100,000; believe Alberta got great future, and might invest there! Shucks, siree, before I can stretch out my hand for my hat down come some of those real estate agents, letting loose a lot of hot air about the best plots on God's earth going for

$15 an acre, and which will be worth $75 next year. They're good chaps, those real estate agents. They give you a good cigar, and trot out a spanking team, and give you a twenty-mile drive round to see what a country it is. Oh, I had the time of my life. Asked them prices about this and that lot, and got them to write me particulars. Then I went on to next place. I've seen a bit of country. Oh, ho!—no, siree! I ain't no land speculator. I'm in the dry goods line, and am having a bit of a holiday. What? I guess I think it's all right. If those fools of real estate men find pleasure in driving me round, I ain't going to prevent them; guess not!"

In Calgary you are in the ranching country. That is why it calls itself the "Kansas of Canada," and why the facetious dub it the "sirloin of Canada."

And in Calgary you strike a new stratum of Canadian, distinct, unique. You remember the solid, stolid farmers of three, five, eight hundred miles back, and you mark the difference. Here are a longer-limbed, better set of men. While there is a wag of the shoulders and a tilt of a slouch hat, which hints the devil-may-care, in the arch of the eyebrow, the thinness of the nostrils, the straightness of the lips, and the firmness of the chin, you mark breed — though the average wayfarer sights breed in a horse quicker than in a man. They sit their horses well, long-tailed, spirited brutes, with clean action. The saddles and the stirrups are quasi-Spanish, quasi-English. A lasso hangs handy.

These men are hardly of the traditional broncho-

breaking, cow-punching sort. They are Englishmen of the county class, younger sons who have taken to horse-rearing and cow-breeding on the foothills of the Rockies. You cannot start ranching with nothing but faith and muscle, as you can wheat-growing. A nag and an old cow is nothing of a beginning. Ranching means money. Accordingly, the rancher is a different class from the farmer. The man who has been out half a dozen or ten years has adapted himself to the country. He has lost his English mannerisms. You don't notice this till you see him with a brother or a cousin or a friend who has just arrived from the old country. It is then you understand why the Canadian has a smile for the "young bloods" of England. You see plenty of them in Calgary, in clothes of English cut, trousers turned up—an unfailing cause of comic comment to the Canadian—close-fitting riding breeches, check waistcoat with brass buttons, Oxford stock, travelling cap. Those will get worn out in time. The flaccidity will go from the cheek, and the skin get bronzed and thin. Riding will be in trousers, and the hat will be large, pancake-brimmed, with soft felt crown, dinted in four places, and with a strap band. The Englishism of speech will go; there will be straighter talk and less affectation.

Still, Calgary is English—the truest, most sterling lover of the old land between Toronto and Victoria. And, slouching the streets or perched on high saddles as they jog along, are the natives, Blackfeet Indians and Sargee Indians, high-cheeked,

jet-haired men, wearing cast-off European clothes with the addition of bits of gaudiness—weedy, slithering descendants of fighting ancestors. The Government reserves stretches of land for them. Their wigwams dot the plain.

When the dread Canadian winter is spoken of, Calgary—all the towns which make a line from Macleod in the south to Edmonton in the north, nearly all Alberta indeed—must be excepted. The Territory is sheltered by the Rocky range, and is fanned by a warm breeze, called the "Chinook," because it blows from the region of the Chinook Indians on a branch of the lower Columbia River. Alberta has not that razor cold which strikes Manitoba. Snow falls, but not much—not enough to provide sleighing—and it rarely lies more than three days. So there is often ploughing in January. The stock, horses and cows, can remain on the foothills the winter through.

The rancher, however, is being pushed into the hills as the farmer comes. Many of the ranchers are squatters; they have settled on land where there was no one before them. The cattle ran loose. Here the man who grows corn must fence it in, whilst east, in Manitoba, it is the cattle which must be fenced in. The rush to Canada is by wheat growers, and much land, hitherto free to the rancher, is homesteaded or sold to the farmer. The squatter has the option of buying the land on which his cattle graze. As a rule, he moves backwards, gives place to the wheat grower, and drives his horses and cows to another pitch nearer the Rockies.

Calgary will lessen rather than grow as a ranching town. Calgary knows that. But it is not going to sit down and lament the "good old days." If ranching in the neighbourhood goes down, something else has to come up. Calgary is priding itself on being a great distributing centre. It is at four-cross roads in the matter of railroads. It hopes to catch the wheat of the Edmonton road, and mill it before shipment to European markets. Hog raising is found profitable, and Calgary dreams of the day it will be a huge pork packing centre. Thousands of sheep are on the foothills. Why shouldn't Calgary manufacture woollen goods? It is a good land for beet. What is there to be said against a sugar factory? At places is a scarcity of water, and consequent occasional drought. Why not huge schemes of irrigation? There is one ditch, thirty-five miles long, bringing water to 45,000 acres, and the charge for irrigation is four shillings an acre. The Canadian Pacific Railway, in return for the ownership of alternate sections through a droughty area, is tapping the Bow River, making a main canal twenty miles long, with eighty-five miles of distributing canals, at a cost of a million sterling. Calgary has its eye on the future, and has a "move on."

The 200 miles from Calgary to Edmonton is the "boom" region. You travel over slopes, roll across a prairie, and then through tangled forest land. The prairie chickens clutter away, and the ducks trail affrightedly across the sluggish tarns. Belts of prairie are guarded with timber. There are herds of cattle, and you get a glimpse of the cowboys

rounding them up. Where there is vegetation it is tangled, and the nip of early frost splashes the trees with ruddy hue. On the prairie the grass is long, and the scorching sun makes wild hay. When the plough has come and turned the soil you see fine black vegetable mould. Where there is farming it is chiefly in oats, which need a moist rich soil. The ordinary yield is sixty bushels to the acre.

Three years ago there was plenty of free land near the railway. Not now. There has been such a rush to the district, mainly of United States farmers, and the boom has been so well engineered, that no free land is to be got within profitable corn-growing distance of the line.

Get off the cars at Red Deer. You see a wooden town, sprawling, straggling, and yet with fresh buildings of stone pushing aside the wooden, and tightening up the sinews as it were. Business is lively. Twenty years ago one family lived here. There were only eight white people within forty miles, and the wife of the first settler at Red Deer was the only white woman within 100 miles. That first comer settled his family in a tent till he built a house. As his sons grew up they secured free homesteads and prospered, until they owned 1,100 acres, only 300 of which were purchased.

To-day Red Deer is a go-ahead town. It is the centre of a mixed farming district. Said Mr. Leo Gaetz, the "father" of Red Deer, the pioneer, and the first Mayor: "It does not take any great skill to raise cattle which, at twenty-eight to thirty months old, will dress without an ounce of grain 650 to 700

A QUARTET OF COWBOYS.

pounds of beef, or, if three years old, will dress 800 to 850 pounds. In farming, even a novice like myself can, in average years, grow crops of grain—oats from 50 to 75 bushels to the acre, and weighing from 40 to 50 pounds to the bushel; wheat from 35 to 40 bushels to the acre, and weighing from 62 to 64 pounds per bushel; black barley, 35 to 40 bushels to the acre, weighing from 60 to 68 pounds to the bushel. We have grown 400 bushels of potatoes, and 700 bushels of turnips to the acre. I have known yields of 83 bushels to the acre of welcome oats, and I have seen 90 bushels per acre grown at Red Deer."

But if the English immigrant thinks of settling in the Red Deer district he cannot get free land within thirty miles of the town.

Go further north and you reach Ponoka. Three years ago there were two stores, a so-called hotel, a log school-house, and a small log church. To-day there are six great stores, a couple of hotels, several boarding houses, an excellent school-house, and two big churches. The "boom" is in evidence. All the homesteaders have gone sixty miles east of Ponoka, and thirty miles west. The district is good for dairying. A creamery is being built, and some 80,000 pounds of butter are being sent east this year. A couple of miles away is an Indian reserve. The Indians bring furs to Ponoka and barter.

Humped grain-elevators, crouching on the horizon, proclaim Wetaskiwin. The American, however, is not so evident. There are more people from the old country. Also there are Stony and Cree

Indians. They hang about the town in half-European, half-barbaric garb, and podgy squaws have their chocolate-faced papooses slung behind them. The Indians bring in many furs, but chiefly musk rat. In the town is a Government creamery for the convenience of farmers. And though Wetaskiwin is apparently on the edge of nowhere, the people are enthusiastic about the life. If you want shooting you can go out and slay bear, and if you want fishing there are teeming lakes. There is a racecourse, and there is a theatre.

North again to the banks of the broad and whirling Saskatchewan River. Here is Strathcona, named after the "grand old man" of Canada. A few years since just four log cabins, now a town of 4,000 people. The place is lit with electric light. There are six grain elevators, with a capacity of 250,000 bushels; there are flour mills, saw mills, brickyards, tanneries; there is dairying; there is the shipping of live and dressed cattle, sheep, and hogs—all proof of a pushful western town.

Across the river is Edmonton, far north indeed. As towns count in Canada, it is an old town, in existence long before the coming of the railway. It is the jumping-off place for the great north hunting country, the Mackenzie basin, even to the Arctic circle. Men trail to the wilds, leaving the world behind. Once a year, and if lucky, twice a year, letters and newspapers may reach them. Often they are away for five, ten, fifteen years seeking skins for the Hudson Bay Company. They are spare men, shaggy, with little to say, and often with the look

Photo: Mathers, Edmonton.

EDMONTON.

of frightened children in their eyes—as though they had gazed into the terrors of the unknown. They are men accustomed to the mighty solitudes of the north, the winters with no day, and the summers with no night. The fashionable society dame, reclining in her carriage on her way to the theatre, cosily wrapped in rich furs, has no time to think of these gaunt men, who for scant dollars live in the chill, and in winter stalk the wild and frozen lands searching for skins. Each early spring the dog teams trot into Edmonton with fur-laden sleighs. The men rest awhile, buy flour and salt, and then start back, a journey of fifteen hundred miles to the north, taking the news of the world to the mates they have left behind.

There are six thousand people in Edmonton; they have electric cars along their main streets, and their houses are lit with electricity. There are huge elevators.

It isn't much of a place if you compare it with English towns. But it is a monument of Saxon enterprise, sturdiness, daring, proof of the stuff there is in the race. You look behind the town and realise you may travel northwards to grim death and never meet a man. In the summer evening you see the glow of the Northern Lights as though, somewhere in the unknown, furnaces were casting shafts of flame. The world is majestically silent.

Then you walk back to the town, thinking and thinking, and the reverie is broken by loud laughter from a saloon and the raucous singing of a music-hall ditty.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES: DOWN KICKING HORSE PASS ON A COW-CATCHER.

THE prairie is like a calm at sea, the ends of the earth a great circle within the compass of the eye, the heavens an inverted cup. The rolling foothills are the first heavy, strenuous breathings of a storm. Then comes the hurricane of earth—white-toothed, frantic, the tumult of passion, high-flung pinnacles of rock and billows of snow. A weariness follows as though the storm would cease. But you reach port ere the calm settles.

Such was the simile which came as I crossed the Rocky Mountains from Calgary to Vancouver.

Now my heart was envious of the Canadians who crowded on the tail platform of the train, who huddled in the observation car, craned their necks, shouted adjectives, and were busy all the time with their kodaks, pushing the click, pressing the bulb, twirling the spool. I envied them their delight. Few before had ever seen mountains. The black shelves of crag, sheer and stupendous, awed them. The dancing cascades and the soft greens of the rivers entranced them. The sun, glistening on the hills, hooded with snow, filled them with rapture. I found as much pleasure watching the wholesome, bright-eyed joy of my fellow-passengers as in gazing

MOUNT SIR DONALD.

upon the panorama, while the black engine giants of the Canadian Pacific Railway grunted and snorted through the gulched defiles, and screeched and bellowed, and threw defiant roars to the hills.

"I guess that is finer than anything in Switzerland," observed a casual acquaintance, pointing to the universe with his thumb.

I agreed it was very fine and stupendous, but—I got a withering glance. I was evidently one of those darned tourists from the old country who won't admit the truth when it is smacking him in the face!

"That's magnificent, sir," said another man while we looked beyond the firs, and the ribbed rocks, to where snow powdered the head of Sir Donald.

"Yes, sir; it is magnificent," I agreed.

"To stand here and look at that mountain is one of the grandest sights on earth, I guess."

"Yes," I added; "one of the grandest."

"Travelled some, sir?" he asked.

"Oh, yes; I've knocked about a bit," I replied.

"Well, I guess, sir, that never in all your born days have you seen any mountains that hold a candle to these Rockies. Now, have you?"

I stammered I was impressed with the stern grandeur of the Rockies, but that—well—er, if one were asked to compare them—er—but—er——

"Oh, shucks!" was his comment of disgust, imagining I wanted to be depreciatory, "I'm telling you, sir, there cannot be anything finer."

That is why I envied these generous-hearted,

appreciative Canadians. They were not afflicted with the curse of comparison. I half wished I didn't know the Alps, that I had never crossed the Urals, that the picture of the Caucasus range could be wiped from memory, that I had never gazed upon the Himalayas. Then I could have exclaimed, for I would have believed: "There is no finer scenery in the world than the Canadian Rockies."

But as there were strong men before Agamemnon, so there are magnificent mountains besides the Rockies.

Really, however, the Rockies are not to be compared with anything. They are individual, apart, strenuous, with the teeth of ferocity in them. They are not beautiful, nor sublime—not any of the other easy adjectives that slip from the lips. They are gaunt, foreboding, things of drear strength. When the black engine blurts through the Gap, and opens her throat with a shout which beats against the grey and tumbled rocks, breaks through the 1,000,000 bare poles of burnt firs, and surges cavernously up the canyon, it is like the voice of the dragon in Wagner. The hills are like the ruins of a dead world; they rise in groined and slatey terraces. The stark trees are the totems of death. Close by are the gurgling, chalky green waters of the Bow River, glacier fed. The undergrowth of the land is matted, wiry, tangled, with the paints of autumn splashed recklessly, a long creeper blood-red, a maple patch of claret, a tree which sun and early frost have bleached to yellow.

The twin rails follow the bends of the river, as

THE C.P.R. HOTEL AT BANFF.

though fearing to try a lonely way. There are sad and weedy stations. Red Indians are about, swarthy, sitting on their horses, and wearing red blanket trousers, dirty English shooting jackets, Yankee slouch hats, and with a knot of raven hair lapsing upon the shoulder—not so picturesque, and feathered, and painted, and whooping as the Englishman sees in Buffalo Bill shows, but quiet men, smoking cheap briars, and doing some farming.

Buffalo! There are no buffalo now on the prairies. The thunder of a herd's hoofs is not heard on the baked soil. But here is verdant forest land, a clearing with good wire fence, and within a bunch of these lords of the prairie, tawny and woolly-shouldered, are chewing their cud. They are in a grassy museum maintained for the delight of the tourists, who "snap shot" the tame bulls as though they were theatrical beauties.

Into the hills, rising till the sky is Italian blue and the air is thin, stimulating, making you drink it with deep breaths of satisfaction—like quaffing dry champagne—and so to Banff. There are the shouts of hotel porters, the banging of baggage, the clatter of omnibuses.

You go to the biggest hotel, a château perched on a shoulder of rock among the pines. It is one of the fine hotels with which the Canadian Pacific Railway punctuate the line from sea to sea. I have a large here-to-day-gone-to-morrow acquaintance with hotels, but this is the best mountain hotel in the world. You pay twenty-five shillings a day. For this you get a luxuriously furnished room, a private

bath, and fare much the same as on an Atlantic liner.

If you are zealous you climb; if you are limitedly zealous you get astride a pony, and let it carry you—women ride cross-saddle the same as men—and if you are lazy you sit in the sun and look up the valley of the Bow, a filmy, restful view set in a broken frame of rock.

The air nips icily in the morning. It fans chill in the evening. You gather in the great pine-framed hall, with heads and horns of buffalo, moose, and deer hung round, and you sit before the huge log fire, fed by half a tree at a time, and yielding a comfortable resinous odour. You listen to the band.

Also you listen to a symposium of gush. Most of the visitors are from "over the line," the United States. They tell one another of their climbing experiences up well-marked tracks. The Journal of the Alpine Club is a compendium of modesty in contrast. There is a lady who has been to Yew-rope, and unwisely she begins to talk about Chamonix and Zermatt. She is not believed. You saunter into the writing-room, and find half a dozen folk busily engaged with their letters. Each has a florid guide book at the left elbow, and to all appearance the descriptions are copied out without inverted commas.

At ten o'clock the orchestra plays "God Save the King." All Britons stand. A bunch of new arrivals from the States look wonderingly, but remain seated.

"Wall," said one lady to another while waiting

for the lift, "I think it was jest sweet of them Britishers. I've come into a foreign country, longways from home, and they played the American tune, 'My country 'tis of thee,' and all the Britishers stood. I cud hev jest cried with happiness!" Some of us "jest smiled."

The day you journey from Banff to Revelstoke, over the Rockies and over the Selkirks, you go through near two hundred miles of heroic hills, with towering awesome crags above, and abysms, frothy with torrents, far below—to my mind the most enthralling, long-stretched panorama to be seen in the world from the comfort of a railway observation car.

The mountains are ochreish, with crude and crumbled terraces, ribbed with the fury of cascades, their sides stalked with spruce. Free fancy pictures mighty and dismantled castles, the battlements and the bastions.

Here are the walls of the war gods. The world is rent, spurred, chasmed, seared with volcanic shudders.

"Ain't it lovely?" sighs an ecstatic young lady.

"Yes, it is quite Titanic," agrees a young man appropriating a word from the guide book.

"Shucks!" observes a man with a twang in his talk and a miniature stars and stripes in his buttonhole, "you should see the mountains in Colorado. These are not in it by a long song." And to prove that he doesn't think much of the Canadian Rockies he produces a bundle of old newspapers, and reads them sedulously for three hours.

The engine climbs slowly with grunts and creaks.

There is a rustic arch, quaintly unrustic in that land of spruce, proclaiming "The Great Divide." You are 5,296 feet above sea level. Notice the brook, a mere trill that sparkles under the arch. It hits some pebbles. It becomes a couple of baby rivulets; one goes east, the other west; one is away on a journey thousands of miles to the Atlantic Ocean, the other drops eagerly on a rush of hundreds of miles to the Pacific. And a handful of pebbles divides them.

Cathedral Mountain heaves with snow-powdered brow; a glacier topples, and looks as if it will instantly sweep the train from the shelf of rock we are hugging; there is swaying as we crawl over a trestle bridge, and through the spume and champ of wrathful waters, get a gasping first vision of Kicking Horse Pass—a grey fledged rip in the rocks, with brown-bodied spruce growing from precarious points, above the ochred mountains; below the swirl of tumbling, foaming, thunderous torrent.

Thus to Field, a little place with a big hotel, where Switzers, sturdy and bearded, are ready to earn dollars by lending you ropes and ice-axes, and showing the way to the summit of Mount Stephen, a bulky monarch, with a leonine, crouching stupendousness.

A bigger, heavier engine was put on at Field. Work was ahead that needed strength. It was three times the size of an English engine, but not pretty, with no grass green paint and geometric lines, and company's arms in heraldic colours, and the date of its birth in polished brass. There were no fal-lals. It was just a black monster that stood breathing with

THE AUTHOR
ON A COW-CATCHER.

long steamy gusts. In front was a steel fender with heavy nose, so that if a cow were struck in the night it would be hurled to one side—with considerable damage to the coo.

I was going to ride on that cow-catcher.

Down the Kicking Horse Pass is the most exhilarating of railroad jaunts. There is a thrill in it when taken in the glass-domed, tourist-crowded observation car. There is rather more thrill when you sit on the ledge before the engine with your legs dangling where one of the buffers would be on an English engine. While the pace freezes the front of you, the heat from the boiler half broils the back of you.

Special permission was given me for this experience. However, there were a couple of preliminary formalities. I signed a paper absolving the Canadian Pacific Railway of all responsibility if I were injured, and I appointed the station agent—whom I had never seen till a minute before—my attorney in case I were killed. The driver (called the engineer) looked at me with disapproval. "You're taking big risks," said he; "I've been driving now for twenty years, and you're the first man who has ever ridden on the front of my engine."

There was no cushion, and the iron plate was hard and grimy. I dangled my legs over the fender. The engine bell gave a few knelling clangs. For a moment I was in a smother of steam. The iron brute gave a quiver, glided slowly, lurched over a crossing, and, getting into her stride, as it were, let herself go.

She roared along. On the curves she ran steady, but on a piece of straight, down hill, she rocked as though jauntily intent on shaking the life out of me. She yelled and bellowed in the canyons till my ears ached. I signalled to the driver, and he sent his fireman crawling along the engine side with some clean "waste." With my ears stopped to dull the clamour I was happy.

It was splendid. I had a front seat. There was no dust. It was like motoring at thirty miles an hour, with none of the anxiety of steering. I forgot all about the coaches behind and the tourists.

We dived and we curved; we snorted uphill and rattled, steam off, down hill, taking it gently when the work was hard, letting her rip, "free-wheeling," when there was a dip. I say we, because the engine acted like a human being. We were tuned. The engine enjoyed it, I am certain, quite as much as I did. As a rider feels the horse under him, steadying to his pace, taking the rises stubbornly, showing his mettle on the flat, bracing himself at the fence, so that black brute called a railway engine was responsive, the pace strong, and the panting slow and long, a shake as the top of the rise was reached, a rip-rap-bang-away-she-goes as the grade swiftly sloped. We dropped from 4,050 feet to 2,550 feet above sea level, 1,500 feet in thirty-four miles.

The run is to the valley of the Columbia River, first between the pinnacled Otter Tail and buttressed Van Horne ranges, then into the canyon of the Kicking Horse.

It is a rocky slit in the side of the world. The

KICKING HORSE PASS.

sides are grey, gloomy, gruesome, making a maw of terror. It seems nigh as far down to the churned water as up to the snow-dusted, cloud-swathed spurs. In places the way is cut out of the face of the rock. Reeling, screeching at the curves, with mocking echoes thrown back, whirling into a danksome tunnel, and yelling all the way, plunging like a runaway—why, the man on the cow-catcher has to grip tight, hold his lips tight, as with swoop the descent is made. It is " shooting the chute " for an hour without a break. That is fine. That is living. It is worth travelling to Western Canada for that hour.

And the engineering marvel of it all! A highway of the world! Twenty years ago it was a closed land. But men went out searching for a way through this wall. They sought, and were baffled, sought again and again, and the way was found. An exploration party was in the mountains. An angry pack-horse let out with its hoofs and broke three ribs of the leader. The man seemed dead. The Indians dug a grave in a grave-like canyon. But as the body was carried along the man regained consciousness. Later, curiosity led him to view his intended grave. It was in a defile, so close at places that a stone could be thrown across. He explored it. It was the route decided on, and Kicking Horse Pass was the name given.

Like going through a door the Pass is left, and the train takes its ease down a broad, luscious valley, making close companionship with the Columbia River. It is pleasant in the warmth of the late

September afternoon to sit on the cow-catcher and smoke a pipe and look to the distant Selkirks, like a fence of purple-grey jagged board reared against the horizon. Behind it the sun is falling in a haze of pink. The world takes a rest.

Soon we are in the mountains again, breasting the stern Selkirks. Gushes of mountain stream lave the high-perched, thin-legged trestles over which the cars rumble. Cascades leap with resentful hiss. A gully, three hundred feet deep, is spanned.

So in the dim of the day, with the hills shattering the light, we climb between shoulders. Now to Glacier—which the Canadians persist in calling Glazier—with the kneaded checked river of ice lumped before you.

In the darkness you sweep through mountains. In dead night you waken in your cupboard bed, raise the blind of the car window, and see black shadows sweep by. Maybe, with dressing gown wrapped round, you pass up the alley of curtains where the snorers are trumpeting their rest, give a nod to the coloured gentleman who is in the smoking-car polishing your boots, and stand on the platform of the rear car. There is the click-clack-rat, click-clack-rat of the wheels over the metals, and behind is a world of awed silence.

In the morning the hills have lost their terror. They are lower and wooded. Sweeps of lake are edged. Log houses are seen. The canyon of the Thompson River is followed—another rock-girt crevice. Down rushes the Fraser River, gulps the Thompson, and with fierce determination eats a way

VANCOUVER.

through the hills. The rocks close in, making Hell Gate, but the Fraser, grim and white, goes through, swearing horribly.

The river widens into a noble, slow-moving stream. Ramshackle towns, rude, shapeless, littered with old cans, mark the way. There are Japs working on the line. Moody-visaged Indians squat and muse—possibly on the coming of the pale-face. Loose-limbed British Columbians drive their teams through clouds of dust, or sit in front of the hotels—every sleeping-cabin is called an hotel — smoking green cigars. On the wind-swept wastes is a fenced-in piece of grassless soil. There are no stones, no flowers, only a few decrepit, unpainted wooden crosses, some fallen down. It is the resting-place of the dead.

Lumber mills, steamers, the smell of the sea. We are on the Pacific coast, and yonder is the smoke of Vancouver.

CHAPTER XVI.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: AN OUTPOST OF EMPIRE.

TWENTY years is the limit of history in the Canadian west. When you get behind that period you have reached the prehistoric. For a man from the "old country," where most villages can claim a heritage of 100 years, to drop into a new town with big stores and hotels and newspaper offices now settled where, twelve short months ago, was rolling prairie, is a new mental experience.

In Vancouver you are in a town of 40,000 inhabitants. There are broad and busy streets. Electric tramcars whizz and clang. There are piles of fine buildings, and the great stores make a window show as attractive as in any English provincial city. In the suburbs are lumber mills, and the hum of saw-teeth eating huge trees into planks. The harbour is a maze of shipping. That mighty double-funnelled yellow steamer is one of the Empress boats just in from China; that green-bodied, red-funnelled ship sails to-day with mails for Australia. Vancouver is busy with a hundred interests.

There is nothing vastly wonderful until you realise that it is all new, that twenty years ago Vancouver was not.

You sail across the Straits of Georgia, a waterway flecked with pretty isles, to Vancouver Island,

A SAW MILL IN THE CROW'S NEST PASS.

to Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. Here are the Parliament Buildings and Government House. A mile or two away is Esquimalt, the British naval station on the Pacific coast.

Victoria is old as oldness counts in Canada. It was the seat of government when Vancouver was part beach, part jungle. It is settled. In the days before the coming of the railway, and when British Columbia was only to be reached by boat, and the only men in the mountains of the mainland were hardy seekers after mineral wealth, Victoria was the one spot on that long and broken coast—with thousands of inlets, and deep, high-fended fiords, which rival those of Norway—that could be called a social magnet.

It is the residential town of the West, the place whither the rich man with ambitious wife and marriageable girls is naturally drawn. Victoria can show as picturesque houses, in well-kept, unfenced grounds, as are to be found anywhere in the Dominion. Here you seem to have left behind the money-making atmosphere of the mainland, to have slipped into a refined English society, where people have topics of conversation other than dollars. You see in Victoria what you miss in most Canadian and United States towns, a love of private gardens. There is a true English fondness for flowers. But while we wall and rail ours in, the Victorian likes everybody to admire his display. Victoria has pretty drives, pretty parks, and it devotes much of its time to pleasure-seeking.

In business Vancouver has swept right ahead of

Victoria. Vancouver is the noisy, hustling young tradesman; Victoria is the polite, easy-going retired man. Each town has a contempt for the other.

The Victoria man takes you aside. "Oh, yes," says he, "Vancouver is pushing ahead; but the people—well, you know, most of them come without a dollar; very worthy people, but hardly our class!"

The Vancouver man sticks his hat on the back of his head, and proclaims to the world, "Victoria! That's the place to be buried in before you die. Victoria don't count. One of these days, I guess, we'll shift the Government out of Victoria into Vancouver. Victoria is a back number. Vancouver is the go-ahead city of this coast."

He is quite right; but when he has made his money, and his girls have returned from college back East, he will settle in Victoria.

The wheat lands are the core of Canada. British Columbia is no wheat-growing country. It is too rocky, ravined, with deep chasms and nigh impenetrable forests. The plateaus are eroded by lake and river. Dense pine woods wrap the hills. Thousands of creeks empty into the big rivers—the Fraser is 750 miles long—and the banks are marked with lumber camps. Gangs of men cut their way into the forests primeval.

The camp is a few tents on a clearing. One man, in open-throated shirt, will be cook. Up in the woods is heard the ring of the axes, the occasional crash of falling trees, the shouting of drivers to teams of a dozen horses hauling timber to the

creek side. Logs are pitched into the water and set to float, maybe 100 miles before they are gathered in. Where there are snags or shoals the beams cluster in thousands. As the water line lowers in summer and autumn a stretch of logs is left dry on the banks. There are as many logs littering the riversides as get down to the sawmills. But the floods of next spring will rise and seize them, carry them down in the swirl, and it is next year's logs that will be left dry.

At the mouth of a creek the logs are caught by a chained string of logs stretched from shore to shore. The lumber is cozened into mighty rafts, about 100 yards wide, and about 600 yards long. Huts are erected on the raft, and cooking done. Men with giant oars keep the raft end on in mid-stream, while the serpentine mass of timber drifts hundreds of miles. Where the railway line touches, or sea-going steamers can reach, are saw-mills.

I visited some of these mills at Vancouver. Lopped trees of enormous girth are floated into a basin and guided to a continuously moving double chain. Iron teeth seize the trees. With creaking protests they are carried up a plane. The spirit of the age—a man, chewing tobacco, pulling levers which work the latest machinery—pitches the log on one side; it falls with a sleepy thud, but rollers edge it forward; great iron claws, just like a crab's, rise, grip the beam and pull it, pull it again, until it is on a steel platform. There, for a moment, it rests. The tug of another lever, and the log is running to a strap of a steel saw. A buzzing knife

projects; there is a cloud of brown dust and a sudden sparkle; the bark is ripped, and stones and possible nails removed. With harsh song the saw slices pieces off the tree till it is level; the tree is thrown over, and the other side cut. It shuttles till it is a square log. Another lever, and the beam advances trembling on rollers, and is sliced into long slabs. They fall apart, but rush on till they bump an obstruction. They travel sideways on endless chains till two circular saws rip them into required lengths; they glide down a chute into a yard, where men are busy carting and stacking planks. And it all takes place in a minute.

But what of the bits of the shorn trunk? Endless chains and rollers carry them higgledy-piggledy to big teethed circular saws, which bite anywhere as the wood passes. The pieces, all small, fall into a trough. Slit-eyed Japanese pick out what will be serviceable chunks for burning in the stoves of Vancouver when the wet winter season comes along. All the while the remainder is carried along the trough till nothing remains but waste strips and knobs and chips. These drop down a narrowing slide, and the noise is terrific. Imagine the row if you threw a handful of tin tacks into a coffee-grinder. Multiply the row a million fold till you feel as though splinters were being driven into your ears. Then you will have an idea of the turmoil. All the bits are being chewed by machinery into sawdust. All the sawdust accumulates in tremendous tanks. Long pipes have their noses stuck in the sawdust. Suction laps the sawdust, and it flies up the pipe, along it,

SALMON FISHING ON THE FRASER RIVER

across the yard, down the pipe, right into the mouth of the furnace, which is stoked entirely with sawdust. The refuse of a log, roaring in blaze, produces the power which drives the machinery, which brings its mates of the forest to be sliced into service for mankind.

It is not merely iron grips and wooden rollers and steel saws you see. It is brains in concrete mechanics.

The trees of British Columbia are giants—sometimes twenty paces round. They are as straight as lances, and rise to long heights, taking, as the Yankees say, two men and a boy to see to the top of them.

Without careful bearings it is risky to push into the forest. It is a mighty mass of tangle. The undergrowth—rank, prickly, tentacled, is a maze of resistance. Overhead rear the trees, their arms interlocked, and foiling the light of day.

You need only go to Stanley Park, at Vancouver, a peninsula of forest, lapped by the sea, and with beautiful drives through the woodlands, which man has wisely not attempted to improve, to see wonders of growth. You come across a fallen tree, and another tree has climbed around it, gyving it in tightest grasp. A tree throws out a brawny arm, and on the forearm another tree has sprouted. It looks like an acrobat balancing a pole. A monster has rotted at the centre, a gate has been cut, and there is a chamber where two dozen folk can shelter, or where a carriage and pair can be packed, or a large automobile stabled. That is a fir, and he has

lusty neighbours which rise to a height of three hundred feet.

For years the chief source of wealth in British Columbia must be its lumber. There are thousands of miles of forest, much quite unexplored. Companies get leases from the Government over vast areas; armies of men lay about them with axes, and grey stumps are all that remain. You feel pity as you gaze over a field of the slain. Also you see the danger—laughed at at present, but a real danger—that one of these days British Columbia will be depleted of its magnificent Douglas firs, yellow and red cedars, spruce, pine, and tamarac.

There are a hundred and twenty sawmills in the province. Last year their output was 232,000,000 feet of timber, and some 200,000,000 shingles—strips of wood used in lieu of slates for roofing houses.

Who does not know the bright labels on the pyramids of tinned salmon to be seen in every grocery stores at home. Most of it comes from the Fraser and Columbia Rivers. The salmon served at table in Vancouver is the brightest of red—so vivid that the curious thought comes it must be dyed. There is pink salmon, such as British rivers yield. But the western Canadian won't look at it; he has an idea that unless salmon is glaring red it isn't good.

The mass of salmon in the Fraser is something that the British sportsman has no idea of, unless in fervid dreams. In the spawning season you often see a wide stretch of water heaving and wriggling,

and almost solid with fish moving to their spawning grounds. Salmon are caught as far as six hundred miles up the Fraser.

Seventy-two canneries are established—forty-eight on the Fraser, and twenty-four on the streams to the north. The fish are netted and speared in a manner which would reduce the British salmon fisher to tears. The sport of the thing is the last thought. Money-making is the abiding object. The salmon flood the floors of the canneries. For twenty-eight years the salmon industry of British Columbia has been growing. Though millions of salmon are caught each year, any depletion has not been observed. The Government is keeping a careful watch, and has established several hatcheries.

Not only are the salmon tinned and shipped to all parts of the world, but a trade is growing in frozen salmon. At New Westminster are two establishments which make a feature of freezing salmon, packing it in refrigerators, and sending it to the United States, Australia, and Great Britain, so the man in New York, Melbourne, or London may buy a whole salmon from the rivers of far-off British Columbia.

I am convinced there are no rivers in the world which teem with fish like the rivers of British Columbia. There is a great future in halibut and sturgeon fishing. Sturgeon weighing 1,000 pounds have been caught in the Fraser. Along the coast are plenty of herring, and the lakes abound with trout.

Fishermen on the British coasts dissatisfied or

ambitious, and thinking of emigrating, cannot do better than go to British Columbia. Land on these mountain-fringed shores is to be had for the taking. I think a fortune awaits the man, thoroughly experienced in curing fish as practised at home, who would start a factory in British Columbia. The curing of fish in Canada is, at present, very bad.

To the Englishman who goes to Canada with no money but plenty of determination to be a prosperous farmer within five years, British Columbia has no solid attractions. Captivated by the scenery, the rivers and the crags, the shooting and the fishing, the lumber mills and the gold mines, visitors to this outpost of the Empire, having had a good time, and delighted with the province, have declared it the best part of Canada. It is so, in particular respects. But quite unintentionally a false impression is created that it is a good place for farm settlers. It is nothing of the kind. There is farming, and very good farming, but it is not of the kind to suit the poor immigrant. The only cheap land available for the settler is timbered, or choked with the stumps of trees in tracts where the lumbermen have been.

By far the better way is to purchase what is called an improved farm. To buy a hundred acres or so of cleared and broken land as much as £20 an acre has to be paid, and anything from £3 to £10 an acre is asked for a similarly sized farm with only ten or twenty acres cleared. Unless a man is successful at getting maximum quality at minimum price, the outlay necessary to begin farming in

British Columbia is, according to the calculations I have been able to make, much more expensive, when you consider results in hard cash, than the more rough-and-ready farming in the North-West Territories.

Generally speaking, the climate of the province is humid in the summer, and there are months of rain in the winter. The Agricultural Department of the Provincial Government candidly appreciates the advantages and the disadvantages of this. Tree growth is stimulated; roots and vegetables flourish; the softer grains, such as oats and barley, yield largely; grasses are abundant; fruit, such as pears, cherries, and plums, yield enormously; flowers, especially roses, bloom profusely; shrubbery is dense. But the other side of the picture—dense forests with thick and heavy undergrowth; weeds that flourish in a night, and take constant labour to keep them down; the nuisance of second growth; and the disastrous propagation of insect pests and plant diseases when once they have got a foothold.

As to wheat-growing, it does not pay. It has a fine-looking kernel, but is too soft for milling purposes. The best use for Pacific Coast wheat is to feed chickens.

Though there are such fine rivers and innumerable mountain streams, a colossal system of irrigation is necessary if the dry zones of British Columbia are to be of much agricultural good. The province comprises about 250,000,000 acres; only 2,000,000 acres of that immense area is settled. It

is asserted that some 60,000,000 acres are capable of cultivation. This is far too ambitious. As a matter of fact the serviceable land is already taken, and is not a hundredth of the acreage. It is probable that in time a tenth of British Columbia will be subject to agriculture; to expect more is vain.

Still, the province has farming opportunities in other directions. There are districts suitable for the raising of horses. There are no sheep to speak of, because there is no market for the wool. If woollen manufactures were started in one of the coast towns, sheep-rearing would be profitable. Pigs pay well. Cattle breeding is advancing rapidly and profitably, and great strides are being made in dairying.

The surest, safest agriculture is mixed farming. The English farmer of experience, and the happy possessor of a stout banking account, ought, if he is adaptable to local conditions, to make money rapidly.

Within the next quarter of a century British Columbia should outrival the Niagara district of Ontario as a fruit region. At present fruit-growing has got little beyond the experimental stage. I saw good evidence, however, that the next year or two ought, if experienced men take up the work, to get it well past that stage, and that the industry should ultimately become as valuable to the province as lumber and salmon now are. If the valleys which now grow indifferent wheat were filled with apple orchards, the money return would be double. I am not so sure of pears. Already tomatoes and melons

do well, peaches and grapes are fair, strawberries are excellent.

An attempt has been made in fruit canning. It was not a success—first, because the idea was to utilise surplus fruit, and there was none; secondly, the price for fresh fruit was so good that the canner was shut out of the market. There is sure to be a boom in British Columbia fruit culture. When that comes there should be openings for jam factories. Most of the jam sold in Canada is fake, consisting of many other things beside fruit. Trustworthy jams come from England.

Whatever this mountain-strewn province of the West has to give, the men who are winning Nature's yield—gold, coal, lumber, fish, fruit—are of the right stuff. That it is an adventurous land is the reason why it has drawn to it the most adventurous of Canada's pioneers. The men are quicker, keener, more daring, than their brothers of the prairies. And yet the differences between a Saturday night crowd sauntering the main street of Vancouver and a Saturday night crowd in the main street of any of our large towns at home is a matter of trifling detail. There are the shops brilliantly lighted, the clink-clang of the electric cars is persistent, there is a slow moving but surging throng of men and women. The women are not to be distinguished from English; the men, however, are taller, slimmer, clean shaven, jaunty of carriage, with the little cock of the chin you note in men who have prospered, and are well-pleased with themselves.

But here, on the Pacific slope, as on the Atlantic

seaboard, and all the way between, the travelling Briton cannot help marking a strain of exaggeration. It is an interesting phenomenon. It can hardly be an intentional copy of United States "blowing," because the Canadian would rather be different from, than similar to, the American. Possibly it may be due to the elevating, stimulating air, as bracing as wine. More likely it is due to the trait noticeable in the newly rich at home—a constant straining to let you know how worthy they are, and doing it with accentuation.

Canada is a newly rich country, and for fear it should not be appreciated everything is tuned up to be better than it actually is. You notice it on the first day of your arrival in the fact that milk is always called cream. You smile at it on the prairies, where hoardings are built in front of and above single storey shacks to give the impression that they are much bigger than they really are. You laugh outright at the high-falutin' jargon which finds its way into Government publications on the Pacific coast. The Legislative Assembly of British Columbia issues a pamphlet in which are dangled the delights of a coast trip "away to the north a thousand miles almost, to mix with the icebergs that once floated under the sovereignty of the Czar of All the Russias, but now droop peacefully from ancient glaciers over which the American eagle holds watchful guard!"

It happened I was in Vancouver when Perry, the young Canadian who won the King's Prize at Bisley in 1904, came home. To judge from the

A SALMON CANNERY.

newspapers you would imagine the Dominion was unknown to the rest of the world until Perry won that prize. The accounts of the way in which he was received by his fellow citizens would lead an English reader to think that London's greeting to the C.I.V.'s from South Africa was a mournful funeral procession in contrast. I saw the reception of Perry. There were bunches of people here and there, but most of the way onlookers were not one deep. It was night, and there wasn't a torch. The drill hall, though reported to be packed, wasn't half full, and the enthusiasm, though reported to be terrific—well, it was the feeblest thing I have ever seen in a popular demonstration—and my experience of demonstrations is not small. Perry, an amiable young fellow, stood with feet apart and hands behind his back, an unsoldierly attitude, while he was laden with silver and dollar notes and gush. In ancient days, said the local M.P., the heroes of Greece and Rome were crowned with leaves, but leaves fade; yet as long as British Columbia existed, and Canada was a nation, the name of Private Perry —and so on, high-tiddle-de-hi-ty. Perry looked bored, and took his honours modestly.

Cheers were called, but they were not the kind of cheers we know in England. Frequently have I noticed in Canada and the United States the inability of the people to cheer. They laugh scornfully, unbelievingly, when you tell them they don't know how. The cheer is true and as strong as they can give. But by comparison with a broad-chested, deep-lunged, lusty British cheer, it is thin indeed.

In three or four towns I saw the arrival and departure of Lord Minto, the recent Governor-General. I have seen him received in dead silence, and I have seen him leave a town on the Governor-General's car, and though a crowd was there to stare, nobody raised a cheer.

There are many things the Canadians do well. Cheering is not one of them.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE AWAKENING OF THE WILDERNESS.

WHEN the black engine has been yelling and grunting all night, and the railway cars rolling and creaking, you have the jagged ridges of the Selkirk mountains in front of you. There is a rumble-tumble, and you have crossed the Columbia River. Then you are at Revelstoke.

If your face is set east towards the Rockies and the prairies, you leave the cars, and saunter the planked platform, while the tired and grimy engine pants out of the way, and another engine with a short, snappy shout backs down the line to haul the big cars into the hills.

But if you want to leave the well-ridden route and make a detour by way of a new land, a wilderness just awakening with possibilities, you pitch your baggage out, clamber across the metals, climb into a train on a side track, and inquire of a fair, Saxon-featured man, who hasn't shaved for a fortnight, and is stencilling the floor with tobacco juice, if you are right for Arrowhead.

His tongue curls a quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other, and when he has expectorated fluently he replies, without looking at you, "Guess so."

You are on your way to the mining regions of Kootenay.

The distance from Revelstoke to Arrowhead is twenty-eight miles, and the train, rattling over a rickety line, takes an hour and thirty-five minutes. At first you run south on the bank of the Columbia, lagoon-like in places, then narrowing to little more than a ditch, with shelves of dingy sand. You swerve into the forest.

It is a single line, and the trees approach almost to the windows—wonderful masses of pale yellow and the reddest of blood-red. Winter has given the woodlands their first frosty kiss. There is a stretch of dead pines, robbed of all beauty by the swish of a forest fire. We run through a smother of smoke, and through the haze are seen the tongues of flame licking the branches.

A halt is made at a station. Here is but one house, and around are piles of timber. In the distance one hears the oaths of men to horses hauling timber.

The forest looks impregnable, black, sinister. Stray trees, sick and leafless, have toppled on one side, and are held in the arms of vigorous trees.

The way is bumpy and uneven. One minute the train clatters unevenly down hill. The next the engine is puffing hoarsely, as much as to say to the train, chiefly freight, and with only one passenger car attached: "Come on with you."

No tweed-suited men nor kodak-clicking women holiday-seekers are on this car crawling into a corner of little-known Canada. The best-dressed are two "drummers"—commercial travellers—from Winnipeg, smoking domestic, Canadian-made cigars, talk-

THE BIG TREE IN
STANLEY PARK, VANCOUVER.

ing shop, complaining that times are not what they were, that there are too many men "on the road," that Winnipeg sends out 180 men, whereas five years ago there weren't a couple of dozen.

Most of our fellow-travellers are big-boned workers in gold, silver, and copper mines. Their felt hats are battered, their clothes dusty, their boots frowsy. They sit in forward attitudes, smoking or chewing cheap cigars, and spitting between their knees. There are three perky Japanese and a Japanese woman wearing European clothes which strangely misfit; also several Chinamen, who compromise in the matter of garb, and have their *queues* circling their heads.

We tumble out at Arrowhead, a jumble town, blown together, apparently, by the wind. We are where the Columbia widens into a sinuous lake called the Arrow, though Snake would be appropriate, varying in width from one to three miles, and 124 miles long, until Robson is reached. On one side is a new saw-mill, and the song of the cutters can be heard.

A tiny launch is in waiting, and a gang of miners pitch on board boxes of tinned food and half a cow. They are off to a camp out of touch with the world. Soon the launch is away, trailing like a duck in the distance.

The rest of us climb on board the Canadian Pacific Railway stern-wheel steamer *Rossland*, a neat vessel, managed by a superfluity of gentlemen in gilt braid. Away down the lake we go. The day is chill, and a clammy breeze sweeps over the waters. The

miners sit round the stove, inactive but for smoking and spitting. The hills rise quickly on either side the lake, fir-clad. But from many a mountain slope rises a cone of smoke, fifty of them in a spread of a couple of miles, mantling the hill-tops duskily, and then dropping and blanketing the lake, filling the icy air with acrid and pungent odour.

Lumber camps are on the Arrow side. The steamer runs her nose ashore, and men skip upon the bank. The campmen are healthy, sun-parched fellows. Now and then an "old-timer" is met, with long white beard and long white hair, skin wrinkled and leathery. Campers come down with pack horses. Boxes are pitched out, and before the stern-wheel drags the crunching prow out of the shingle they are roped on the horses, and a start is made to some mine in the hills.

When the day ebbed and blackness cloaked the world, the scene was eerie. Forest fires, livid patches, were in fifty places. The low-hanging moon was hidden, but the sky was spangled with stars. The hollow of the hills, where the lake lay, was pitch. But the little *Rossland* carried two electric searchlights, luminous eyes that looked for a mile across the water.

Far down we saw a camp fire and a swinging lamp. Somebody wanted to come aboard. The steamer was run ashore, and the electric lights flared upon the camp. The vivid electric glow, lighting sharply but making the shadows strong, roused a picture curiously unreal.

Have you seen a stage setting of a camp scene in

TIMBER HAULING ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

a melodrama? The ground is ochreish; round the camp fire sit men in baggy shirts; behind, the trees are silhouetted against the darkness. That was the scene on the Arrow shore, only it looked more theatrical than any camp scene on a stage.

In black night we got to West Robson. The searchlights of the boat revealed a long and weedy trestle pier. But when we were alongside switches were attached, and the electric light of the ship made fifty bulbs burst into illumination, so that the pier was as bright as day. Other switches were attached, and we were in telephonic communication with the new-born little town.

This is the jumping-off place for the new mining regions of Southern British Columbia. Like the outstretched fingers of a hand, railroads push between the mountains to Trail, a great smelter centre, to Rossland, basking in the glory of a mining boom, and where are Le Roi and other famous mines, to Grand Forks and Greenwood, bursting into fame. Steamers ply up and down the arms of the Arrow.

A railway journey of twenty-eight miles brings you to Nelson, a hustling town of seven thousand folks. Streets run straight up the hill-sides, and from Kootenay Lake the electric lights are like ribbons of illumination. Here is a town of little more than yesterday's birth, stuck in a corner of the world; yet it has fine buildings, churches, and an electric car system. On one side is a grimy smelter, and four miles away Toad Mountain yields vast quantities of ore brought down by aërial tramway.

The mines of the province have given about

£40,000,000 sterling of wealth. Last year the mineral production was worth £4,000,000. Something like £12,000,000 worth of placer gold has been won, nearly £4,000,000 worth of silver, over £2,000,000 worth of lead, and £12,000,000 worth of coal and coke. Not a fifth of the mineral bearing land has been prospected. There are still 300,000 miles of country to be explored.

For nearly fifty years adventurous spirits have wandered from the Pacific coast into the mountains and followed golden trails up the banks of streams.

Sifting the sandy *débris* of the Fraser is the occupation to-day of many Chinamen. Roughly they make half a sovereign a day.

It is over forty years since the rich placers in the Cariboo district at the headwaters of the Fraser were found, and yielded gold worth £10,000,000. That brought the gold-rush to the province; gold has been worked ever since; but the mountainous regions, the difficulty of carrying provisions, and, much more, the impossibility of transporting machinery, checked the gold winning. The gold could only be reached by pack-horses over trails. Yet in ten years over £6,000,000 worth of gold was dug out with pick and shovel. The gold was skimmed from accessible areas, and it looked as though the day of the gold-miner was over. Then came the railways, throwing an arm up this valley and another up that. Steamers were put on the rivers and the lakes. Water-ways were joined with short railroad lines.

So to-day the ranges and the ravines of British Columbia are being interlaced with the sinews of

communication; machinery can be carried, and hydraulic mining is used. Instead of gold-mining being in its dotage it is only in its infancy.

Largely capitalised companies are at work with scientific equipments. There would be greater development if there was not such a shortage of labour. The life is hard, there are few comforts, the mines are far from town gaieties. The workman is not attracted. Miners earn from 12s. to 14s. a day, helpers and labourers get from 8s. to 10s., blacksmiths and mechanics can easily earn a pound a day.

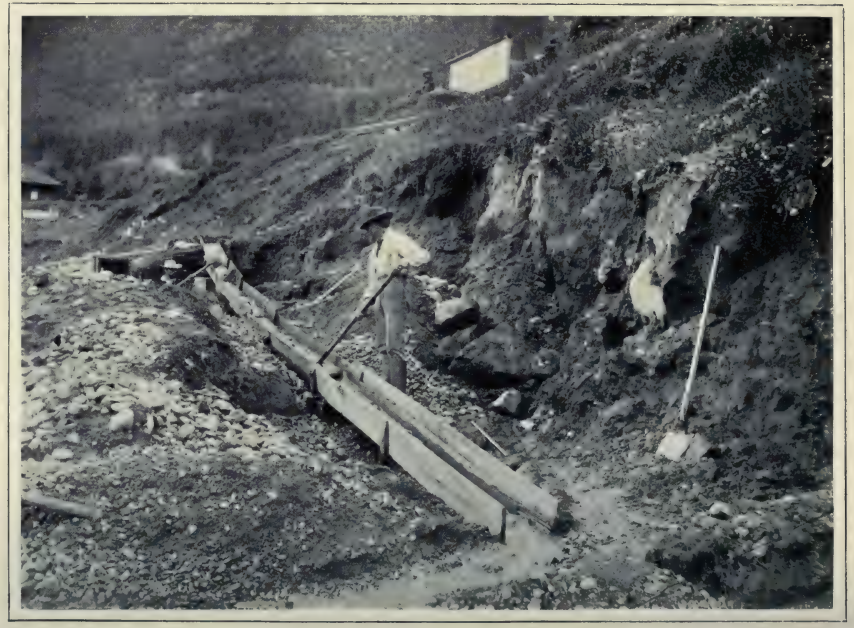
Gold mining is a life which appeals to men of daring. Many—most of them—are uncultured, scornful of convention; yet in them is a romantic and adventurous spark; the code of honour in not touching another man's gold is strict; when a man is sick strangers will care for him with tenderness.

The gold-digger invariably is a gambler. Money comes easily, and it goes profusely. When a man sets out to the diggings it is not with the intention of being content with twelve or twenty shillings a day as the servant of a company. He soon learns about the finding of gold. He has one or two pals. They pool their savings, and one morning "haul out" on a prospecting expedition for themselves. The sternest of hardships are before them; they may lose their all and crawl back into camp, worn and haggard men, seeking work again. But they have the gambler's creed: "Never venture, never win!" and they are confident.

It does not cost much to become a gold-digger in British Columbia. A free miner's certificate costs

£1 a year. This permits the holder to prospect on all Crown lands, to locate claims, and mine. A free miner can hold, by location, only one claim on the same vein or lode, but he can obtain others by purchase. Many men stake out claims, don't work them themselves, but sell their rights to others who are willing to take chances "how they pan out." Three or four men working together and striking a long vein locate adjoining claims. They lie low if they hit "something rich." They don't want a rush to their region. If neighbouring locations are good they give the tip to friends. Often great secrecy is maintained about the yield of a claim. Of course, if the finders want to sell out they boom the richness of the vein with a volubility that would do credit to the agent of an American land company.

With pack-horses laden with provisions, a flimsy tent, several axes and shovels, the prospectors set off for some district about which there have been whispers. When a streak of gold is found, expected to pay for the working, each man stakes his claim in a rectangular piece of ground not exceeding 1,500 square feet. Three posts must be erected, not less than four feet high, and square at the top. A tree stump cut and squared will do. On each post must be written the name of the claim, the owner, and the date of location. Each post must declare the direction of the other two posts. Further, the location line must be distinctly marked—in a timbered locality by blazing trees and cutting under-brush, and in a bare country by mounds of earth or rock. A claim must be notified in the Mining Recorder's



GOLD WASHING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Office within fifteen days from the date of location, one day extra being allowed for each ten miles of distance from the office after the first ten miles.

In placer mining there are "creek diggings," mines in the beds of streams or ravines; "bar diggings," mines between high- and low-water mark; "dry diggings," mines always free from water; "precious stone diggings," deposits of precious stones, whether in veins, beds, or gravel deposits. Placer claims are smaller than mineral claims, but the regulations are much the same.

Drop, as I have done, into an eating-house in a mining camp and listen to the talk. It is of gold and silver and copper, with an occasional aside about bear shooting. Every man is able to wink his eye, and let it be understood he knows where is the richest vein in all Canada, but he is keeping it dark till some company comes along willing to give a million dollars for the claim. When you have had an hour of the same story from a dozen lips with a dozen variations you recall Mark Twain: "A mine is a hole in the ground, and the owner of the hole is a liar."

There is a break in the railway communication between Nelson and the line which crawls into the mountains by way of the Crow's Nest Pass to join the main line at Medicine Hat on the prairie.

In the chill blackness of four o'clock in the morning a steamer flaps her stern wheel, and you set off fifty odd miles round an elbow of the Kootenay Lake to the Kootenay Landing. The morning comes grey and foggy.

A rough crew are we who sit down to breakfast. Afterwards there is a general lounge round the stove, where there is silent smoking and much spitting. We call at lumber and mining camps. The men are often in dark jerseys, and have large kerchiefs loosely wrapping the throat.

So to Kootenay Landing, a wooden platform high on the top of inverted trees driven but a little into the sedge. This is the beginning of the Crow's Nest route which ends 394 miles away at Dunmore Junction, in Assiniboia. There is much to see, the crossing of the Goat River canyon, where a river wildly seethes, the breasting of the Selkirk Range, the run through heavily timbered land, the climb into the Rockies, the twisting and the turning of the Loop, travelling three miles to rise two hundred feet from the spot immediately below, the little station of Crow's Nest perched in the mountains at an altitude of 4,410 feet, and then the long run between the mountains, down and down till the plains are reached, and all the world looks flat.

The practical interest, however, is the awakening of this region. One or two out-of-the-way settlements were all the signs of civilisation four or five years ago. Now, and especially within the last couple of years, the way is dotted with towns. They have populations of a thousand, and think themselves enormous; they have populations of half a dozen, and intend to be enormous. They are all ugly, dumped anyhow. The roadways are masses of foul mire, and thousands of discarded preserved meat and fruit cans litter the way. Everything is confusion

and filth. Sickness pervades the route, chiefly typhoid fever. There is no sanitation, the drinking water is contaminated, and over go many of the population. Indeed, the neglect of sanitation in these West Canadian towns is appalling. I know of no country outside the East where sanitation is so neglected. The hospital at Winnipeg last autumn was full of typhoid patients, and there was not a town I visited between Winnipeg and the Rockies where the people were not scared by the epidemic of typhoid. Many of the towns were sinks of this fell disease.

All towns are mining towns. The dirtiest town was Fernie, born six years ago, and now a busy place. It is at the mouth of Coal Creek, but its hotels and stores and large residences are little compensation for the atmosphere laden with coal-dust, the whole place dingy with coal-dust, and the people with countenances smeared with coal-dust. The dirt offends you—until the offence is swallowed in marvel how, within a handful of years, man has forced his way into this region, gripped it by the beard as it were, and compelled it to yield its treasures to the world.

But sometimes the genii of the mountains claim a price for the disturbance. I saw the mining town of Frank on the eastern dip of the Crow's Nest. Two years ago a mighty slice of the mountain-side broke loose. In the twinkling of an eye houses were crushed, lives lost, the railway track smothered. The *débris*, great boulders, Baalbek-like chunks of rock, overspread the low land two miles one way and

a mile and a half the other. Eighty-four lives vanished in that disaster, probably one of the most stupendous landslips that has ever fallen upon a town. Yet Frank is growing briskly on the edge of this tumbled tomb. I saw the scene in bright moonlight. There was the black mountain, with the grey gap. There lay the boulders, cracked, crevassed, and hummocked, like a jamb in a sea of ice —cruel, ghastly, making the blood run chill.

Soon the mountains are left behind, and the plains reached. The train is a meteor of light rushing through featureless space. Midnight and Macleod Station arrive together.

The night is clear but icy, and the little ranching town is two miles away. There is a canvas-sheltered conveyance with a lamp dimly burning. The driver would be facetious, but when you have awakened from a doze and come from a cosy car into chill midnight, there is no disposition to reciprocate.

As the conveyance rocked slowly on her way along the trail to the town, the thought came, as it came a hundred times during my wanderings: "How like Canada is to Siberia."

NELSON, BRITISH COLUMBIA

CHAPTER XVIII.

AMONG THE FOOTHILLS OF THE ROCKIES: THE LIFE OF THE RANCHER.

THE "broncho-buster," the "cow-puncher," and the men who ranch among the foothills of the Canadian Rockies are neither so picturesque in garb, so lurid in language, nor so daring in performance as the stay-at-home imagines. The days of "raising hell and playing Cain" are nigh over. Cowboys no longer—if they ever did—spend their time riding unrideable horses, which rear and plunge and roll, or whoop across the boundless prairie swinging lassoes over their heads to catch stampeding cattle by the hind hoof and down them. Nor are they any longer in the habit of dashing from camp into the nearest town to make the townfolk dance on the side-walk by playing bullets round them. Nor do they ride their horses into the drinking saloon, knock off the neck of a bottle of rye whisky with a revolver, and guess they'd have a drink of that.

I have heard many stories of such happenings in Medicine Hat, Macleod, and Calgary; but they took place long ago. The events of five years are pressed into the anecdotes of five minutes, and the stories have become picturesque with time.

As you sit on the stoop of the little hotel at

Macleod, which is the oldest of the new towns in the West, and was Fort Macleod, an outpost to keep the Blood Indians in check, before it became a typical ranching town, you talk and smoke with ranchers—"old-timers" many of them. They are lithe and scraggy framed, big fisted, and shamble gaited; their cheeks have been yellowed and wrinkled with sun and snow glare; heavy wrinkles on either side the eyes. They are unshaven and uncombed; their clothes are baggy and unfitting, and their hats ready for the scare-crow. They sit loungingly, cross-legged, talk in a drone but confidentially, smoke incessantly, and expectorate unceasingly. You pick out a man you don't think worth ten cents. He is really worth fifty thousand dollars, not in hard cash, but in cattle.

"No, sir; ranching ain't what it was," says he. "In the old days we squatted on the foothills, where there was good feed and water. We haven't got the snows they have back in the middle west. The cattle just grew into money. But now, with the inrush of settlers, getting homesteads, and buying land from the Government, we ranchers are being pushed back into the hills."

A young buck, astride a fiery brute, comes pacing down the wide Macleod street. The saddle is high pommelled; the stirrups Mexican; by the side hangs the useful lasso; on the back of the rider's head is a broad, flat-brimmed, much-dented felt hat, held by an elastic band. He goes by with a swagger, a fine specimen of bronzed and lusty young manhood. For a moment the air is full of dust. Then Macleod

—widespread, making the most of its thousand inhabitants—slips back into slumberous basking in the Indian summer, that breath of crisp warmth which creeps over Canada in October, when at home the days are muggy, and the atmosphere is hazy.

Across the way a couple of swarthy men are leaning against a wall, laughing lowly, and then tossing a coin, who pays for cigars. A rig has just pulled up outside the little bank, and the horse is tethered to an iron weight. You can walk a little and see the prairie stretching into distance. Behind you is the earth, making its first heave towards the Rockies.

A group of Englishmen, from a ranch up-country, swing in. These are tenderfeet, men in their first year, still wearing their English clothes and Oxford ties and cloth caps and leather gaiters—curiously exotic in this part of the world. There is a little, high-noted affectation in their voices, which you don't notice at home because you are always hearing it, but which heard suddenly in Western Canada, explains why Jake Canuke thinks all young Englishmen la-di-da-dy snobs. They are nothing of the kind. Maybe they are younger sons, who have failed in their examinations for the army and the bar—a bit wild, noisy certainly, with more money than is quite good for them at the start; inclined, as healthy young Englishmen are inclined, to think they know all about everything, and get laughed at in consequence; but genuine men, true as steel, who in a few years will be good Canadians, and round up steers with the best.

"See that fellow sitting at the window?" says

a rancher. "He's an English baronet. Oh, no; he's just plain 'Mister' here. He don't look like a baronet, do he? Yes, we get all sorts out ranching."

Two red-coats ride by. "North-West Mounted Police! They used to be mostly gentlemen born; ne'er-do-wells in your big families, shot out here to be got rid of. Good chaps, though, many of them. But it ain't like the old times in the early 'seventies, when the whisky traders were about, filling up the Indians on vile alcohol, then buying their skins cheap and fighting their way back. Why, I remember when everybody knew everybody fifty miles round. Nobody thought anything of riding thirty miles to see a friend, hitch up, and stay a few days. But that's all altered now—too many ranchers. Lose cattle? Not often. But I remember '85, when a third of the cattle was lost in the snow. I came up from Montana that year delivering cattle to a fool Englishman who insisted on them being driven several hundreds of miles and branded. Of course, they were in bad condition, and most of them died."

The eastern foothills of the Rockies, from the boundary-line of the States up to Red Deer, in Northern Alberta, and as far toward the plains as Medicine Hat and even Maple Creek, are ranches. Mostly the ranches are far from the railway line, because farmers are buying up the land for wheat-growing. The cattle roam over the hills untended, mixing often with the cattle of another ranch. But every animal is supposed to be branded. The most deadly of all sins is to put your brand on a steer

ROSSLAND, A NEW TOWN IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

which, though unbranded, you know well doesn't belong to you. At long intervals are bunches of horses or cows munching the pasture.

The ranch houses are usually unpicturesque shacks, belieing the wealth of the men who live in them. Now and then there is a grand round-up. The cowboys ride for miles to get on the outer ring of the straying cattle. They are driven together and each rancher picks out his property. If a shipment of the cows is to be made, the beasts are corraled. This is interesting. If 250 head are wanted, about 400 are driven to the huge white-washed fences of corrals by the side of the railroad track. There is no hullabaloo or shouting or lasso swinging. The cattle are quietly pressed without knowing it. Once fright touches them, away they stampede, and no cowboys will round them up again that day. Sometimes a wily old bull will lead the herd into the corral. Here the animals are selected and driven up a gangway into the waiting cars. Everybody keeps silent while this is done. To talk will cause the brutes to "mill," that is, they get into bunches, heads down and together, and begin tramping round and round, hind quarters outward. To break a "mill" is difficult. When broken the cattle are restless, and there is great work getting them to the cars.

The romance of cow-punching is a fine thing in novels. In actual life cow-punching, though healthy and exhilarating, is hard labour with many anxieties. It has its fascination. When I was among the cowboys of Alberta the old feeling I experienced in other days, among the cowboys in the hills of Wyoming,

down south, came back. Writing newspaper articles in the hurry of the night seemed a poor game compared with a dash across the prairie in the early grey. What were political harangues about Free Trade and Protection compared with the breezy talk round the ranch fire of an evening? What were frock coats and silk hats and starched collars and city streets in comparison with a skin coat and slouch hat and red handkerchief round the neck, and the hills of God for your promenade?

The cowboy frequently has manners of speech not suitable to a P.S.A. gathering. Despite his length and his tan, and the blue of his eye, he would be awkward in a London drawing-room. But he has a cleaner heart than most of the men to whom you mutter "How d'ye do?" in London drawing-rooms.

Roughly, three hundred thousand square miles of the North-West are available for ranching. This "Great Lone Land," as it was called, the haunt of the buffalo and the hunting-ground of the Indian, is now the place where Englishmen rear horses and cattle and sheep, not only for the Canadian, but for the English market. Twenty-five years back there were not a thousand pale-faces in the mighty stretch known as the North-West Territories. Now it is receiving a hundred thousand immigrants a year. To start wheat-growing needs little beyond brawn and energy. But money, and much of it, is needed to start ranching on a profitable scale. The land, however, does not cost much. Leases for grazing are issued for a term of twenty-one years, and the rent

Photo: Steele & Co., Winnipeg.

ROLLING A BRONCO.

is at the rate of one penny an acre per year. The right to cut hay is not included in the rent. For whatever hay is to be cut the settler must pay fivepence an acre or fivepence a ton. The grasses are excellent. Ranching country being high, the grasses stop growing early in the summer, and the bright sunshine of the fall cures the stalk. Accordingly, good food is provided for the winter. This was discovered, like so many other important things, by accident. In the old days pioneers abandoned their poor, worn, played-out horses, expecting them to die. It was the finding of these animals in the spring, fat and healthy, having fared well on the dried grasses, that told the settlers the cattle could look after themselves in the winter without any stall feeding. Snow falls, but the hot breath of the "Chinook" winds wastes and evaporates it within a day. So the brown, sun-bleached grasses of the prairie, making the uplands look drear and bare in the fall of the year, are excellent beef producers.

The beginning of ranch life in this mighty slice of a continent was small indeed. Picture to yourself a little band of soldiers, having set out months before from Fort Garry, now the noisy city of Winnipeg, reaching the curving Old Man's River in October of 1873. They were men of the North-West Mounted Police, who had pushed into the unknown, carrying the Union Jack with them and intent on putting down the constant petty wars between Indian tribes. Their leader was named Macleod. Their halting-place, fortified in a rough way to resist attack, was Fort Macleod. Close by grew the little

town of Macleod, with wide streets, churches, banks, a decent hotel, and an unassuming little club-house, where you can see the *Graphic*, and *Punch*, and the *Times* less than a fortnight old. The only cattle in the country were what the police had brought with them—two old milch cows and a few yokes of oxen known out West as "bull teams." A little herd of cattle was soon afterwards driven up from Montana to supply the police with beef.

In 1876 a man named John B. Smith, from Sun River, Montana, came to Macleod, driving before him one bull and fourteen cows with their calves, making a total of twenty-five head. That was the pioneer herd of ranch cattle in Western Canada. Smith wanted money, and he sold his stock to a policeman named Whitney. Whitney thought there might be money in them as beef for the fort. He couldn't, however, look after them, and he just turned them loose. They might have all died from prairie fires, winter snow, hungry wolves, raging buffalo, or the arrows of the Indians. In the spring of 1877 two policemen set off to "round up" any cattle they might find. That was the first "round up" in the North-West. Twenty-five beasts had been turned loose; twenty-five were brought into the fort. After that bunches of cattle came in. Ranching got on the "boom." Huge ranching companies took up tens of thousands of acres.

The cattle to a great extent take care of themselves. They are "rounded up" to be branded or exported. The slope of the Canadian Rockies is

really one great ranch of 200,000,000 acres. There are to-day about 600,000 head of horses and cattle, and 200,000 sheep pasturing on it. At present each horse, cow, or sheep has an average of about 250 acres to itself. There seems plenty of room for newcomers, despite the lament of the old rancher I met at Macleod.

While Canada's ranching country is only some 12,000,000 acres less than that of the United States —195,000,000 acres to 207,000,000 acres—the stock reared falls far below in numbers. There are not half the number of horses in the Territories as in the three states of Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana, not a fifth of the cattle, and not an eighteenth of the sheep. I have recollections of the three ranching states, and I can easily say that in quality they lag far behind the Territories. One good proof of this is that all cattle raised in the Western states of America are sent to the Mississippi Valley to be fattened, and the beef sweetened with better food before they are ready for the butcher, whilst Canadian cattle and sheep are shipped direct, with no grain-finishing process to get them into condition. As an eater of beef and mutton, I know the Canadian product is superior to the American. But Canadian is still a long way behind English beef and mutton.

Though it was pleasant to meet men from the old country and talk of places and people, there was no doubt that the men who were making most dollars in "punching cows" were men from Wyoming and Montana, and even from as far south as Texas and Mexico. Yet plenty of young English-

men are working hard and are doing well. The life changes them.

I came across a striking example of this. There were two brothers—Oxford men. One went into the army, and the other went ranching. I travelled several days with the army man—smart, cultured, and with the little Oxford mannerism still on his tongue. Later, I met his brother in the mountains. Three years had rubbed all the polish off him; his hands had become big and heavy; there was the slowness of speech that comes to every man who lives in close touch with nature. A certain rugged independence was in his manner. As we were dining together in an hotel he told me with modest enthusiasm of his life twenty-five miles from the neighbouring ranch. A couple of young ladies, accompanying their parents on a holiday tour, entered the dining-room. The eyes of the ranchman followed them. He laughed softly, and then said: "Do you know, those are the first girls I have seen for nearly three years!"

The cowboy spends much of his time rounding-up. There are the spring round-ups and the fall round-ups, there are bull round-ups, beef round-ups, and calf round-ups. The bulls have to be herded, the sickly cows seen to, the weaners to be fed. With no such thing for hundreds of miles as fences, the cattle of different ranches stray and mix. Every year there are eighteen well organised round-ups all over Western Canada, a general sorting-out of property, and getting the beasts on the range.

The number of men in a spring round-up is

anything from a dozen to thirty. There is a captain, a horse wrangler, a couple of cooks, and the rest cowboys. Every cowboy has with him a string of eight or nine horses, to be used alternately, for rounding-up is arduous work.

Away the party goes in the direction of the cattle. Fires blaze on the hills, the saddles are the pillows, mother earth the couch, and the sky the roof. Breakfast is in the dusk of the morn. Horses not wanted are put in a flimsy corral of rope. The boys mount, and in twos and threes strike in all directions. When straying herds are sighted they are whooped into a bunch. Then the boys push into the herd and cut out the cows and calves, edging them to the outside, where other boys see that they don't break away. The "cut" cows and calves are quietly driven toward the branding corral. Then the lasso comes into play. A boy goes after a riotous calf. The rope is thrown; the well-trained horse sets itself taut, for there comes a violent jerk as the calf is caught by the hind legs and thrown to the ground. Before the calf has begun to be astonished it is pounced upon by a man with a branding iron, and hieroglyphics are burnt upon its hide. The calf always gets the brand borne by its mother. There is plenty of opportunity to steal calves and put the wrong brand on them. But not to touch another man's cattle is, as I have said, the first principle of morality in a cow-puncher's life.

Behind the exhilarating, romance-tinged life of the rancher is the serious business of money-making. Plenty of money is made. The most profitable line

is the maturing of stocker cattle. Ranchers are able to buy, delivered at their nearest station, in carloads of forty head or so, weaned calves at about £2 10s. each, yearling steers at £3 10s. or £4, and two-year-old steers at from £4 to £5. A year-old steer can be turned out on the range to shift for himself. A three-year-old sells easily at from £8 to £10, while a four-year-old fetches from £9 to £11. Of course, there are winter losses. They vary much in different districts, but I calculate that 5 per cent. is a fair average. The calf crop is usually excellent, varying from 65 to 80 per cent. of the breeding stock. Under the encouragement of the Territorial Government, pure bred bulls—Shorthorns, Herefords, Polled Angus, and Galloway usually—have been introduced. So the long-horned, slab-sided, range steer is disappearing; the quality is improving. I heard of a train-load of four-year-old steers, after being driven 140 miles, and shipped by rail 2,300 miles to Montreal, weighing at the end of the trip on an average 1,385 pounds.

The sheep business is yet in its infancy. Cattle men do not look kindly upon sheep, because they will eat out a range and make it impossible for cattle-grazing. What slaughter of sheep and murder of shepherds there has been by outraged cattlemen down in the States for this very reason! The Canadian Government has prepared for possible conflict in the Dominion by setting aside great areas for sheep-grazing.

In regard to horses, the old, rough method of "broncho-busting" is disappearing. Ranch horses,

Photo: Steele & Co., Winnipeg.

SADDLING A BRONCO.

after four or five years of prairie freedom and then broken violently, are not by any means the best for the general market. Indeed, it has been learned that huge herds of horses, with indiscriminate mating, do not pay. So the tendency now is to rear small and good herds, have the best brood mares, and all the animals properly halter broken. The Territory colt is beginning to be excellent. At present there are about 150,000 horses in the Territories. Three-quarter bred Clydes and Shires, which at maturity will weigh 1,400 to 1,600 pounds, find a local sale at three years old for from £20 to £40 a head. Light horses, for saddle or driving, fetch from £15 upwards.

To the young Englishman, with knowledge of cattle, some money, fond of a bracing, open life, willing to rough it, there is no more inviting life than ranching on the foothills of the Rockies. I saw lots of Englishmen; there is room for plenty more. There are not the pleasures of the city; but there are deeper, more abiding pleasures.

The last day I spent in the ranching district will long linger in memory. We had been away south from Macleod, visiting the reserve of the Blood Indians, following the long trail down to Montana, and fording a river up to the belly-bands of the horses. At times we met incoming settlers, with white-hooded "prairie schooners," and driving their fifty or sixty head of cattle before them. All over the heaves of the hills were herds. As evening closed there was the ping of winter in the air. A russet haziness was on the illimitable land—the

result of Indian prairie fires somewhere—and when the moon rose it was an orange ball. The galloping riders, laughing, joking, setting their horses against one another in race, seemed shadowy and mysterious on those great silent lands, with not even the hoot of a night bird to be heard. It was a true Western picture. But there was no Western crudeness, such as you read of in story-books. There was a dashing young horsewoman, who gave the pace across the prairie, and it was only a few months before I had met her in an English drawing-room.

And out in Alberta I saw, as I have noted in many parts of the world, the quick adaptability of the Saxon to new surroundings. Indeed, to my thinking, that is the secret of Britain as a colonial power.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE POLITICS OF THE DOMINION.

I WAS in the Dominion during the whirl of the General Election of 1904, which resulted in the return to office of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal party by a larger majority than before.

Canadians are divided into Conservatives and Liberals. But the descriptions are not in line with those of the two parties at home. Ardent Britons—worn with much arguing over the Fiscal problem which, on its solution, is to bind the old country and the Colonies in tight bonds of commercial and sentimental union—need not look to the result of that contest for guidance as to Colonial views on the policy of preference to old England or from old England. The subject was third in importance to the electors of Canada.

The first issue was that the Liberals were in power, and the Conservatives wanted to get in. The Conservatives accused the Liberals of corruption, and the Liberals hoped to be returned to save Canada from Conservative corruption.

The second issue was whether the new transcontinental railway—cutting through a mighty tract of rich country north of that sliced by the Canadian Pacific Railway—should be a Government line or belong to the Grand Trunk Railroad Company,

which controls thousands of miles of rail in both Canada and the United States. The Conservative party were the agitators for Government control, not because they really favoured such a policy, but because the Liberals were against Government control.

The Liberals denounced the building of the first trans-continental line. Now they are the zealous advocates of a second line, and say there is room for a third and a fourth. The Conservatives do not deny the need of a second line, but as the Government will have to guarantee nine-tenths of the hundreds of millions of dollars for construction, they raised the cry that the Government should provide ten-tenths, go the whole hog, and let the profits go to Canada instead of into the pockets of Grand Trunk shareholders, most of whom live in England and the United States.

The Liberals bawled that a Government railway would be extravagantly worked, and be run in corruption; the Conservatives retorted with suggestions that the Liberals had granted permission to the Grand Trunk to build the line because they had, by crooked means, increased their banking accounts.

Whether the second trans-continental line was to be or not to be a State railway was the main issue of the Canadian General Election. The Conservatives were the extreme Radical-cum-Fabian-cum-Socialist champions; the Liberals were the upholders of private ownership and the denouncers of Government monopolies. So, from the Englishman's point of view, Canadian politics are somewhat topsy-turvy.

A long way behind came the question of trade

BRANDING A STEER ON THE PRAIRIE.

preference in the British Empire. The Conservatives were and are in favour of a closer commercial union with the Mother Country; they are patriotic, and platforms are decorated with banners bearing Lord Dundonald's famous advice to Canada, "Keep both hands on the Union Jack!" The Liberals, headed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself, are lukewarm in attachment to Great Britain, though they want to be loyal to "the Empire," and are certainly loyal to Canada. The Conservatives insist that the Liberals are not loyal, chiefly because the Liberal party is swayed by the French-Canadian vote. The Liberal answer is that it was the Laurier Administration which gave British goods a preference of 33⅓ per cent. over foreign goods entering the Dominion.

"We gave it out of love, asking for nothing in return," was the beautiful assertion of Sir Wilfrid. This sacrifice on the part of Canada has stirred a responsive thrill in many a British breast. Public meetings have cheered loudly in acknowledgment of this affectionate 33⅓ per cent. tribute by the Daughter-land to the Motherland. The tribute was pretty; it was patriotic; it was something to use in the peroration of a political speech.

But let the truth be told even though perorations suffer. It was nothing more than an adroit political move on the part of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his party. For long they had been accused of being unpatriotic towards Britain, that they favoured reciprocity with the United States rather than with England, and that nothing in the way of binding Britain and the Britains beyond the seas need be

expected from the Premier and his friends. When Sir Wilfrid suggested reciprocity with the United States he was snubbed by them. The cock-of-the-walk attitude of the States towards the Dominion touched Canadians to the quick. They resented it, and resent it still.

It was because Sir Wilfrid was a "low tariff man" that he advocated reciprocity with the States. But as he could not get reciprocity he hit upon a scheme which staggered the Conservatives. He got a partially lowered tariff by making his party declare: "We will give a preference to the Empire against the world." A 33 per cent. preference was given. England cheered. There was true love of the old land for you!

Thus at one sweep Sir Wilfrid Laurier made a move toward low tariffs, which he has always advocated, and shut the mouths of his enemies, the Conservatives, who are high tariff men and patriots, and had constantly declared that neither he nor his party would ever do anything to bring Great Britain and her Colonies into closer commercial ties.

To put it baldly, Sir Wilfrid, whilst waving the Union Jack, aimed a blow at the Canadian manufacturer, who winced, but said little, for he had been a great waver of the Union Jack himself.

The Government of Canada is a sort of wheels within wheels. The Canadians acknowledge Great Britain, but the legal tie is so flimsy that it might be broken and nobody know the difference. The Governor-General, representative of the King, is accepted with a mildly amused tolerance. If he

meddles in the politics of the land he is disliked, but if he is amiable, and gives good dinner parties, he does all the Canadians really expect of him. Of course he opens Parliament in State, and the gilt, tinsel, and precedence of Westminster is duplicated at Ottawa.

Jake Canuke, like his brother Jonathan in the States, has an open scoff for "this tomfoolery" of gold lace, cocked hats, and blaring trumpets. In his heart he loves it. His Dominion Parliament is modelled on our own. His Senate is the equivalent of the House of Lords, and the Canadian is as hungry to become a Senator as the Englishman is supposed to be to enter the Peerage. There is the covered Throne, the crimson benches, the plush carpet, the red settees for the judges—only now the judges don't attend the opening of Parliament because there were quarrels among their women-kind about precedence—always a troublesome point in a democracy. The House of Commons is a copy of the dingy Chamber on the banks of the Thames. The only difference is that the Ottawa House is more dingy. The Speaker sits in a big chair. Canadians couldn't have so mediæval a thing as a wigged Speaker. So he compromises by wearing evening dress in the afternoon, like a Frenchman at a wedding. Formerly he wore white kid gloves; but white gloves worn on hot afternoons have their disadvantages. They were dropped. The Government sit to the right of the chair, and the Opposition to the left. The Serjeant-at-Arms has a little pew.

All the Provincial Legislatures in Quebec,

Ontario, Manitoba, British Columbia, and even the little assembly at Regina, for the North-West Territories—about to cease and become the two provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta—imitate the "Mother of Parliaments." The population of the whole of Canada is only about that of the county of Lancashire, yet the Provincial Legislatures, of not much more importance than second-rate county councils, maintain the elaborate procedure of Westminster, and cause the visiting Englishman to smile.

Everybody is paid, from the Saskatchewan farmer, who gets £100 and free railway transport for attending a fortnight or three weeks at Regina, to the member of the Dominion House, who gets £300, free transport, and leather travelling trunks—which he usually sells at a profit—for five or six months' attendance at Ottawa. All elected politicians receive what is politically called an "indemnity." The consequence is that the personality of the Canadian House of Commons does not compare favourably with the British House. It could not be otherwise. Canada is a new country, and has no leisured class. No man can afford to take up a political career unless he is paid. The pay, however, is so small that politics, as a source of livelihood, are avoided except by those who have failed in other occupations, or by lawyers "on the make."

Rightly or wrongly, Canadian politicians are not an esteemed class. Everyone is supposed to be after "boodle," or "graft," the slang terms applied to the money which reaches the politician's pocket by underground agency. A politician is considered to

be slow if he doesn't become rich. "Oh, he gets $1,500 a year in salary, and manages to save $5,000 a year out of it," is the satirical way in which a Canadian will sometimes refer to his representative. During the session the lobbies are crowded with contractors seeking large Government jobs. There is no Government contract given without prevalent stories of bribery. Canada rubs shoulders with the United States, and methods of American politics are rife.

In Great Britain the tendency is for bye-elections to go against the Government of the day. In Canada, the Government candidate is invariably returned at a bye-election. The reasoning of the Canadian electors is logical. If a supporter of the Opposition is elected, he will have no "pull" on the Government to secure special advantages for his constituency. A supporter of the Government gets material aid from the "powers that be" in the way of grants for public buildings, bridges, roads, post offices, and a dozen things for the benefit of the local community. Thus the Government candidate has a double support—that of the electors, who hope for advantages, and the monied support of the contractors, who expect him to use his influence in getting Government jobs with a considerable margin of profit.

The local member has more personal influence with his Government than the representative of any British constituency, for the constituents have elected him, not because of a large patriotism, but because of direct material gain, and the Government makes grants for improvements knowing that is the

best way to prepare for the General Election, when the member can point to deeds in proof that he has looked after the interests of his constituents. Thus the Government in power is difficult to turn out. The constituency has been "salted" with improvements. Money from the big contractors is flung into the party war chest by the million dollars; the contractors benefit; the member often "stands in" with the contractor to get a share of the plunder, and the locality has reaped advantage at public expense. It is not a high grade of politics. Though the better type of Canadian bemoans what takes place, the practice is one which satisfies the majority.

Not only are the constituencies bribed by the method I have described, but there are other means adopted which show rottenness in the political body. Out West, it is not uncommon to "round up" the half-breed Indians, feed them, fill them with alcohol, and then drive them, herd-like, into the polling booth to vote for some particular candidate. Instances have not been unknown of one party to get hold of the ballot-boxes from a district where it is believed public opinion has swung the other way, destroy the boxes, and substitute others filled with bogus voting papers, giving a majority in favour of the party of the thieves.

Only a short time ago the case of the *Minnie M.* was revealed. This was a vessel hired by the Liberal party in Ontario, and carried a crowd of imported Americans. On the election day the *Minnie M.* cruised in the Georgian Bay, where there were hundreds of lumbermen. Care was taken to plant the

polling booths a long way from the lumber camps. The *Minnie M.* arrived at a place where there was a polling booth. The hired Americans were then Canadian lumbermen who had come along from particular camps to record their votes. They all voted one way, and under names that were given to them. They were taken on to another booth, and voted again under other aliases. This took place half a dozen times, and the supporter of the Liberal administration was returned. He has since been unseated. But the case, though extreme, is an indication of the laxity of morality in Canadian politics.

To suggest, however, that every man in Canadian politics has dirty hands is to do an injustice to a number of honourable men. It has been my fortune to meet politicians of every shade of reputation, from Sir Wilfrid Laurier down to the member who has been prosecuted for cattle-thieving. Though the majority of politicians are of a lower status than we have in England, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of men with as clean records as any who ever sought the suffrages of a British constituency—men with lofty aims, who will have nothing to do with the bribery so prevalent in the Dominion. But these are the men who are sometimes left behind in the election contests.

Though the dissolution of the Dominion Parliament came hurriedly there were plenty of indications that an appeal to the electorate was imminent. There was a sudden eruption of Government works all over the country. Though there is out-of-door

employment for everybody in the summer months—and for hundreds of thousands more men if they could be obtained—the approach of winter and the slackening of the agricultural and building industries means the throwing out of work of an army of men chiefly dependent on casual labour. These men are to be reckoned with at a general election, for manhood suffrage exists. Accordingly the Government candidate can easily show what his party has done, whilst the Opposition man has either to promise or convict the other side of extravagance. Accusations of extravagance are not, however, very effective to an audience reaping an advantage from the extravagance.

Many Government appointments were vacant, and had been vacant for months. "It is a wonder the Liberals didn't fill them up with their friends before the dissolution," said I to a departmental head in Ottawa. He smiled at my British innocence. "My dear sir," said he, "they have been left vacant purposely. There are ten men after each appointment, and they will each work hard for the return of the party, expecting the vacant office will be their reward. If the vacancies had been filled, one man would have been satisfied; but the party would not have got the support of the nine disappointed men."

Accordingly, it will be seen that politics in Canada are ruled by personal and parochial interests. Imperial politics, as Britons understand them, play no active part in Canadian affairs. I don't say there is no talk of Empire; there is a great deal; but

"Empire," when sifted, often means "Canada," and "Canada" means "what is the best for me."

Twice I had the pleasure of meeting Sir Wilfrid Laurier, first at Ottawa, the day after the dissolution of Parliament, and secondly at Quebec, when we had a long talk about preference between Canada and Great Britain. The Premier is a pleasing personality, with the suave, smiling courtesy of Mr. Balfour rather than the vigorous dogmatism of Mr. Chamberlain. Tallish, with a slim, virile frame, he gives you a hand that is large, warm, and generous. He looks at you with eyes soft as those of a woman, but Norman, and as blue as summer skies. The voice is gentle, silvern, delightful to hear. You feel you are in the presence of the most charming man in Canada. It is later that you begin to mark other characteristics—the long straight tight mouth, the skin slightly sallow and scored with innumerable lines, the forehead imaginative rather than contemplative, and on either side tufts of hair tinged with the snow that never melts. He speaks pure English, but every now and then he pronounces a word, especially words with "r" in them, as a Frenchman does. He is a Frenchman—Canadian-French—in his sympathies, his speech, his courtesy. When he addresses his constituents it is in French. The principal papers which support him in Quebec Province are printed in French. You can travel hundreds of miles, and the farmsteads, the people, and their speech will remind you of France. Two million out of six million Canadians speak French as their mother tongue. And it is this great and

increasing French population in Lower Canada which is the truly dominant factor in Canadian politics to-day.

Laurier is a Frenchman. He is the first Frenchman who has been Premier of Canada, and his compatriots are rightly proud of him. Quebec votes practically solid for the Laurier candidates—fifty-eight out of sixty-five seats. The French-Canadians not only hold the balance of power in the Dominion, but Quebec Province regulates the representation in the Dominion Parliament. Quebec has sixty-five representatives, fixed and definite, and the other provinces rise or fall as their population is proportionate with that of Quebec. Thus New Brunswick lost seats last election, whilst the North-West Territories gained several.

The French-Canadians would vote for Laurier or for any other Premier, quite apart from politics, if he were a Frenchman. And it is the French vote as distinct from the British vote in Canada—for the French-Canadian, while sufficiently grateful for the benefits of living under the Union Jack, wouldn't spend a penny, if left to his own decision, for the defence of the British Empire—which limits the range of Canadian politics and keeps them parochial. The French-Canadian has no interests outside Canada, few indeed outside Quebec. He is loyal to Canada, loyal to the Empire in a vague, non-committing way, but loyal to Great Britain—he shrugs his shoulders.

Discussions in Parliament are conducted in both languages. When the Speaker of the Senate is

British, then the Speaker of the House of Commons is French, and *vice versâ*. Debate is carried on at a disadvantage. The conditions of debate in the British Houses are not ideal, but members have a chance of gripping their audience, especially if the chamber is crowded, excited, and electric. There is nothing of that at Ottawa. Each member has a desk; so they sit apart, and there is little chance of that personal affinity which sways a crowd. Men use their desks for writing letters to their esteemed constituents, or reading books, or perusing the newspapers. Unless the man on his feet is prominent he has no chance of being heard.

"But," says the Canadian, intent on being practical, "why should a member waste his time listening to men he is not anxious to hear, as in your House in the old country?"

CHAPTER XX.

THE DOMINION AND ITS NEIGHBOUR.

YOU cannot consider the political development of Canada without keeping an eye on the United States. Though Canada has moved towards independence, with the slimmest tie to Great Britain, and though, as I have pointed out, the spirit of Imperialism is in the Dominion, the United States, not always accidentally nor simply by reason of juxtaposition, has exercised an influence over its northern neighbour.

Three-quarters of a century has gone since the dependent colonies, Upper Canada and Lower Canada, were reunited as the Province of Canada, and the initial steps toward self-government were made. A long series, however, of gradual concessions by the Imperial Government at home not only weakened the influence of Britain, but gave birth to a feeling among Canadians that Englishmen cared nothing for the Colonies, and, indeed, regarded them as an expensive encumbrance. There had been disputes of long standing between England and America, and these were settled by the British Government always to the advantage of the States. Take the boundary dispute in regard to the State of Maine and the Canadian region of New Brunswick. It ended in a compromise by which America got the larger and fertile half of the disputed land, whilst

Canada got the lesser and comparatively valueless half. As Sir J. G. Bourinot in a paper to the American Historical Association some years ago said, the English Government gave up to the United States 11,000 square miles of land, or the combined areas of Massachusetts and Connecticut. It would, therefore, be impossible to disabuse the great majority of Canadians of the fixed idea, which has come to them as the heritage of these badly managed negotiations, that their interests were literally given away by the too conciliatory and amiable English Envoy, who knew nothing of the question, and was quite indifferent, like most Englishmen of these days, to Canadian matters. Lord Ashburton received the thanks of the British Parliament ostensibly for removing a long-standing cause of irritation between two nations—a wise and commendable motive when it is not attended with injustice to one of the parties to the settlement, that party being in this case Canada. In reality, said Sir J. G. Bourinot, he should have been thanked for enlarging the area of Maine. You have only to take a casual glance at a map to see how Maine presses like a huge wedge into the provinces of New Brunswick and Quebec.

Until recent times—Canada, revealing her strength as a commercial nation, causing qualms in the heart of the United States — America never showed any friendliness to her Canadian sister. A Reciprocity Treaty was repealed by Congress in 1866, somewhat pettishly, because the Canadians were supposed to have sympathised with the

Confederate States during the Civil War. The hope was to make Canada so uncomfortable that she would accept annexation ; indeed, a bill was actually introduced into the House of Representatives providing for the admission of the two Canadas into the family of the United States!

About that time were the raids of the Fenians, the avowed enemies of Britain, who gathered in bands on the frontier of Canada. American newspapers were full of accounts of the gathering and arming with the intention of inflicting injury on Canada. America took no steps to disperse these men, bent on brigandage in a neighbouring and friendly country, until loud protests were made. Then proclamations were issued, and a few men were arrested. The real temper of America was shown by the House of Representatives sending a resolution to the President, requesting him to "cause the persecutions instituted in the United States Courts against the Fenians to be discontinued if compatible with the public interest." This was done. Responsibility, by reason of permission and complicity, certainly rested upon the United States. The Fenians were "playing the game" for the States. Canada was on the eve of Confederation, an advance and a welding together in political power which would make more difficult the persistent schemes of America to irritate and worry Canada into annexation. In 1867, however, the Imperial Parliament gave Canada a Federal Union. A Parliament of United Canada met at Ottawa.

Canada being a comparatively poor country, and

the United States a comparatively rich country, the people of the north were naturally anxious to enter into commercial treaties with the States. Canada's advances were repulsed, although she was willing to make concessions. Canada was thrown back upon herself. Canada, with the grit she has always shown, began to realise that it wasn't encouragement from Britain nor commercial courtesy from the United States that would carry her forward. She began to stretch her sinews and tighten her muscles. Canada, instead of remaining two Eastern Provinces, pushed north to Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Ocean, westwards to the plains, the Rockies, and the Pacific coast. On the east was Cape Breton with its coal mines ; on the west was Vancouver with its timber and fisheries. A great line of railway spanned the continent.

When Canada was showing the stuff of which she was made, the Imperial Government began openly to recognise her value as an integral part of the Empire. The old superciliousness towards the Colonies waned, though it did not disappear. Canada was consulted on matters of difference between the British and United States Governments.

Seeking the opinion of Canada in Imperial councils has had a marked effect. Like all new nations the Canadians generally affect a mild derision toward the legislative ritual which has grown out of the centuries. Behind that, however, is a feeling almost of reverence for the majesty of British rule, a reverence which the Canadian tries to hide in fear of the derision which he himself would show

to a brother Canadian who became enthusiastic in regard to British institutions. Accordingly, we have something of a paradox—resentment toward British domination, and yet a passionate desire to be a very important part of the British Empire. It is this sentiment which has done much to create the belief in Canada that her commercial interests and prosperity lie within the Empire rather than with the United States, which was so long her political and commercial foe, and which is only now beginning to understand that Canada will probably be giving America a Roland for her Oliver.

More than once in previous chapters I have made reference to the immigration of United States farmers into the proposed two new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, better known as the North-West Territories. The yearly arrival of 50,000 Americans into one particular region might in time raise an "outlander" question. There is some dread of political complications. Personally I think the dread is ill-founded. Many of these immigrants are really Canadians, or the sons of Canadians, who went to the wheat states of America before the great wheat tracts of Canada were discovered. Further, the man who is attracted soon realises he is under more equitable government than he has experienced in the States, and he becomes a perfectly loyal Canadian. It fills an American with surprise to get into a land where it is certain that if a man shoots another he will be hanged.

United States money flows into Canada. Indeed, the American capital invested in the Dominion

is enormous. Many American firms have opened factories on the Canadian side of the frontier in order to get behind the tariff. Some big industrial concerns are "in the pockets" of Americans who rule them, and take the profits out of the country. Whether it be in land or industrial enterprise, one of the hindrances with which Canada will have to deal is that she is vastly dependent on American capital. The Canadian is cautious; the Briton is shy; the American is a plunger. Few of the great developments which require the expenditure of millions can be engineered without the aid of the American capitalist. His uses in rousing tremendous plains to yield wheat, and in starting mills to weave cloth, are great, but his interest in Canada is purely commercial; he puts money into the country so that he can take out a great deal—perfectly legitimate, but not without its evil effects, because it subjects the country, in some particulars, to the worst kind of exploitation.

Remembering that in times past, when Britain treated her Colonies with a disdainful aloofness, Canada had certain hankerings toward joining her great southern neighbour, and bearing in mind that when she endeavoured to show her individuality her neighbour treated her with scorn, and then after that, there coming a warm appreciation of Canada by the Mother Country, I am inclined to look to the future, and consider what will be the action of the Canadians, impulsive and generous, but mercurial, if as the end of the hurly-burly of British politics of to-day our people at home give the cold shoulder

to the Dominion, which is enthusiastic for a great commercial confederation between the nations of the Empire?

As I have urged and shown, nothing is further from the Canadian mind than that she enter into treaties of trade with the United States. But as the Canadian is touchy, mercurial, hot-headed, he will construe a refusal of Britain to consider preference within the Empire as a snub to himself, he will become resentful toward Britain, and then he will not only be a yielding, but a willing party to reciprocity between the Dominion and the States, a reciprocity not only for mutual advantage, but in the devising of tariffs which will as effectively keep great quantities of British goods out of the Canadian market as to-day they are kept out of the markets of the United States.

The United States is waiting and preparing for that time. The attitude of the commercial classes in America toward Canada comes near to deference. United States newspapers—many of which have enormous circulations in the Dominion—show keen interest in the development of the Dominion. The constant references to "common interests" and "kindred institutions" cannot fail to have an influence on the minds of a great section of the population.

Some time ago Mr. R. E. Gosnell, the secretary of the British Columbian Bureau of Information, met the insidious invitations of the States with a clear and sane review of the situation. Canadians, he wrote, are now better off than they

would be were they to lose their identity by being merged into a mass of 70,000,000 people. They do not envy the United States its population. Too much stress, he adds, is laid on its importance by both countries. If the population is not of the right sort it is a great evil, and as years go on, and the population be of a heterogeneous character, drawn from all classes and all quarters of the globe, the evil becomes intensified. It is the potential and not the numerical factor which counts.

Mr. Gosnell is not enthusiastic over the rush of immigrants. He fears it will be greater than Canada's capacity to absorb, and that there will follow an era of speculation. If a man is better off in life when he advances steadily step by step to competence than the man who, by nervous, restless ups and downs, and many heart-breaking vicissitudes, hopes finally to jump to fortune, then a nation is decidedly better off when the individual units, as a whole, are of the former class, plodders though they be. Canada, he admits, can never hope to overtake the United States population, and does not want to; but Canada will have a population with fewer elements of danger and of greater solidarity, a greater average prosperity and contentment.

"We like our political institutions better than yours. If they are not, they are better suited to our wants, and move in harmony with our traditions and conditions. Nominally we are under monarchical rule, but our institutions are as free, and our meed of liberty, private and public, as great, as anywhere in the United States. We believe we

are more democratic than the United States, and our Government more representative, and in closer touch with the public pulse. The United States cannot turn out a Government in less than four years; we can turn ours out and put a new one in in forty-eight hours. Compared with the King of England, the President is an autocrat in the prerogatives he possesses. Our judiciary and our public officials are not dependent upon public favour for their offices, and are therefore in a better position to do their duties impartially, and with better results than in the elective system. We should not be as well off if annexed, because our trade lines are east to west, and from west to east. We have trade which is dissimilar in its kind, and we are building up a trade with different parts of the Empire. We could trade with the United States in some things to our advantage, but on the whole the States would have the best of it, particularly in manufactures. With the boundary line obliterated, our trade would centre in the great towns of the United States. Branch railway lines would tap us at every vantage point, and draw the trade to the States. We should be under annexation to many States of the Union, and lose our individuality and nationality. By the struggle to retain our commercial independence we have become stronger, greater, and more prosperous than we could otherwise have become."

That is the calm and reasoned opinion of the educated Canadian at the present day. But be chill to him in his desire to confer with other representatives of the Empire for joint trade benefit, and let

the United States offer a treaty of reciprocity—which may be for a long or a short time—a treaty which is certain to be liberal to Canada, and the love of Empire will then, I am afraid, not be sufficiently strong to enable the Dominion to resist the commercial advantage of a scheme of trade defence between Canada and America against the rest of the world.

What Canadians are thinking to-day about their relations with Great Britain and the United States is of vast moment to the inhabitants of the British Isles when they have before them the settlement of the Colonial problem, fraught as it is with mighty issues not only concerning the welfare of Britain, but affecting the commercial history of the world. I have been careful not to give prominence to the opinions of extremists, but rather to secure the balanced opinion of the Canadians as a whole.

Not long ago a member of the Dominion Parliament, Mr. John Charlton, issued an essay on whether the supremacy of Great Britain and the presence of British institutions and laws could be with profit exchanged for American supremacy and the introduction of American institutions. On contrasting the two systems the fact impresses itself, says Mr. Charlton, that the United States Government with all its admirable features was not the growth of centuries of experience, but the crystallisation of theories evolved from brains of the fathers of the Republic, and put into practice without test of actual trial or modifying influence of time, leaving results of experience to be acquired later, and applied

in such imperfect and halting manner as the provisions of the Constitution would permit. One feature of the system was division of authority between State and Federal Government, and the somewhat hazy designation of their respective spheres of authority.

This indistinctness as to limits of jurisdiction led to the great rebellion in 1861. At the cost of a great loss of blood and treasure the paramount character of Federal institutions was established. Terms of office under the American system are so brief as to keep the country subject to almost perpetual shock of elections. State elections, as a rule, take place annually, for members of Congress every two years, and for President every four years. On these latter occasions for many years past, business has been unsettled, and the country has waited with anxiety, and often with alarm, for the result, which might, in one case, completely upset business, and bring on widespread panic and disaster.

Mr. Charlton went on to show that some features of the American system seem absurd. The President is elected on the first Tuesday in November, but is not sworn in until March. Members of the House of Representatives elected on the same day do not assume their duties at Washington, unless called together for an extra Session, till the December of the following year, so that a period of thirteen months elapses between their election and their assuming of the duties of office. In the meantime public demand for a change of policy must wait for fulfilment. The Executive and Adminis-

trative Departments are almost totally separate and distinct from the Legislative Department, and the President can defy to a great extent the will of the people as expressed through their representatives.

Heads of the various departments are entirely independent of the legislative branch, and the desires of the Treasury Department for financial legislation, or of any other department as to legislature pertaining to its particular sphere of action, cannot be brought to bear upon Congress by the introduction by heads of these departments, holding positions as members of the House, of the measures they wish to put forth. The result is a flood of haphazard legislation, upon the character of which the Administration may exert a restraining influence or may not. The fact that in every Session of the House of Representatives over ten thousand Bills are presented and printed, illustrates most forcibly the danger of the separation of the legislative and administrative departments of the Government. This comparison of the two systems of government will naturally convince one that the Canadian is the better.

What Mr. Charlton says in regard to trade relations is of importance. He recognises that it was the repressive policy of the United States in regard to fiscal matters which forced Canada to open up other markets. The market of Great Britain is one of prime and growing importance, and therefore he appreciates that Canada can afford to make sacrifices for the maintenance of Imperial power and the promotion of Imperial interests.

Looking, therefore, at the issues in a broad light, and weighing all the factors, the conclusion I arrive at is that the fate of Canada largely depends on the decision of Britain. Canada wants Imperialism, but if she cannot get that, she will—however far it be from her present intention—move toward a great confederation between the two North American nationalities. Just as the imagination of the Canadian is touched by the possibility of a great British Empire in which he shall play his part, so if that dream fades there will come another, of a great American Empire. Like his cousin in the United States, he is an idealist, and he will overlook the disadvantages of annexation, and, with the impetus of self-interest, which will be the first incentive, he will be as enthusiastic in maintaining the American Empire as he is at present enthusiastic for the British Empire.

All this, I know, comes perilously near the province of prophecy. My views may be objected to; but no one acquainted with the three nations, Britain, Canada, and the United States, and who argues from the present, with the past as his instructor, can, I believe, fail to recognise that the trend of Canadian history will be in the direction I have portrayed.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION: IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

THE Parliament Houses at Ottawa are a commanding mass of buildings. The Senate, to which members are elected for life, with disqualification if their attendance be irregular, and the House of Commons, elected by a popular franchise, are controlled in much the same way as the British Houses of Parliament. Canadians are satisfied with their method of Government, not only because it is based on British methods, but because it is more democratic than the Congress at Washington.

The Governor-General or Viceroy has a high official position; but his influence is small. If he makes any attempt to interfere in the control of affairs he gets himself disliked. The popular Governor-General is the man who will keep his fingers from meddling in politics, will do what he is told by the Prime Minister, is personally a good fellow, a good horseman and good shot, whose lady is amiable, and willing to bring joy to the democracy by handshakes at crowded receptions.

In a preceding chapter I have described Canadian politics. They are not clean. And the cloak of royalty, carried by the Governor-General, is not infrequently used by holders of power—the Viceroy being little more than the official sanctioner of their

acts—to do things which no British Minister would think or dare to do. The value of a Viceroy of outstanding personality is, however, incalculable. Not that his influence can or will be exercised directly, but because by his position, by the dominance of his character, by recognising the high qualities of the Canadian character and proclaiming them, and by losing no opportunity of denouncing corruption in general without referring to the instances close at hand, he produces a strong moral effect on the people.

The various stages of constitutional Government in Canada are (1) the Sovereign; (2) the Imperial Parliament; (3) the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, as the court of last resource for the whole Empire; (4) the Government of the Dominion, consisting of the Governor-General, the Privy Council, and a Parliament of two Houses; (5) Governments of the Provinces, consisting in each case of a Lieutenant-Governor, an Executive Council, and a Legislature; (6) Canadian Courts of Law, which can adjudicate on all questions depending on the construction of written constitution. These several authorities (*a*) maintain the Sovereignty of the Imperial State; (*b*) establish Central Government for the whole Federation; (*c*) preserve the autonomy of the Provinces within certain well-defined limits; (*d*) make perfect legal provision for the settlement of disputes that necessarily arise in working out the written Federal Constitution.

The representation of each Province in the House of Representatives is decided by population.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA

Quebec is the basis. By law it has sixty-five representatives, and this remains fixed whether the population rises or falls. Other provinces increase or lose in representation according to their population. There was a decrease in the representatives from the Maritime Provinces last year, but an increase in the representatives from the Western Provinces. As already described, the civil law and language of the French-Canadians have been given legal guarantees. Protection has been afforded to religious minorities with respect to denominational schools in a province —though a dispute is waging in the proposed new provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta whether "Separate" or denominational schools shall be recognised. Devolution is in full force. Parliament at Ottawa deals with all affairs of Federal concern, but each Provincial Legislature deals with affairs affecting its own region. Sometimes the Dominion and Provincial Legislatures come into conflict, chiefly on the matter of railways, which, of course, concern both the Dominion and the Province. Now and then an anomaly peeps out. The Provincial Legislature can grant licenses in regard to the sale of alcohol, but once granted, as much of the alcohol comes from abroad, and is subject to Customs, only the Dominion Legislature has power to withdraw licenses.

While the Governor-General of Canada is appointed by the King, the Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces are appointed by the Dominion Government. Each Lieutenant-Governor is advised by an Executive Council chosen from the

majority of the Provincial Assembly, and holding office while it retains the confidence of the people's representatives. Thus a Lieutenant-Governor may be appointed by a Liberal administration at Ottawa, but his Council consist of Conservatives. Higher up in the scale an advisory Council for the Governor-General is chosen from members of the Privy Council of Canada, who have the confidence of the House of Commons, which means it is a purely political nomination. The Senate consists of eighty-two members supposed to be appointed by the Crown, but really given place for party services. The Senate is not, as it might be, a dignified assembly of men who have served Canada well in various walks of life, but is mainly a shunting-place for the political derelicts of the party in power. Culture does not count; illiteracy is no bar to appointment. The most blatant man I met in Canada was a Senator.

As shown in my last chapter, the Canadian system of Government has many advantages over the Congressional Government of the United States. The head of the Executive is removed from the turmoil of party controversy. The public service is not all dependent on men rewarded for political help, and liable to be swept away with a change of administration. Politics, of course, weigh in an appointment, but politics have nothing to do with the termination of an appointment. At Washington I have remarked the number of comparatively young men at the heads of departments; at Ottawa I was much struck with the fact of so many permanent officials being quite elderly men. The judiciary is

appointed by the Crown on the advice of responsible Ministers, and a judge can only be removed after successful impeachment by the Dominion Parliament; the selection of judges does not depend, as is so often the case in America, on intrigue. There is a secret ballot in all classes of public election, a complete system of laws for the repression and punishment of bribery and corruption at political as well as municipal elections, and the trial by an independent judiciary of all corrupt practices at elections.

The machinery of Government is far superior to that of the United States. But, as I have demonstrated in my chapter on the Politics of the Dominion, the dirt of corruption gets into the working. This regrettable feature is chiefly due to the influence of America. As Sir J. G. Bourinot has pointed out in his lucid constitutional study of the political institutions of Canada, there can be seen to-day some illustrations of the deteriorating influences of such partisan and democratic conditions as are common among Canada's Republican neighbours. There is the difficulty of inducing responsible and able men to interest themselves in municipal government, a steady attempt to introduce politics into municipal elections, and a mixing-up of federal issues with local questions at provincial elections. There is an entire disappearance of the old British system under which a man could throw himself on the suffrage of the electors; a dominance of party conventions which control all political nominations, and limit the choice of the electors; absolutism of the party machine, the tendency of

party to crush all independence of opinion, an absence of high ideals in the field of political life, and a lowering of the sense of individual responsibility.

Mr. Goldwin Smith—who has spent many years of his life in writing articles and books aimed at snapping the links which bind Canada to Great Britain—a man of brilliance, but, in later days, of weakened influence, has voluminously expressed his views on this question. He points out that in England tradition has not wholly lost the restraining power which it had when government was in the hands of a class pervaded by a sense of corporate responsibility. The American or Canadian politician in playing his game uses without scruple every card in his hand. Traditions or unwritten laws are nothing to him; the only safeguard against his excesses is written law. Americans are surprisingly tolerant of what an Englishman would think the inordinate use of power by holders of office; but then they know there is a line drawn by law, beyond which the man cannot go, and that with the year his authority must end. The politician in Canada, not less than in the United States, requires the restraint of written law. Mr. Goldwin Smith goes so far as to argue that Canada has really a Federal Republic after the American model, but admits that the Canadian and British system has clearly the advantage in respect to the conduct of legislation. The American House of Representatives is apt, for want of leadership, to become a legislative chaos. Order and progress of business are only secured by allowing the Speaker, who ought to be neutral, to

act as party leader of the majority, and control legislation by a partisan nomination of the committees.

Another plea for the Canadian system, says Mr. Goldwin Smith, is that by a sure and constitutional process it brings the executive into agreement with the legislature, and with the people by whom the legislature is elected, whereas when President Johnson entered upon a course of policy directly at variance with the policy of Congress no remedy could be found, except the very rough remedy of impeachment. Hence Canadians boast their system is more democratic than that of the Americans. On the other hand, Mr. Goldwin Smith argues, the American system gives the country a stable executive independent of the fluctuating majorities of the legislative chamber, and of those shifting combinations, jealousies and cabals, which in France, and not in France alone, have been making it almost impossible to find a firm foundation for a government. A Canadian Premier always engaged in party fighting and manœuvring, perpetually on the stump, stoops to acts which, if done by an American President, would cause great scandal. The American system has, moreover, sometimes the advantage of admitting to the Cabinet and to the highest service of the State men of high administrative ability who are not party managers or rhetoricians.

In the year 1905 Canada relieved Great Britain of the cost of the military establishment at Halifax on the east coast, and the naval station at Esquimalt on the west coast. The whole sentiment of Canada is

against making a contribution to the British Exchequer toward Imperial Defence if Canada is to have no voice in the spending of the money. There is a deep and growing feeling that Canada should pay her share into a common fund so long as she has a proportionate decision in the way the fund should be expended. Meanwhile Canada recognises that she should pay for her own defence.

Much depends on predilections or prejudices whether you think the action of Canada in deciding to look after herself in defence is a kindly act to relieve Britain of the expense, or a move to release Canada from any appearance of British dominance.

Though the Canadian has his eyes on the Imperial idea, it must never be lost sight of that apart from this sentimental reason he does not care twopence for England as England. I recognise the great difficulty, in considering the attitude of Canada, in having constantly to change the focus from Britain to the British Empire, and then back to Britain again. In the eyes of the Canadian the two things are different. He is willing to do much for Great Britain as a part of the Empire, but for Britain alone, except in the thin sentimental sense to which I have alluded, he does not see why he should go much out of his way. Let me give an instance. Young Canada jumped to arms during the South African War, and did her share in closing it in victory. The blaze of sentiment to help old England when she needed help was the first impulse; the second was the opportunity for fighting which appealed to lusty Canadians, and the third was the

love of Empire, which had been a subject of instruction in the Dominion schools for years before.

But in all honesty I must say that, with one or two exceptions, the opinion I gathered in Canada last year was that England must not look to the Dominion to do the same thing again. The position taken up by men of all shades of politics, Ministers of State, Western politicians, journalists, came to this: "We helped you out of love, but we don't intend to be swept off our feet again. You can rely upon us we will help England should she need our help in war—and if we think her cause is just." The significance lies in the addendum. Canada will be a free agent, whether she helps Britain or not. If she wants to she will; if she doesn't she won't. What claim has Britain on Canada?

Here one comes across one of the streaks of restricted nationalism that thread the garment of Imperialism which the Canadian wears. Into his big talk about a mighty Empire there wriggle narrow views. In his question, Why should Canada help England? he forgets that if it had not been for England there would have been no Canada, and he fails to appreciate that if it had not been for the existence of British arms ready to defend any part of the Empire a considerable portion, if not all, of Canada to-day would have been included as part of the United States. "I shall fight for England if it suits me," he says. I wonder what he would say if England retorted: "We shall only fight for you if it suits us. In the case of war—as between Japan and Russia—let your Canadian ships be

seized and confiscated on the plea of carrying contraband, and rely on yourselves to get justice! Get into a squabble with the United States, and put your handful of Militia against the American troops. You mustn't expect us to help you, but we will—if we think your cause is just." The position is absurd.

Britain is absolutely necessary to the national existence of Canada. Yet the selfishness of the Canadian in considering the question of defence is but a trait in his character, and I have a firm belief that when his ideas of Empire become more definite he will not hesitate to do his full and legitimate share in the defence, not of Britain as Britain, but in the defence of the Empire of which both Britain and Canada are parts.

The militia force which Canada has is little other than an ineffective skeleton. Lord Dundonald, who had command of the Canadian troops, spoke the unpleasant truth when he informed the Dominion it had no real defence. It has been declared in the Dominion House of Commons that the physique of the troops is deplorable, and that they are mostly composed of old men and babes. This has been attributed to the small pay. Military men told me, as was plain enough, that it was impossible to get men at two shillings, when the labourer could earn from four shillings to six shillings a day. Further, I was told that military restraint did not suit the young Canadian. He puts up with it for perhaps a year, and then wants to be off.

What the Canadian Government is now aiming at is to increase the militia force to 100,000 men,

one-half to be reserves, and the others to drill every second year. The regular forces are to be increased by a few hundred. There will be a central camp suitable for extensive manœuvres. The idea is to have in reserve a large citizen army, to be supplied with rifles and ammunition, and enabled to make themselves good shots, men who will, in the words of Sir Frederick Borden, "form the flesh and blood which, in case of mobilisation, will clothe the skeleton of picked and well-trained officers and men."

At the present time the permanent Canadian force does not exceed 1,000 men under arms, and from them are drawn instructors for the militia, which number about 35,000. The men in the permanent force, though practically corresponding to the British regulars, are, as a rule, young fellows of good education, who enter for promotion to the position of instructors. The active militia are divided into rural corps and city corps. The rural corps are similar to our militia, but with only nine days' training, while the city corps corresponds very nearly with our volunteers. Departmental organisation is weak. Yet the Canadian military system is superior to that of the United States. It is administered by a central authority for the whole Dominion, whilst in America each State has complete control over the organisation and equipment of its militia.

While nothing is easier than to criticise the soldiery of Canada, to point out weaknesses, to demonstrate that in war they would be able to do little in effective defence, and while it is well to find

out the parts that are unsatisfactory, the other side of the shield must be looked at. After all, Canada is quite a new country, as large as Europe, but with a population as small as the county of Lancashire.

The Canadian people, in rough terms, spread for a thin 3,000 miles along the southern part of their country, and not far from the borders of the United States, which is a foreign country, and has a population a dozen times as great as that of the Dominion. Canada's ability to defend such a stretch of frontier is *nil*. Her revenue is about £2 per inhabitant, and of this eighteen pence per inhabitant is all the military expenditure. As for the Navy, not a halfpenny is spent. Captain W. Wood wrote with considerable force some time ago: "The future navy must be Imperial, in fact as well as in name; but Canada has never taken a single step towards making it so, although her Imperial trade depends directly, and her other trade indirectly, upon British command of the sea. Both parties in the State are equally to blame for this dangerous shirking of responsibility, for neither seems to have grasped the A B C of Imperial defence." Captain Wood declares that for modern warfare the Canadian plan is null and void, and as for the administrative departments, "there are none," no unified medical corps, no supply, no transport. Indeed, in the promiscuous, haphazard way the military forces have been organised, Canada is not getting value for her money, little though that be.

Instead of endeavouring to manage her military defence for herself it would be better if she bor-

rowed some capable officers from the British Army, put her trust in them, and, within limits, gave them liberty to organise a defensive force that will not be worse than useless at a time of war. General Hutton has done a great deal to improve matters; politicians at Ottawa mean well. But there are too many clashing interests, too many cooks engaged in stirring the broth, and though on paper the military schemes of the Canadian Government look nice enough, there is much shaking of the head among those who know.

CHAPTER XXII.

EDUCATION, CRIME, BANKING, AND RAILWAYS.

EACH Provincial Government has the right to legislate on matters educational, though when this right was conferred in 1867, the privileges of denominational schools were especially protected.

Just as at home, there have been bickerings about denominationalism, the firebrands being more keen on dishing their theological opponents than attending to the mental equipment of the youngsters. The French Roman Catholics have much to be thankful for that they live under the Union Jack, though they don't appreciate the advantage to the full. Their religion being dear to them, they decide, independent of any possible tyranny by a majority, whether the education rate they pay shall go to public or what are called Separate schools. Each ratepayer allocates his contribution. In a colloquialism, the man who pays the piper calls the tune. The knowledge that, were Canada ever to be annexed to the United States, the whole of the much valued denominational teaching in Catholic schools would be swamped by the argument of "American equality," does much to restrain the informed French-Canadian from openly advocating annexation.

With this notable exception—the recognition of religious instruction—the educational system of Canada is on much the same lines as in the States. It deserves admiration, and is worthy of careful study by everybody in England who has education at heart. Education is free, as the word is usually understood. As there are not many class distinctions —there is not the same gamut of social gradation between what are called the upper and lower classes as with us—the children of the well-to-do go to the same school, and sit on the same forms as the children of the poor. There is not the contempt for the free public schools which, unfortunately, is noticeable at a certain stage of prosperity among my fellow-countrymen, and especially my fellow-countrywomen, at home. There is no silliness about it being "not quite the proper thing" to send children to the State schools. The schools are as much the property of the public as are the foot-paths, and nobody thinks there is degradation to use them.

In the Province of Ontario, which takes premier place, all regulations for the public and high schools are made by the Minister of Education, subject to the approval of the Provincial Government. These schools are under the control of the local boards of trustees, popularly elected. Attendance of children between the ages of seven and thirteen is compulsory for not less than a hundred days in the year. The noteworthy features in Ontario's system of education are:—Uniform course of study for all schools; provincial instead of local control in examination of

teachers; uniformity of text-books and common matriculation for admission to all universities and learned professions. These give unity to the system, which includes: (*a*) kindergarten; (*b*) public or separate schools; (*c*) high schools or collegiate institutes; (*d*) the University.

According to the returns for 1902, there were open over 6,000 schools with 454,000 pupils—leaving out of count the 11,300 kindergarten pupils, and 670 night school pupils. The cost on the total attendance was just about £2 2s. per pupil, though on the average attendance, which was not satisfactory, it was about £3 14s. 6d. per pupil.

There are no missing rungs in the ladder of education, and the pupil moves from elementary school to higher school in regular gradation. There are 134 high schools in Ontario, with an average attendance of 14,430, and an average cost on that attendance of about £10 13s. 6d. In 1902 the receipts towards public education were $383,000 in legislative grant, nearly $4,000,000 from municipal school grant and assessments, and $1,422,000 from the clergy reserve fund and other sources. Over $3,000,000 was spent in teachers' salaries, $86,000 in maps and prizes, $432,000 for sites and building school-houses, and over $1,000,000 for rent, repairs, fuel, etc.

I regret to report that in Canada, just as at home, I did not find the thirsty eagerness for instruction among young men and women which I have remarked in the United States. In the States there is a passion among the young people to im-

prove themselves. They are as keen about the night classes as the average young English person is about a football match or a whist drive. There is a lamentable falling off in Ontario of appreciation of night schools. In 1892 there were thirty-two such schools, and in 1902 only eleven; there were sixty-eight teachers in 1892, but the number dropped to seventeen; there were 2,293 pupils in 1892, and ten years later only 670, whilst the average attendance was as low as 170. I don't pretend to find a reason; I state the fact.

An interesting thing I came across might, with pleasurable advantage, be adopted in England to relieve the playgrounds of their generally barrack-yard appearance. The second Friday in the May of every year is set apart, under the name of Arbour Day, for the purpose of planting trees and improving the school grounds. In 1902 over 10,000 trees were planted, and over 14,000 plants set out.

In the Province of Quebec educational matters are under the control of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, assisted by a council consisting of thirty-five members, and divided into committees for the management of Roman Catholic and Protestant schools respectively. Attendance is compulsory from five to sixteen years. The schools are maintained partly by local taxation, and partly by Government grants, and are controlled by local boards.

The Roman Catholics are, of course, in the ascendant, but they do not dictate what religious instruction shall be given except in their own

schools, for by the system of allocation the Protestants contribute their education rates to Protestant schools, though the Government grant ignores religious differences. The Roman Catholics have 4,492 elementary schools; 47, however, of these are independent, and receive no Government grant. The Protestants have 887 elementary schools, of which only three are independent. Further, the Catholics have 367 model schools and 44 academies at the public expense, while the Protestants have 44 and 27 respectively. Besides, the Catholics maintain, independently, 144 model schools, 105 academies, 4 normal schools, 19 classical colleges, 2 universities, and 3 schools for deaf mutes and the blind; while the Protestants have no independent model schools, but have 2 academies, 1 normal school, 2 universities, and 1 school for deaf mutes and the blind. It is the same in the case of superior schools (without Government grant); the Catholics maintain 688, while the Protestants maintain 77.

Thus under the British flag the sacred religious rights and privileges of the minority of Roman Catholics in Ontario, and of the minority of Protestants in Quebec are guarded, as they are not in the United States under the Stars and Stripes.

In far-off British Columbia the educational system is free, undenominational, and supported by the Government, except the schools in the cities of Nanimo, New Westminster, Vancouver, and Victoria. These cities are required to pay all expenses connected with the maintenance of the schools, and are allowed a per capita grant of £2 on

the average actual daily attendance. They are also given the provincial revenue tax. There is a Superintendent of Education, and each school is locally controlled by trustees. The Lieutenant-Governor in Council is empowered to create new school districts as they become necessary, provided no school district shall contain less than fifteen children between the ages of five and sixteen years. There are three steps in British Columbia: common schools, graded schools, and high schools.

Education in the North-West Territories is in no way bound by systems such as we have in old countries, which it is so difficult and sometimes dangerous to alter. There is a stretch of featureless plain marked out as a township. A little section is set apart as school property, thus providing a free site for the building, and the adjoining land will sell or let at a good price. Indeed, what are known as "school lands" sell remarkably well, because they give the children of the neighbouring farmer a close proximity to the school-house. The law provides that no school district shall comprise an area of more than twenty-five square miles, nor shall it contain less than four resident heads of families, or a smaller school population than twelve children between the ages of five and six. No religious instruction is allowed in any public school before 3.30 p.m.; then such instruction as is permitted by the trustees may be given, but parents can withdraw their children if they desire.

The man in the Territories takes a pride in the local school-house, and no rate is more readily paid

than that for education. The school-house is often the only public building in a township, and each farm in a township may be hardly within eye-shot of the next. While it is often just a simple, square, plain-built and white-painted wooden room, it is regarded with as much affection as though it were monstrous, marbled-faced, and fantastic in architecture. Whenever I was in a little town or out driving on the prairie, I missed no opportunity of dropping into the local school-house, and having a talk with the teacher. As farmers settle in a district, the first thing they do, after building houses for themselves, is to get the authority of the Department of Education at Regina to sanction the erection of a school-house. Last year 255 petitions reached the Department, and 166 were granted, and most of the rest stood over for consideration.

The Territories are being peppered with schools. I have met youngsters who regularly tramp four miles to school in the morning, and four miles back home in the afternoon. There are no made roads, just cart tracks. Generally the children drive in to school, picking up one another on the way. In places the winter is long and cruel. Therefore, though the pupils only attend about half the full time, it is a very creditable percentage, especially seeing that Ontario, which is more closely settled, and therefore with schools nearer, does not do very much better.

Common-sense marks the educational progress in the North-West. A curb is put upon "scholarship tests"—priming the youngsters up to pass examina-

tions. The evils of cramming are recognised, and the number of examinations has been reduced.

Still, it is difficult for the Department at Regina to keep a close eye on all schools. The school inspectors have hardships, long drives, bad roads, poor accommodation. In many instances schools are situated twenty-five or fifty miles apart, and much of the time must be spent in driving. Then in the winter months many of the schools are closed.

With the increase of school districts teachers are drawn from the outside. They come from Eastern Canada, the United Kingdom, and the United States. They are ignorant of the Territorial school laws, the regulations, the educational system in general; they find a different system of grading and classification in vogue, and the text-books and outlines of study are not those with which they are familiar. Accordingly, there is confusion; but it is soon smoothed, because everybody recognises the advantages of adaptability to local circumstances.

Considering so many settlers in the Dominion come from the poorest and most neglected parts of the European Continent, the total number of illiterates is not large. Seventy-five per cent. of the total population as recorded in 1901, and 85 per cent. of the population five years old and over were able to read. Of course, the worst illiteracy is in the North-West Territories, where the emigrants rush. In 1891 63 per cent. of the population in the Territories were illiterate, but by 1901 the percentage had been reduced to 45 per cent. Ontario shows the best in the Dominion with only 18 per cent. of

illiterates. Quebec Province, where the population is French, had, in 1891, a percentage of forty illiterates, but by 1901 that had been reduced to 29 per cent. Of course, this includes everybody, but reckoning only those over five years of age, fifteen out of every hundred in Quebec Province neither read nor write. For the Dominion generally the tendency is to improve. In the census of 1891 thirty persons out of every hundred (over five years of age) could neither read nor write; in the census of 1901 the number had been reduced to twenty-four.

Crime in Canada is far out-stepping the normal increase to be expected from the growth of population. There is hardly a single offence: murder, manslaughter, violence toward women, shooting, burglary, cattle stealing, forgery, that is not on the increase. The criminal age is chiefly between twenty and thirty; the vast majority can both read and write, and profess the Roman Catholic religion.

On the western side of the Atlantic the Englishman learns the real meaning of "filthy lucre." In both Canada and the United States the paper money is usually grimy, greasy, evil-odoured, and, I imagine, the transmitter of much disease. You get hold of dollar notes that are worn to a tissue, are frayed, and give off a smell that is repulsive. When, between finger and thumb, you hold up the dirty things and ask the Canadian why his dollars are so filthy, you get a smiling prevaricating reply, "Wish I had more of them." And a curious thing is that the Dominion Government employs an American firm to print the Canadian notes.

The circulation of money is accepted as a criterion of prosperity. Fifteen years ago (1890) there were in circulation Dominion notes to the value of $180,000,000; in 1903 the value was $456,000,000. There are many chartered banks throughout the land, and their returns show continuous progress. In 1903 they had in deposit $424,000,000; and while they had total liabilities of $507,000,000, they had assets of $641,000,000. Tremendous loans are being made to municipalities, trading corporations, and the public. In 1899 $282,000,000 was lent; in 1903 $469,000,000 was lent. Banks are obliged to publish the amount of their reserve funds; between 1884 and 1903 the total fund increased $29,000,000 or 163 per cent. The total reserve last year was $573,000,000. The transactions in the various clearing houses last year represent $2,689,000,000. All of which goes to show that Canada with its little population of 6,000,000 has plenty of money jingling in its pockets.

But everybody in Canada does not prosper. In 1903 227 manufacturing concerns went smash, 725 trading concerns put up the shutters, 26 other businesses failed, and 6 banks could not meet their creditors. The liabilities (including the banks) were $7,500,000, while the assets were nearly $5,000,000, which, in bankruptcy, is not a bad proportion. The failures were mostly in grocery and general stores, which means that many people went into trading who didn't know anything about it. Still, Canada has only a little over 5 per cent. of liabilities in failures compared with the United States. Allowing

for the fact that the States have twelve times the population of the Dominion, it is clear that business is more stable in Canada than in America.

The Canadian is more disposed than the average Englishman to throw all the money he makes back into his business, or if he is not in business for himself, to invest his savings in land. So there cannot be expected the hoarding of money in savings banks such as is the practice at home. Still, in the Canadian Post Office, Government, and other Savings Banks there was deposited in 1903 $82,000,000, which works out at nearly £3 per head of the population.

The railways are the arteries of Canada, and along them runs the very life-blood of the country. There are nearly 20,000 miles of track (only 695 miles in double track), and nearly $1,200,000,000 of capital invested. Last year there were over 60,000,000 miles travelled, over 23,000,000 passengers carried, and over 48,000,000 tons of freight conveyed. The earnings were over $110,000,000, and the working expenses $67,000,000. The Dominion Government gives subsidies to companies opening up new territory, and—leaving out the great subsidy which will be paid the Grand Trunk Pacific in connection with the new trans-continental line—nearly $60,000,000 has been paid towards line construction out of the Treasury purse. In another year or two Canada will have as much railway mileage as the United Kingdom (which has 22,103 miles), but whilst to every mile of line in the United Kingdom there are 5·4 square miles of area, in

Canada there are 189·7 square miles of area to every mile of rail. The United States have 203,132 miles of railway, or a mile to every 17·8 square miles of area. In proportion to her population, however, Canada has about an equal proportion of miles of railway to the United States.

The passengers killed and injured per million carried is larger in Canada than in any part of the world. There are 2·39 killed per million, while in the United States the rate is 0·53 per million, and in the United Kingdom 0·07. In regard to passengers injured, the figures are 11·06 per million in Canada, 10·2 per million in the States, and as low as 1·43 in the United Kingdom.

The Government own two railways, the Inter-colonial and the Prince Edward Island Railway. Neither has a Sir Thomas Shaughnessy—who controls the Canadian Pacific Railway with the genius of a Von Moltke—and so neither is very profitable. The Inter-colonial consumes 97 per cent. of its earnings in expenses, whilst the Prince Edward Island manages to get along, though it spends 119 cents for every 100 cents earned.

Canada is embarking on a gigantic scheme of canals. In connection with the St. Lawrence system of canals wheat may be brought by boat from Port Arthur on Lake Superior to Liverpool, a distance of 4,494 miles. Over £20,000,000 has been spent on canal work maintenance in Canada. The amount earned since 1868 is a little over £2,500,000, and though canals are increasing, the total earnings have never been so low as in 1903.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE RED INDIANS AND FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS.

THE Canadian Government watches over the Red Indians with the solicitude of a father. There are still roving tribes who have never submitted to control; but their life is not so comfortable as those who have. The tribes which have sworn fealty to the Dominion are well looked after. Great tracts of country are reserved for them where they farm; they receive a money allowance, and twice or three times a week they receive a supply of flour and meat. The Indian reserves I visited were admirably controlled. Canadian-Indians are slowly increasing in number. The native schools I saw had no enthusiastic reports to give, for the Indian does not take kindly to the restraints of civilisation. Still, everything is done to improve them. The most useful work is seen at the industrial and boarding schools, established in several of the provinces, and here—where the children can be removed from the influence of their elders—at least something is accomplished to raise them from utter degradation.

Where Indians have shown a superior intelligence the Government has allowed them to leave the reserves and lead independent lives. The results however, have suggested such experiments to be

premature. The Department of Indian Affairs gives the case of the Six Nations as an illustration. The conditions on their reserve with respect to equipment for the pursuits of their calling, their dwellings and farm buildings, compare not unfavourably with the average obtaining among other agricultural communities. An agricultural society, controlled by themselves, holds yearly ploughing competitions and annual shows, at which exhibits could well compete with those of any ordinary township fair. They have an organisation for the conduct of public affairs, including boards of health and education, with duly appointed executive officers. Religious services are conducted at some sixteen points on the reserve. They furnish a considerable contingent to the county militia, and are accompanied by a brass band from the reserve when they go into camp. Despite these evidences of an advanced form of civilisation, when the spirit of citizenship is sought, it is found that these Indians, so far from taking advantage of the provisions of the Advancement Act, as a step towards enfranchisement, cling tenaciously to tribal customs which tend to perpetuate their position as a distinct community of a separate race.

There are over a hundred thousand Indians in the Dominion. Their health is fairly good, and though the population is increasing, the rate of mortality seems to threaten the extinction of one or two bands at no very distant date, without any particular reason being apparent for such a condition of things. There seems to be some idiosyncracy of constitution in some particular tribes reluctant to accommodate

itself to changed conditions of life, and it can only be hoped that in their case, as with the majority, the turning point will soon be reached. The annual value of farm produce grown by the Indians is over $1,000,000; fishing and hunting yield nearly $1,000,000; over $500,000 is got in other ways, whilst $1,250,000 is earned in wages. There are few mechanics or artisans among them. Their most congenial employments are those of working for fishing companies or canneries, herding cattle, freighting, guiding sportsmen and tourists, and perhaps their next preference is for something in connection with the lumbering industry, either working in the camps or saw-mills, stream-driving, or lading vessels. However, they readily adapt themselves to circumstances, and in the neighbourhood of towns the younger people are to be found in considerable numbers in the factories. In the vicinity of railways they work at the depôts, or as section-men, and in agricultural districts as farm labourers, or at pulling flax or gathering hops and fruits. In fact, turn their hands to anything that offers.

One of my most interesting visits was to the Blood reserve in Alberta. It is pleasantly situated between the Belly and St. Mary rivers, and runs in a southern direction for about forty miles to within fourteen miles of the United States boundary. It contains an area of over 540 square miles, or some 354,000 acres of excellent grazing-land. The population of Bloods is over 1,100. The death rate is higher than the birth-rate, the mortality being due

DANCE OF BLOOD INDIANS, NEAR MACLEOD.

chiefly to scrofula and consumption. I found little wheat, but there was excellent hay being grown, and this sells at an average price of £1 a ton. For ten years the Bloods have been raising cattle. The herd now numbers over 3,300, and at a recent round-up the men branded 630 head of calves, and had it not been for a severe snow-storm in May this number would have been very much greater. The Indian Department sent 150 head of heifers, which were issued on the loan system to Indians, and thirty-two new men became cattle-holders for the first time. Twenty pure-bred pedigree bulls and two stallions were also sent by the Department for use among the Indian cattle and horses. None but pure-bred pedigree bulls have been used in the herds, and the results undoubtedly show it, not only in the quality of the stock, but in the weight of steers killed for beef. The amount received for these beef animals was over $8,300. The demand for Indian ponies still keeps up, and during last year about 1,200 were sold, which brought in a sum of about $9,600, the largest amount ever received by these Indians as an income from their horses.

I paid a visit to the Church of England boarding-school, and though the youngsters were clean, I was told that it is difficult to get pupils. Mr. James Wilson, the Indian agent, reported that educational work is beginning to tell, and last year in the "round-up" party of thirteen Indians six were graduates from these schools, and their work would compare favourably with that of any white lad of the same age brought up on a large ranch. Mr.

Wilson added that the Indians, both old and young, show a willingness to work, and there is never any difficulty in getting them to work if remuneration is in sight. Progress, as among all uncivilised natives, is not rapid, but it is there, and for the future it will be to the cattle industry that we must look for any advancement. Mr. Wilson could see no good reason why, under careful management, the herds of cattle at present in their possession should not place a large number of them, within a very reasonable period, in a self-supporting state.

Though there are two churches on the reserve, little interest is taken in religion; nearly the whole of the tribe may be said to be pagans. There is a considerable amount of drunkenness, and a good deal of horse-stealing goes on.

The Rev. Egerton Young, who lived among Indians for over thirty years, considers their ultimate destiny is absorption. Some people hold the theory that the Indians had a partly Jewish origin. They have a word "Jah," Jehovah, and their aquiline noses and general cast of features, as well as the custom of circumcision that obtains among some tribes, lends a little colour to the theory. One of the results of Christianity has been an improvement in the status of the women. The women are now treated with tenderness and an austere politeness. Mr. Egerton Young considers that there is much to admire in the Indian character. There has never been a war between the Indians and the Canadian Government because the Government has always maintained a chivalrous code of honour in

its dealings with them. Every year a sum of money is paid over to the Indians in respect of lands surrendered by them. The payment is celebrated by a week of rejoicing, the Government supplying unlimited food and tobacco, but no whisky. That the United States Government has had war with their Indians is chiefly because they failed to convince them of their good faith.

In physique the Red man, as long as he remains uninjured by the "fire-water," is, according to Mr. Young, the superior of the white. He is of fine stature, and capable of immense endurance. The Indians in one village of gigantic men called Mr. Young "the little fellow"; yet he is of burly build, and over the average height of an Englishman. An Indian will run sixty or seventy miles a day by the side of a dog train, and keep this up day after day.

Though, of course, it is advisable that the Indians should be kept to certain areas—for absorption by inter-marriage with whites is repulsive to most minds—the tendency of settlements by different immigrant nationalities ought to be resisted by the Canadian Government. It is easily understood how Scots like to get near a Scots colony, how Scandinavians prefer to settle with those of their own race and tongue, and Poles feel more at home in a Polish colony than if their neighbours were Scotch on one side and Icelanders on the other. To be able to go to friends is a legitimate inducement to the immigrant. It is pleasant to keep up the customs of the motherland in the step-mother land. All the sentimental reasons for those of the same nationality to

congregate I appreciate, and the Government is not open to criticism because it has aided settlements of nationalities in particular regions. There are, however, other considerations. The imported habits and customs of some of the settlers are not always of the best. The old nationalism exists instead of being absorbed in the Canadian nationality. Antipathy, often born of misunderstanding, grows up between different sections. Politics get narrowed down to parochialism. There has been a tendency for the new lands of Canada to become dotted with nationalities with marked distinctions from each other. This is prejudicial to the scheme of making Canada a homogeneous nation.

Take the case of the Doukhobors, the South Russian sect advocating Universal Brotherhood. Sterling and worthy though they be—as I have described in a former chapter—universal brotherhood is what, as a sect, they are stoutly resisting. A little over two years ago, the leaders of the Doukhobors in Assiniboia petitioned the British Columbian Government to grant them land where they might live without reference to any other Authority than that of God. The application was refused. The fanaticism of the sect has caused bodies of them to make pilgrimages in the bitter winter to hail the second coming of Christ. Because they could not do as they liked they declared Canada was not a land of religious freedom.

Foolishness ran through their piety. They petitioned the Sultan of Turkey. Here are one or two extracts from the document: "We cannot

submit ourselves to the laws and regulations of any State, or be the subjects of any other ruler except God. . . . They refuse to give us any land unless we promise to obey all the laws of Canada. We declare before God that this is impossible, and that we would sooner bear any oppression than be false to Him. Now we turn to your Majesty, and beg you to show grace to us and our families, not only as a monarch, but as a fellow being. As pilgrims of God we beg you to give us hospitality and shelter in your wide dominions. . . ." Fancy such a petition to the Commander of the Faithful! Pity comes in thinking of the poor people.

There will be weakness in Canada so long as it is sliced into separate nationalities. That the French of Quebec have not been absorbed into the community is certainly a hindrance to the development of a strong, independent national life. It is bad for the Dominion, because politicians are obliged to appeal often to the cupidity of the separate nationalities. The growth of communities, be they Polish or Scotch, Scandinavian or German, must mean clashing interests. I recognise that in vast stretches of the West there is much leavening as a result of intermarriage. This should be striven after more and more. The history of the United States has demonstrated that the mixture of European races has produced a people which for alertness are certainly not surpassed by any other. The same mixture should be the endeavour of the Dominion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SPORT OF THE DOMINION.

CANADIANS are proud of the sport they can offer the European visitor. Bigger and more interesting game can be found in other parts of the world; but nowhere can the man with a gun have so exhilarating a time as in following the bear in the mountains of the west, stalking the moose in the undulating lands of the north, seeking the caribou in the woodlands of Quebec, or shooting prairie chickens on the great flat lands which lie between Ontario and the Rocky Mountains.

Perhaps the most delightful holiday in the world is a hunting expedition in Northern Ontario, through the woods, over the lakes, and along the unfrequented water-ways. Here the man wearied with business affairs may turn his back upon all the conventions of civilisation, and lapse pleasantly into a state of primitive existence.

A party of friends equip themselves for an expedition along one of the thousand rivers. They hire Indian trackers and carriers, and purchase one or two canoes. The party take train to within twenty miles of the starting-place, drive to where the Indians are waiting with canoes partly laden with food and tents and cooking utensils. A strike

is made into the wilds. The days are spent following the caribou. Meat and fowl for provender are provided with the gun, and fish for breakfast can be procured from the teeming streams. These trips are popular with the business men of Montreal, Toronto, and the other eastern towns. They can bid good-bye to the world for a month or six weeks, are out of range from telegrams, letters or newspapers; they sleep beneath the trees, do not worry about shaving each morning, and come back to their labours braced with the holiday.

In parts of the Dominion the larger game are on the decrease. The Provincial Legislatures have strict laws respecting close seasons, and restrict the heads of moose and caribou each man is permitted to shoot. The laws, however, are not always rigorously obeyed. A camping party makes averages, including the Indian servants, so that three times more head may fall to one particular gun than the law recognises. Though on the prairies the chickens, which are similar to our grouse, are to be sighted by the million, Manitoba and the North-West have heavy punishments for anyone who enters into wholesale slaughter of the birds for the purpose of selling them in the markets of the east. There is a fixed date when the shooting of prairie chicken may begin.

I remember driving out with the mayor of a western town. We had guns in the rig, and at the "sleughs" there were duck to be knocked over. More than once my host checked the horse, lifted his gun, and knocked over chickens he had sighted

in the grass. I recalled that the season for the shooting of chicken had not yet begun, and reminded him of the punishment were he to fall into the hands of justice. "That's all right," he said, "I am the Government game guardian for this district!"

Mighty stretches of the eastern provinces are alternate woodland and lake. Here continuous and excellent sport may be obtained in the shooting of wildfowl.

British and American sportsmen are, however, mainly attracted to Canada by the prospect of big game. Though towns and settlements have driven the wild animals from many of their former haunts, there is, except in the cases of the buffalo and wapiti, no sign yet that the wild animals are on the decrease. With an eye to the future the Canadians are preserving large areas as national parks where the moose and caribou may breed without fear of the hunter.

Years ago the Hudson Bay Company had a practical monopoly of the best hunting districts. The allegation has more than once been made that this Company deliberately misrepresented the agricultural possibilities of the North-West because they were not desirous of having a population which would check the hauls in skins that were made each year. I do not think, however, any fear the Company had was well founded, because the settlements in wheat-growing regions have not interfered to any appreciable extent with the game, which has simply moved to other districts. Indeed, within the last

BRINGING IN THE MOOSE HEAD.

few years there have been as many as 30,000 bear-skins a year put upon the Canadian fur markets.

There is plenty of black bear waiting for the sportsman's rifle. The best place is in the west, among the mountains of British Columbia. The sportsman who makes for the Rocky Mountains—and he reaches the hunting-grounds within a fort-night from London—can have plenty of adventure as well as good shooting. Because of the scarcity of population camping equipment is necessary, and within a day from the Canadian Pacific line—the Canadian Pacific Railway issues maps and information respecting the districts for game—the hunters may easily get into a region not hitherto shot over. There is no better sport than going after mountain sheep, and in the hills adjoining the Fraser River herds of from twenty to seventy may frequently be met with. The Rocky Mountain goat is easy to stalk.

Perhaps it is by reason of the enormous heads, which look well in an entrance hall, or on the walls of a billiard room, that the sportsman visiting Canada generally feels his mission has been inadequately fulfilled unless he has gone after the moose. The bull moose varies in weight from 700 to 1,400 lbs., and the largest authenticated pair of horns spanned sixty-six inches from tip to tip. The guidance of Indians is necessary for following the moose through the dense thickets and groves and over the hard-wood hills. Indians to outwit the bull moose will, in following him, make a series of semicircles, so as to cut the track of the beast. Possessed of much

strategy, the animal, when it rests, will walk back parallel to its trail, and lie down with its head in the direction from which it has come, so that it has the advantage of both sight and smell to warn it of the approach of an enemy.

Splendid caribou are to be obtained in eastern Canada; but those of British Columbia are certainly larger. One advantage of the British Columbian hunting-grounds is that not only on the same trip can mountain sheep and black bears be sought, but the caribou will be found in the same district. Indeed, to leave a caribou carcase for a few days and then return to it is to find some good venison meals have been made, and if the track of the diner be followed it will not be long before an overfed grizzly is encountered.

It is to be remembered there are hunting grounds as large as England which practically have not been penetrated by the sportsman. One hears much of the sport of the United States; but it is insignificant compared with that of Canada. Indeed, I should say, now that the Indian tribes no longer spend their time in wanton destruction of game, the moose, caribou, and sheep have vastly increased within the last quarter of a century. Even the man who lives in Quebec, Montreal, or Toronto may, within twenty-four hours of his home, stalk the moose, catch woodcock on the wing, and secure most excellent trout-fishing. For those who go further afield, say to the northern passes of the west, there are cuttings in the mountains through which the caribou file each spring, and can be shot by the

thousand. Certainly the Indians lie in wait for them, and when the early snows force the caribou to the lower country, in herds sometimes 10,000 strong, the Red man is able to shoot all he desires.

An animal on the decrease is the elk, or wapiti. These deer are still to be found on the plains from the great lakes of Ontario to the foot of the Rockies. The wapiti is very similar to the red deer of Europe. It is stated by Mr. Charles A. Bramble, one of the best authorities on the big game of Canada, that the wapiti stag is a Mormon among beasts. His harem is regulated by his ability to whip all rivals. A royal stag, after driving away all weaker males, appropriates their female belongings. Mr. Bramble describes how, during the months of September and October, the weirdly beautiful bugling of the wapiti stags can be heard from every hill where they abound. It is, he says, the most thrilling sound a hunter may listen to.

But though wapiti are on the decrease, antelopes —which, after all, are not true antelopes, but partly goats—are numerous. Those on the plains are said to be as curious as women. They may often be shot by a hunter who lies on his back and kicks his heels in the air, such a peculiar proceeding being so irresistible that they have to investigate. It is generally agreed that the eastern deer is superior to that of the west. In the middle lands between Manitoba and the Rocky range the common deer is the mule, though generally called the "jumping deer" because of the enormous bounds it makes. Compared, however, with the deer of the further

west they are comparatively small. The mule deer of British Columbia, although he keeps to the higher ranges in the summer, comes down to the valleys when the bad weather sets in, and, as he is not so easily startled as others of his species, falls an easy prey.

Owing to the rush of immigrants into the Dominion the hunting of big game will, to the ardent sportsman, become increasingly difficult. At present, however, Canada well deserves the name of the Sportsman's Paradise.

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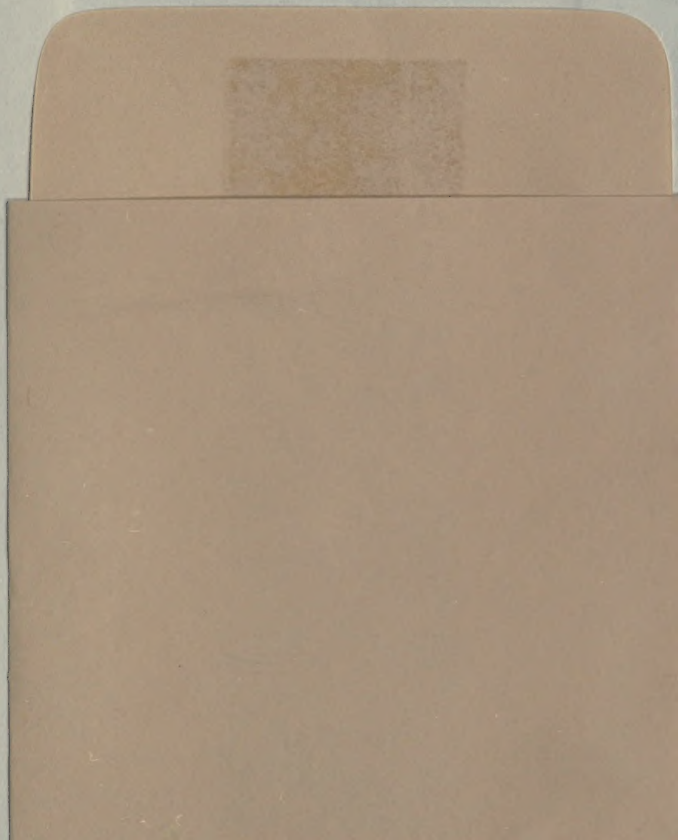
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